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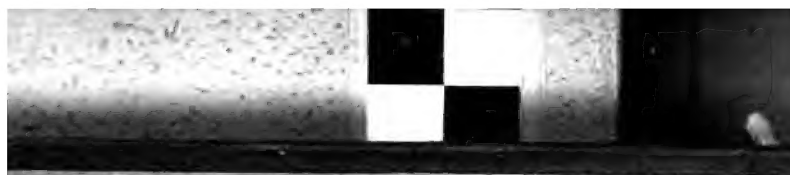
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HARRISON'S EDITION.



THE

# S P E C T A T O R

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.



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MDCCLXXXVI.

1796



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM.

MY LORD,

I Should not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following Papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character, can be the proper patron of a work, which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only particular, in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions, You are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit, in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the service of your Sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome, as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that, to say the least of it, has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known, how much the Church owed to you in the most dangerous day it ever saw, that of the arraignment of it's prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for an *history* than for an *address* of this nature.

Your



Your Lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would therefore rather chuse to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted into your conversation, of your elegant taste in all the polite parts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprizing influence which is peculiar to you, in making every one, who converses with your Lordship, prefer you to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

most devoted, humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.



THE  
S P E C T A T O R.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Nº I. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

NON FUMUM EX FULGORE, SED EX FUMO DARE LUCEM  
COGITAT, UT SPECIOSA DEHINC MIRACULA PROMAT.

HOR. ARS. POET. VER. 143.

ONE WITH A FLASH BEGINS, AND ENDS IN SMOKE;  
THE OTHER OUT OF SMOKE BRINGS GLORIOUS LIGHT,  
AND (WITHOUT RAISING EXPECTATION HIGH)  
SURPRISES US WITH DAZZLING MIRACLES.

ROSCOMMON.

I Have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor; with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which; according to the tradition of the village where it lies. was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field

or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought-to-bed of a Judge: whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation

tion of a very fullen youth; but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, 'that my parts were so-lid, and would wear well.' I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and, indeed, do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries; and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-house; and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury

Lane and the Haymarket. taken for a merchant upon the spot for above these ten years, and passes for a Jew in the assembly jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, I see a cluster of people, I mix with them, though I never mix but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world a spectator of mankind, than the species; by which means I myself a speculative statesman, merchant, and artisan, without meddling with any practical business. I am very well versed in the husband or a father; and can detect errors in the oeconomy, but without diversion of others, better who are engaged in them; and by discover blots, which escape those who are in the midst, never espoused any party wit and am resolved to observe neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced myself by the hostilities of the times. In short, I have acted in all my life as a looker-on, without character I intend to prefer paper.

I have given the reader just now of my history and character, and him see I am not altogether satisfied for the business I have undertaken for other particulars in my adventures, I shall insert them in my coming papers as I shall see occasion. The mean time, when I come much I have seen, read, and begin to blame my own taciturnity since I have neither time nor opportunity to communicate the fulness of my mind in speech, I am resolved to write, and to print myself as possible, before I die. I have told by my friends, that it is many useful discoveries which I made should be in the possession of the silent man. For this reason, I shall publish a sheet full of news every morning, for the benefit of the contemporaries; and if I can contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I shall leave it, when I am tired of it, with the secret satisfaction that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very matters which I have not spoken to before; and which, for several

reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is, the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both, in

the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work: for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, as all other matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

C

## Nº II. FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

AST ALII SEX

ET FLURES UNO CONCLAMANT ORE. — JUV. SAT. 7. v. 167.

SIX MORE AT LEAST JOIN THEIR CONSENTING VOICE.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with surliness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public

coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, inasmuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies: but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, chearful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all

B

the

the way up-stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner-Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence, rather to obey the direction of an old humourful father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the itage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be enquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully; but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russel Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his perwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration, is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong

reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you, that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is—'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements, and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier, as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a fair expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must pre-

press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; 'For,' says he, 'that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him.' Therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty; and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never obdurate, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb; a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenchers our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in

the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion; he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten; another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up—'He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabell begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog, than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but, when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good-breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probability of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers; as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

R

N<sup>o</sup> III. SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

ET QUO QUISQUE FERRE STUDIO DEVINCTUS ADHÆRET,  
AUT QUIBUS IN REBUS MULTUM SUMUS ANTE MORATI,  
ATQUE IN QUA RATIONE FUIT CONTENTA MAGIS MENS,  
IN SOMNIS EADEM PLERUMQUE VIDEMUR ORIRE.

LUCR. L. 4. V.

—WHAT STUDIES PLEASE, WHAT MOST DELIGHT,  
AND FILL MEN'S THOUGHTS, THEY DREAM THEM O'ER AT NI-  
C

IN one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular oeconomy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

I thought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but, to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw, towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the Magna Charta, with the act of uniformity on the right-hand, and the act of toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the act of settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, inasmuch that she often refreshed her eye with them,

and often smiled with a secret as she looked upon them; but at the same time, shewed a very particular easiness, if she saw any thing acting that might hurt them. She behaved indeed infinitely timorous behaviour: and, whether it was delicacy of her constitution, or was troubled with vapours, afterwards told by one who if none of her well-wishers, she the colour, and startled at every heard. She was likewise (a wards found) a greater valet than any I had ever met with her own sex, and subject to momentary consumptions, that twinkling of an eye, she would from the most florid complexion the most healthful state of being wither into a skeleton. Her r were often as sudden as her decay: much that she would revive in out of a wasting distemper into of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity serving these quick turns and in her constitution. There I met a couple of secretaries, who every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other was perpetually reading and, according to the news that to which she was exceedingly sensitive she changed colour, and discovered symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a great heap of bags of money, which were upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on the right-hand and on her left, was with vast sums of gold that rose in pyramids on either side of her: I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that the same virtue in her touch, which poets tell us a Lydian king was

ly possessed of; and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen, even in a dream, before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons; for which reason, I shall only inform my reader that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third, the Genius of a Commonwealth, and a young man of about twenty-two years of age, whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right-hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a sponge in his left-hand. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but anyone of these spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight—

*Et neque jam calor est missa candore rubori;  
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modò visa placebant;  
Nec corpus remanet—*

OVID. MET. L. 3. V. 491.

Her spirits faint,  
Her blooming cheeks assume a palid taint,  
And scarce her form remains.

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money. The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles like Bath-faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished: in the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions, very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right-hand; the second was Moderation, leading in Religion; and the third a person whom I had never seen, with the Genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the piles of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and for my own part, I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though, I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

C

## Nº IV. MONDAY, MARCH 5.

—EGREGII MORTALEM ALTIQUE SILENTI?

HOR. SAT. 6. L. 2. V. 58.

ONE OF UNCOMMON SILENCE AND RESERVE.

**A**N author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes

met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be, what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad



abroad in the morning, how utterly they are at a stand until they are set a-going by some paragraph in a newspaper: such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in enquiries that so nearly concern ourselves, (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way; and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree than he possibly could in his closet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage—'I am never less alone than when alone.' As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither, as most do, to shew myself; I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did the other day, without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me—'That strange fellow;

and another answer—'I have the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe I am the first ever asked who there are, I must confess, whom my person is as well as that of their nearest relations, themselves no farther troubling me by my name or quality, speak of me very currently. What d'ye call him.

To make up for these trivial advantages, I have the high satisfaction of beholding all nature with a judicious eye; and having nothing with men's passions or interest with the greater sagacity of talents, manners, failings, and

It is remarkable that those who have any one sense possess the other with greater force and vivacity.

I want of, or rather resignation to, gives me all the advantages of a man. I have, methinks, a more ordinary penetration in seeing; I tell myself that I have looked higher and lower of mankind, make shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, a more thoughtful and reflective man than whom I behold. It is from this good or ill fortune has no more force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in court languishing in jails, without being judged from their circumstances of favour or disadvantage; but in an inward manner of bearing the trial, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with me do not know from the turn of their countenance the changes of their countenance; the sentiments of the objects before me. I have indulged my silence to extravagance, that the few who intimate with me, answer my sentences with concurrent sentences, and at every point I shake my head at my speaking. Will Honeycomb is very entertaining the other day, to a gentleman who is my right-hand, while I was at the gentleman believed Willing to himself, when upon me with great approbation at a young man in a box before us, he said—'quite of another opinion. Should I allow, a very pleasing aspect, I think that simplicity in his

'nance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said—'I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for though,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language; yet, if she has stolen the colour of her ribbands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiarist an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner.

'Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.'

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraiture of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life; I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends, and not in public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the sight, I take it for a peculiar happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar similitude to the fair-sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just

complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my speculations to their service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a stile and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A man may appear learned without talking sentences, as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk. In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever skill I may have in speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged, by this promise, to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies; but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my speculations, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affairs of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect, than infidelity in friendship, or villainy in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses; the present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle but a busy Spectator. R

N<sup>o</sup> V. TUESDAY, MARCH 6.

SPECTATUM ADMISSI RIUM TENEATIS? HOR. ARS POET. V

ADMITTED TO THE SIGHT, WOU'D YOU NOT LAUGH?

**A**N Opera may be allowed to be extravagantlly lavish in it's decorations, as it's only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed to have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of pasteboard? What a field of raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and, that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature, should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champain country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have said here to the directors, as well as to the admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera,' says his friend, licking his lips, 'what, are they to be roasted?'—'No, no,' says the other, 'they are to enter towards the

'end of the first act, and to fly off the stage.'

This strange dialogue awakes curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which I perceived that the sparrows were the part of singing-birds in a dialogue; though upon a nearer enquiry I found the sparrows put the same upon the audience, that Sir Martin all practised upon his mistress though they flew in sight, though they proceeded from a concert of birds-calls which were played behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found discourse of the actors, that the great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been to break down a part of the wall to surprise the audience with a hundred horse; and that they actually a project of bringing the River into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. I have since heard, is projected, as I have since heard, is projected till the summer season; when it is the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more agreeable and refreshing to people of the mean time, to find out agreeable entertainment for the season, the opera of Rinaldo with thunder and lightning, with tions and fire-works; which they may look upon without catching and indeed, without much danger being burnt; for there are engines filled with water, and play at a minute's warning, in such accident should happen. ever, as I have a very great fear for the owner of this theatre that he has been wise enough to let his house before he would let it be acted in it.

It is no wonder that the should be very surprising what contrived by two poets of different notions, and raised by two mag-

different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjuror (mago Cristiano.) I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art; or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poet after the conjuror, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface. *‘Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche fere, ohe se ben nato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d’Apollo con qualche raggi di Paraso.’*—Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Paraisus. He afterwards proceeds to cail Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of stile, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces the difference in the works of the two nations; but to shew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And

as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera are taken, I must intirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clincant or tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows; there have been so many slights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady’s bed-chamber, or perching upon a king’s throne; besides the inconveniencies which the heads of the audiences may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the playhouse, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of the stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat’s arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper, who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with London and Wife (who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse) to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing-birds will be perfonated by tom-tits; the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

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Nº VI.

N<sup>o</sup> VI. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7.

CREDEBANT HOC GRANDE NEFAS, ET MORTE PIANDUM,  
SI JUVENIS VETULO NON ASSURREXERAT.

JUV. SAT. X

'T WAS IMPIOUS THEN (SO MUCH WAS AGE NEVER'D)  
FOR YOUTH TO KEEP THEIR SEAT, WHEN AN OLD MAN APPEAR'D

**I** Know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly, than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts: he lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. 'Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is,' says Sir

Roger, 'in my eye, as poor as a Scarecrow. But,' continued 'the loss of public and private we are beholden to your men forsooth; it is with them no what is done, so it be done air. But to me, who am so w in a corrupt age as to act as to nature and reason, a self in the most shining circumstance of equipage, appears in the same situation with the fellow above-me but more contemptible, in proportion to what more he robs the poor and enjoys above him, I lay therefore for a rule, that the world is to move together; that even of any importance, is to have respect of public good; and the general tendency of our inactions ought to be agreeable to dictates of reason, of religion, breeding; without this a man, fore have hinted, is hopping in walking, he is not in his proper motion.'

While the honest knight was bewildering himself in good looked attentively upon him, made him, I thought, collect a little. 'What I aim at,' say to represent, that I am of opinion to polish our understandings and our manners, is of all things inexcusable. Reason should passion, but instead of that, it is often subservient to it; unaccountable as one would a wife man is not always a good. This degeneracy is not only of particular persons, but of times of a whole people: and it may appear upon examination the most polite ages are the most vicious. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit as a merit in themselves, considering the application of it. By this means it becomes a so much to regard what we do

we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste: Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue—"It is a mighty dishonour and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another: to follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion, has very nearly eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there any thing so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more com-

mon than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: the good man built through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners; when the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out—"The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it."

R

N<sup>o</sup> VII. THURSDAY, MARCH 8.

SOMNIA, TERRORS MAGICOS, MIRACULA, SAGAS,  
NOCTURNOS LEMURES, PORTENTAQUE THESSALA RIDES?

HOR. EP.

VISIONS, AND MAGIC SPELLS, CAN YOU DESPISE,  
AND LAUGH AT WITCHES, GHOSTS, AND PRODIGIES?

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while—'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she, 'no, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; I tell your writing-master that Friday I will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh—'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with

all the passions and humors of the fellow: 'Do not you 'child,' says she, 'that the house fell the very afternoon the careless wench spilt the salt on the table?'—'Yes,' says he, 'and the next post brought the count of the battle of Alma; the reader may guess at the fight after having done all this and dispatched my dinner as soon as possible with my usual taciturnity; without utter confusion, the lady quitting my knife and fork, then across one another upon the table desired me that I would humiliate myself as far as to take them out of the way and place them side by side. The absurdity was which I had not did not know, but I suppose some traditionary superstition therefore, in obedience to the house, I disposed of my fork in two parallel lines, and figure I shall always lay the future, though I do not know for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived a notion to him. For my own part, I found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of creature with an unfortunate aspect. I reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my study. Upon my return home I had a profound contemplation of the various attendances that attend these superstitious mankind; how they subject themselves to ginary afflictions, and add to their sorrows, that do not properly concern our lot. As if the natural course of life were not sufficient for the most indifferent circumstances, misfortunes, and suffer as from trifling accidents as from real ones; have known the shooting of a night's rest; and have seen love grow pale and lose its

upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there was thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, in so much that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophecies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing deathwatches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which

are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of it's approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C

## Nº VIII. FRIDAY, MARCH 9.

AT VENUS OBSCURO GRADIENTES AERE SEPSIT,  
ET MULTO NEBULÆ CIRCUM DEA FUDIT AMICTU,  
CERNERE NE QVIS EOS———

VIRG. ÆN. I. 415.

THEY MARCH OBSCURE, FOR VENUS KINDLY SHROUDS  
WITH MISTS THEIR PERSONS, AND INVOLVES IN CLOUDS.

DRYDEN.

**I** Shall here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an enter-

tainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them.



TO THE SPECTATOR, &c.

SIR,

I Am one of the directors of the Society for the reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present state of religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market-town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails, which gaming has taken the possession of, and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swearers. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell, and improve the hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly, which I think falls very properly under your observation, especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the animadversions of our society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight Mask, which has of late been very frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements. As all the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell, or a peer of Great Britain to the Counter: besides that,

their numbers are so very great, I am afraid they would be able to whole fraternity, though we accompanied with all our guard-stables. Both these reasons, I think, will cure them from our authority; as to their disguise and their numbers will particular persons reason to think affronted by you.

If we are rightly informed, that are observed by this new and wonderfully contrived for the prevention of cuckoldom. The women come by themselves, or are introduced by friends, who are obliged to them, upon their first entrance conversation of any body that is himself to them. There are several places where the parties may retire, and please, shew their faces by Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the town. In short, the whole design of this clandestine assembly seems to terminate in term assignments and intrigues; and you will take effectual methods to prevent public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous mixture of both sexes from meeting together in a clandestine manner. I am, your humble servant, and fellow-labourer

Not long after the perusal of this I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and still I take to be written by some Templar.

SIR, MIDDLE TEMPLE, 1.

WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think that atonement he can make for it, is that others not to fall into the like. I am indebted to this I must acquaint you, that some time in February last I went to Tuesday's masquerade. Upon my going in I was attacked by half a dozen female Quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon an examination, I found they were a hood of coquettes disguised in that disguise habit. I was soon after taken to dance, and, as I fancied, by a man of the first quality, for he was very tall, and moved gracefully as the minuet was over, we went one another through our masks;

I am very well read in Waller, I repeat-al to her the four following verses out of his poem to Vandike:

The heedless lover does not know,  
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;  
But confounded with thy art,  
Inquires her name that has his heart.

I pronounced these words with such a languishing air, that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue; and looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the galantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in rap-

tures, but I had not lived in this golden dream above three days before I found good reason to wish that I had continued true to my landress. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent Garden, and that I am not the first cully whom she has passed herself upon for a countess.

Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a Cloud for a Juno; and if you can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who may possibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give you leave. I am, Sir, your most humble admirer,

B. L.

I design to visit the next masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo; and till then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment.

C

## Nº IX. SATURDAY, MARCH 10.

—TIGRIS ACIT RABIDA CUM TIGRIDE PACEM  
PERPETUAM, SÆVIS INTER SE CONVENIT URGIS.

JUV. SAT. XV. 163.

TIGER WITH TIGER, BEAR WITH BEAR, YOU'LL FIND  
IN LEAGUES OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE JOIN'D.

TATE.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal; and, as an instance of it, we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of Clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together, as you may well suppose, to entertain one another with brightness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance; the room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not

force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tun.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarcrows and skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a while after

after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and antimonarchical principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's day, and swear before George, is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call Street Clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my enquiring after lodgings in Ormond Street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me, there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon farther discourse with him, that two or three noisy country-liquores, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it, of a sociable nature, and good conversation.

The Hum-Drum Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum Club, as I am informed, is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King Charles the Second; I mean the Club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side-table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long,

most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after it's institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-Cat itself is said to have taken it's original from a mutton-pye. The Beef-Steak, and October Clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and chearful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse: how I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artisans and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

**RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN THE TWO-PENNY CLUB, ERECTED IN THIS PLACE, FOR THE PRESERVATION OF FRIENDSHIP AND GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD.**

I. EVERY member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his own box.

III. If any member absents himself he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears his neighbour may give him a thrashing.

V. If any member tells his club that are not true, he shall be put to death for every third lie he tells.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. If any member calls another cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club shall have his cloaths or shoes made or mended, but by a brother-member.

XII. No Non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of Ben Jonson, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipius, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author. C

## Nº X. MONDAY, MARCH 12.

NON ALITER QUAM QUI ADVERSO VIX FLUMINE LEMBUS  
REMIGIIS SUBIGIT: SI BRACHIA FORTE REMISIT,  
ATQUE ILLUM IN PRÆCEPS PRONO RAPIT ALVEUS ANNI.

VIRG. GEORG. I. VER. 202.

SO THE BOAT'S BRAUNY CREW THE CURRENT STEM,  
AND, SLOW ADVANCING, STRUGGLE WITH THE STREAM:  
BUT IF THEY SLACK THEIR HANDS, OR CEASE TO STRIVE,  
THEN DOWN THE FLOOD WITH HEADLONG WASTE THEY DRIVE.

DRYDEN.

IT is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city enquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day; so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three-score thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of *vice and folly into which the age is fall-*

*len.* The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-quipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the *Spectator* appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my readers consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge

knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly intreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding

out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male-beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle reader who have so much time on their hands will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends well-wishers are in great pain lest I should not be able to keep spirit of a paper which I oblige to furnish every day; but to make easy in this particular, I will them faithfully to give it over as I grow dull. This I know matter of great raillery to the friends who will frequently put me in my promise, desire me to keep me assure me that it is high time over, with many other little ple-

of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being

witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of railery. C

N<sup>o</sup> XI. TUESDAY, MARCH 13.

DAT VENIAM CORVIS, VEXAT CENSURA COLUMBAS.

JUV. SAT. II. VER. 63.

THE DOVES ARE CENSUR'D, WHILE THE CROWS ARE SPAR'D.

ARIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, or infirmities of age; and her conversation is mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable; and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinary in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself, which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian matron.

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of railery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex, than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

'Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you; but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the Lion and the Man. The man walking with that noble animal, shewed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion: Upon which the lion said very justly—"We lions are none of us painters, else we could shew a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man." You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to dissemble our affections is a professed part of our breeding. These, and such other reflections, are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorns of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty

*Extrac-  
t from  
the end of  
Volume.*

of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's account of Barbadoes; and in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you, (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with tures, and wild graces; American; the American taken with the dress, shape of an European head to foot. The immediately enamoured consequently solicited vation. She therefore to a cave, where she delicious repast of fruits a stream to slake his midst of these good sometimes play with light in the opposition to that of her finger bosom, then laugh at ing it. She was, it of distinction, for she to him in a different beautiful shells, but She likewise brought many spoils, which had presented to her, was richly adorned with skins of beasts, and loured feathers of fi world afforded. To finement more toler carry him in the dust or by the favour of to unfrequented grove and shew him where safety, and sleep in waters, and melody Her part was to wake in her arms countrymen, and av cations to consult his manner did the lover time, till they had le of their own, in w communicated to t happy he should be own country, whe clothed in such silk was made of, and b drawn by horses, v posed to wind and w he promised her t without such fears a were tormented with correspondence these several months, w structed by her lo vessel on the coast, t signals; and in the utmost joy and satisfi nished him to a ship's trymen, bound for E

' a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

' To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considera-

' tion, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding the poor girl, to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him; but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.'

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes; which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause, than any compliments I could make her. R

## Nº XII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14.

— VETERES AVLAS TIBI DE PULMONE REVELLO.

PERI. SAT. V. 92.

I ROOT THE OLD WOMAN FROM MY TREMBLING HEART.

**A**T my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement of the Daily Courant, in the following words: 'Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.' As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow wo-

man, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire, I point to my chimney; if water, to my basin; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried *Pish*, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress, though I am by, whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a

cat,



cat, or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls in the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door, the young women broke off their discourse; but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman, (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood, as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light; and of others that had been conjured into the Red Sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the

day before had marched up a battery of cannon. There are many of persons, who have been terrified to distraction, at the figure of a the shaking of a bullrush. That of it is, I look upon a foundation as the greatest blessing of life to a clear judgment and a conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are more or less subject to these dreadful and apprehensions, we ought to guard ourselves against them by the use of reason and religion, 'to pull the woman out of our hearts,' (as expresses it in the motto of my and extinguish those impertinencies which we imbibed at a time when we were not able to judge of the absurdity. Or if we believe, as many and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions. I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an opinion in Him who holds the reins of the creation in his hand, and manage them after such a manner, that it is possible for one being to breathe upon another without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to agree in opinion with those who believe in the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, who think themselves most alone; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged in such an innumerable society, in considering out the wonders of the creation, joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this communion of men and spirits in his *disse*; and had doubtless his eye on a verse in old Hesiod, which is word for word the same with his line in the following passage:

—Nor think, though men we be  
That Heav'n would want spectators  
want praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk  
the Unseen, both when we wake and  
sleep:

All these with ceaseless praise his work  
Both day and night. How often  
sleep

Of echoing hill or thicket have we  
Celestial voice, to the midnight air,





Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding  
walk,

With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night and lift our thoughts to  
heav'n. C

### Nº XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 15:

DIC MIHI, SI FIAS TU LEO, QUALIS ERIS?

MART.

WERE YOU A LION, HOW WOULD YOU BEHAVE?

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's combat with a Lion in the Hay-market, which has been very often exhibited, to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the Tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes. This report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the playhouse, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in whisper, that the Lion was a cousin-german of the Tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expense, during the whole session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini: some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitativo, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin: several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the Lion was to act a part in High-Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough-bass, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the scenes last

winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and, upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a Lion rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surprized, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased; 'For,' says he, 'I do not intend to hurt any body.' I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him; and in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the Lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of a telly choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more furly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his Lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him; and it is verily believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The second Lion was a Taylor by trade, who belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his part; inasmuch that,

after

after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of Italian trips: it is said indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh, coloured doublet; but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain; that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking; but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him the As in the Lion's skin. This gentleman's temper is made of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the Lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage; but upon enquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat

was over, when the Lion was looked upon as dead, according received rules of the drama. This is what is practised every Westminster Hall, where nothing more usual than to see a couple of yers, who have been tearing each to pieces in the court, embrace another as soon as they are out of

I would not be thought, in any of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who in acting this part complies with the wretched taste of the audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more admirers himself, as they say of the famous trian statue on the Pont-Neuf at that more people go to see the than the king who sits upon it the contrary, it gives me a just intion to see a person whose action new majesty to kings, resolution roes, and softness to lovers, thus from the greatness of his behaviour degraded into the character of London Prentice. I have often thought that our tragedians would copy this great master in action. Could make the same use of their arms legs, and inform their faces with significant looks and passions, horrible would an English tragedy with that action, which is capable giving a dignity to the forced and cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera! In the mean I have related this combat of the to shew what are at present the entertainments of the polite and Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good but of common sense.

## Nº XIV. FRIDAY, MARCH 16.

— TEQUE HIS, INFELIX, EXUE MONSTRIS,  
OVID. MET. L. 4. VER.  
WRETCH THAT THOU ART! PUT OFF THIS MONSTROUS SHAPE.

**I** Was reflecting this morning upon the spirit and humour of the public diversions five and twenty years ago, and those of the present time; and lamented myself, that, though in those days

they neglected their morality, they had up their good sense; but that the Monde, at present, is only grown childish, not more innocent, than former. While I was in this

thought, an odd fellow, whose face I have often seen at the play-house, gave me the following letter with these words, 'Sir, the Lion presents his humble service to you, and desired me to give 'this into your own hands.'

FROM MY DEN IN THE MAYMARKET,  
MARCH 15.

SIR,

I Have read all your papers, and have stifled my resentment against your reflections upon operas, till that of this day, wherein you plainly insinuate, that Signior Grimaldi and myself have a correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the valour of his character, or the fierceness of mine. I desire you would for your own sake forbear such intimations for the future; and must say it is a great piece of ill-nature in you, to shew so great an esteem for a foreigner, and to discourage a Lion that is your own countryman.

I take notice of your fable of the Lion and Man, but am so equally concerned in that matter, that I shall not be offended to whichsoever of the animals the superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a country gentleman, who act only for my diversion; whereas, had I still the same woods to range in which I once had when I was a fox-hunter, I should not resign my manhood for a maintenance; and assure you, as low as my circumstances are at present, I am so much a man of honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for bread but a Lion.

Yours, &c.

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my landlady's children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present paper, they all having a tendency to the same subject, viz. the elegance of our present diversions.

SIR, COVENT GARDEN, MAR. 13.

I Have been for twenty years undersexton of this parish of St. Paul's Covent Garden, and have not missed toiling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, till this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell un-

der the Piazzas. By this means, I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for sixpence a-piece over-against Mrs. Rachel Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachel herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the garden; but they only laugh at the child.

I desire you would lay this before all the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that Punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house; which if you can remedy, you will very much oblige, Sir,

Yours, &c.

The following epistle I find is from the undertaker of the Masquerade.

SIR,

I Have observed the rules of my masque so carefully (in not inquiring into persons,) that I cannot tell whether you were one of the company or not last Tuesday; but if you were not, and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own entertainment, please to admonish the town, that all persons indifferently are not fit for this sort of diversion. I could wish, Sir, you could make them understand, that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerade, and a man should be able to say or do things proper for the dress, in which he appears. We have now and then rakes in the habit of Roman senators, and grave politicians in the dress of rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but let her have her will in going to a masque, and she shall dress as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the Arcadia, or some other good romance, before they appear in any such character at my house. The last day we presented, every body was so rashly habited, that when they came to speak to each other, a nymph with a crook had not a word to say but in the pert stile of the pit bawdry; and a man in the habit of a philosopher was

E

speech.

speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the refuse of the tying-rooms. We had a judge that danced a minuet with a Quaker for his partner, while half a dozen harlequins stood by as spectators; a Turk drank me off two bottles of wine, and a Jew eat me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my design to bear, and make the masquers preserve their characters in my assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a foundation laid for more elegant and improving gallantries than any the town at present affords; and consequently, that you will give your approbation to the endeavours of, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me to mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in motions, provided he is under proper restrictions.

SIR,

THE Opera at the Hay-market, and that under the Little Piazza in Covent Garden, being at present the two leading diversions of the town, and Mr. Powell professing in his advertisements to set up Whittington and his Cat against Rinaldo and Armida, my curiosity led me the beginning of last week to view both these performances, and make my observations upon them.

First therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr. Powell wisely forbearing to give his company a bill of fare beforehand, every scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the undertakers of the Haymarket, having raised too great an expectation in their printed opera, very much disappoint the audience on the stage.

The King of Jerusalem is obliged to come from the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant chariot by white horses, as my opera-book had promised me; and thus while I expected Armida's dragons should rush forward towards Argantes, I found the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke; he

flushed out his rosin in such just tions and in such due time, that not forbear conceiving hopes of being one day a most excellent player; saw indeed but two things were to render his whole action comely, mean the keeping his head a little and hiding his candle.

I observe that Mr. Powell undertakers had both the same, and I think much about the fat of introducing animals on the stages, though indeed with very success. The Sparrows and Chats at the Haymarket fly as yet very regularly over the stage; and in perching on the trees and pecking their parts, these young actors come into the galleries, or put out the where as Mr. Powell has so well plined his Pig, that in the first and Punch dance a minuet together am informed however, that Mr. resolves to excel his adversaries own way; and introduce Lark next opera of Susanna, or I Betrayed, which will be exhibit week with a pair of new Elder

The moral of Mr. Powell is violated, I confess, by Puntional reflections on the Friar King Harry's laying his leg Queen's lap in too ludicrous a before so great an assembly.

As to the mechanism and every thing indeed was uniform a piece, and the scenes were very dextrously; which calls take notice, that at the Haymarket undertakers forgetting to change side-scenes, we were presented prospect of the ocean in the delightful grove; and though tlemen on the stage had very much tributed to the beauty of the walking up and down between I must own I was not a little to see a well-dressed young fellow full-bottomed wig, appear in of the sea, and without any discern taking snuff.

I shall only observe one thing in which both dramas agree; that by the squeak of their heroes of each are eunuchs; a wit in both pieces is equal, I prefer the performance of Mr. Powell because it is in our own language, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> XV. SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

PARVA LEVES CAPIUNT ANIMOS.

OVID. *ARS AM.* I. 159.

LIGHT MINDS ARE PLEASED WITH TRIFLES.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-coloured habits, of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady, that sat in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaden behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages that were stuck among the harness, and by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cle-anthe, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had for several years received the addresses of a gentleman, whom after a long and intimate acquaintance she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence; being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour of woman-kind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the sex from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady, that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves by complacency of behaviour, and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young

lovers luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate; mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, an hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribbons, silver and gold gallions, with the like glittering gew-gaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels every thing it wants with-



in itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an oeconomy, in it's hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! she considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world when she is not in the ring, the play-

house, or the drawing-room in a perpetual motion of idleness of thought, and is, no any one place, when she thinks more company in another. of an opera the first night would affliction to her than the death. She pities all the valuable own sex, and calls every woman prudent, modest, and retired. Spirited unpolished creature mortification would it be to know that her setting herself but exposing herself, and that contemptible by being confessed.

I cannot conclude my paper observing, that Virgil has touched upon this female dress and show, in the character of a woman, who, though she has shaken off all the other weaknesses, is still described as a woman particular. The poet tells us having made a great slaughter of my, she unfortunately cast her Trojan, who wore an emerald, a beautiful coat of a mantle of the finest purple. 'bow,' says he, 'hung upon his garment was buckled on clasp; and his head was an helmet of the same skin. The Amazon immediately this well-dressed warrior, with a woman's longing for trappings that he was adorned

—*Totumque incauta per agnæ  
Famine præda et spoliis armis*  
ÆN. I.

This heedless pursuit after trifles, the poet (by a nice moral) represents to have the destruction of his female hero

## Nº XVI. MONDAY, MARCH 19.

QUOD VERUM ATQUE DECENS CURE ET ROGO, ET OMNIS IN HOC  
HOR. I.

WHAT RIGHT, WHAT TRUE, WHAT FIT WE JUSTLY CALL,  
LET THIS BE ALL MY CARE—FOR THIS IS ALL.

I Have received a letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little Muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver Garters buckled below the knee, that have been

lately seen at the Rainbow in Fleet Street; a third heavy complaint against frippery. To be brief, there is scarment of either sex which

espondents has not inveighed  
 h some bitterness, and recom-  
 o my observation. I must  
 nce for all, inform my readers,  
 not my intention to sink the  
 this my paper with reflections  
 eels or top-knots, but rather  
 to the passions of mankind,  
 rect those depraved sentiments  
 irth to all those little extra-  
 which appear in their outward  
 behaviour. Foppish and fan-  
 nents are only indications of  
 riminal in themselves. Ex-  
 anity in the mind, and you  
 etrench the little superfluities  
 e and equipage. The blof-  
 fall of themselves when the  
 ourishes them is destroyed.  
 herefore, as I have said, ap-  
 nedies to the first seeds and  
 of an affected dress, without  
 ; to the dress itself; though at  
 me I must own, that I have  
 f creating an officer under me,  
 uled—' The Censor of small  
 and of allotting him one day  
 for the execution of such his  
 operator of this nature might  
 me with the same regard as a  
 o a physician; the one might  
 ed in healing those blotches  
 urs which break out in the  
 ile the other is sweetening the  
 l rectifying the constitution.  
 truly, the young people of  
 s are so wonderfully apt to  
 into long swords or sweeping  
 shy head-dresses, or full-bot-  
 iwwigs, with several other in-  
 es of dress, that they stand in  
 eing pruned very frequently,  
 ould be oppressed with orna-  
 id over-run with the luxuri-  
 heir habits. I am much in  
 hether I should give the pre-  
 a Quaker that is trimmed close  
 t cut to the quick, or to a  
 is loaden with such a redund-  
 creescences. I must therefore  
 correspondents to let me know  
 approve my project, and whe-  
 think the erecting of such a  
 orship may not turn to the eno-  
 the public; for I would not  
 ing of this nature rashly and  
 iver.

s another set of correspondents  
 I must address myself in the  
 uce; I mean such as fill their

letters with private scandal and black  
 accounts of particular persons and fa-  
 milies. The world is so full of ill-  
 nature, that I have lampoons sent me  
 by people who cannot spell, and satires  
 composed by those who scarce know how  
 to write. By the last post in particular,  
 I received a packet of scandal which is  
 not legible; and have a whole bundle of  
 letters in women's hands that are full of  
 blots and calumnies, insomuch, that  
 when I see the name Cælia, Phillis,  
 Pastora, or the like, at the bottom of a  
 scrawl, I conclude on curse that it  
 brings me some account of a fallen vir-  
 gin, a faithless wife, or an amorous wi-  
 dow. I must therefore inform these my  
 correspondents, that it is not my design  
 to be a publisher of intrigues and  
 cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous  
 stories out of their present lurking-holes  
 into broad day-light. If I attack the  
 vicious, I shall only set upon them in a  
 body; and will not be provoked, by the  
 worst usage I can receive from others, to  
 make an example of any particular cri-  
 minal. In short, I have so much of a  
 Drawcansir in me, that I shall not pass  
 over a single foe to charge whole armies.  
 It is not Lais nor Silenus, but the Har-  
 lot and the Drunkard, whom I shall en-  
 deavour to expose; and shall consider  
 the crime as it appears in a species, not  
 as it is circumstanced in an individual.  
 I think it was Caligula who wished the  
 whole city of Rome had but one neck,  
 that he might behead them at a blow.  
 I shall do, out of humanity, what that  
 emperor would have done in the cruelty  
 of his temper, and aim every stroke at  
 a collective body of offenders. At the  
 same time I am very sensible, that no-  
 thing spreads a paper like private ca-  
 lumny and defamation; but as my spe-  
 culations are not under this necessity,  
 they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply my-  
 self to my party correspondents, who  
 are continually teasing me to take no-  
 tice of one another's proceedings. How  
 often am I asked by both sides, if it is  
 possible for me to be an unconcerned  
 spectator of the rogueries that are com-  
 mitted by the party which is opposite to  
 him that writes the letter? About two  
 days since I was reproached with an old  
 Grecian law, that forbids any man to  
 stand as a neuter or a looker-on in the  
 divisions of his country. However, as  
 I am very sensible my paper would lose

it's whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way assuage private inflammations, or allay public ferment, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me with having done any thing towards increasing those feuds and animosities that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correspondents: I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue; if he has met with any surprising story which he does not know how to tell; if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a public entertainment.

This paper my reader will find was

intended for an answer to a mul-  
correspondents; but I hope he  
don me if I single out one of  
particular, who has made me  
humble a request, that I cannot  
complying with it.

#### TO THE SPECTATOR

SIR,

MARCH 15,

I Am at present so unfortunate  
have nothing to do but to n  
own business; and therefore beg  
that you will be pleased to put  
some small post under you. I  
that you have appointed you  
and publisher to receive letters  
vertisements for the city of Lond  
shall think myself very much h  
by you, if you will appoint me  
in letters and advertisements for  
of Westminster and the dutchy  
catter. Though I cannot prom  
such an employment with suffic  
ilities, I will endeavour to make  
industry and fidelity what I  
parts and genius. I am, Sir, y  
obedient servant,

C

CHARLES

### N<sup>o</sup> XVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 20.

—TETRUM ANTE OMNIA VULTUM.

JUV. SAT. X. 191.

—A VISAGE ROUGH,  
DEFORM'D, UNFEATUR'D.

DRYDEN.

SINCE our persons are not of our  
own making, when they are such as  
appear defective or uncemely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend an haggard beau for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softnesses and languishing graces to deformity; all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape, so far, as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people, who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth, or obliquity of aspect.

It is happy for a man, that has these oddnesses about him, if he be as merry upon himself, as oapt to be upon that occasion; can possess himself with such a consciousness, women and children, who first frighted at him, will afterwards as much pleased with him. barbarous in others to railly his natural defects, it is extremely awkward when he can jest upon himself.

Madame Maintenon's first was an hero in this kind, and he many pleasantries from the irony of his shape, which he describes much resembling the letter Z. He vents himself likewise, by repeating to his reader the make of an ennui, with which he used to his hat. When there happens any thing ridiculous in a visethe owner of it thinks it an

must be of very great quality, not from raillery; the best excuse is to be pleasant upon Prince Harry and Falstaff, in which we have carried the ridicule as lean as far as it will go.

humorously called Wool-presser, and Hill of flesh; Starveling, an Elves-skin, a Bow-case, and a Tuck.

In several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest still runs upon the person. Great tenderness and sensibility in this point is the greatest weakness of self; on my own part, I am a little out of the mould of my face, which is so long as it is broad: when night not partly arise from my mouth much seldomer than people, and by consequence not engendering the fibres of my skin not at leisure to determine. Hence, I have been often put to untenance by the shortness of my nose, and was formerly at great pains concealing it by wearing a patch on an high forehead, and letting it grow. But now I have thought over this delicacy, and am contented with a much shorter, which might qualify me for a member of the Merry Club, which the letter gives me an account of. I received it from Oxford; and as I was with the spirit of mirth and humour which is natural to that hall set it down word for word as it came to me.

PROFOUND SIR,

Having been very well entertained by the last of your Speculations, I have yet seen, by your specimens, which I therefore hope you intend, I shall take the liberty to give you with a brief account of the same as perhaps you have not seen on your travels, unless it was your intention to touch upon some of the arts of the African continent, to voyage to or from Grand Cairo. I have arose in this university since you left us without saying of several of these inferior hebdomadary societies, as the Punning Club, the Merry Club, and, amongst the rest, the Merry Club; as a burlesque society, a certain merry species, which is to have come into the world

in masquerade, for some years last past have associated themselves together, and assumed the name of the Ugly Club. This ill-favoured fraternity consists of a President and twelve Fellows; the choice of which is not confined by patent to any particular foundation, (as St. John's men would have the world believe, and have therefore erected a separate society within themselves) but liberty is left to elect from any school in Great Britain, provided the candidates be within the rules of the Club, as set forth in a table, intituled, 'The Act of Deformity.' A clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

I. That no person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible queerness in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance; of which the president and officers for the time being are to determine, and the president to have the casting voice.

II. That a singular regard be had, upon examination, to the gibbosity of the gentlemen that offer themselves as founders kinsmen; or to the obliquity of their figure, in what sort soever.

III. That if the quantity of any man's nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

Lastly, That if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *ceteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, and a speech in praise of Æsop; whose portraiture they have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Therites, Duns Scotus, Scaron, Hudibras, and the Old Gentleman in Oldham, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the Club-room.

As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will take the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

The worthy president, who is their most devoted champion, has lately shewn me two copies of verses composed by a gentleman of this society; the first, a congratulatory ode inscribed to Mrs. Touchwood. Upon the loss of her two

fort-

than when he has got (as he says) his dear Mummery about him; he often protests it does him good to be a fellow with a right genuineness in his air (which is so agreeable to the generality of the French nation) as an instance of his sincerity. In particular, he gave me a figure in his pocket-book of all our friends who for these five years have been under his observation, with his own head of 'em, and in the rear a promising and improving prospect of your obliged and humble servant.

ALEXANDER CA

OXFORD,  
MARCH 12, 1710.

Nº XVIII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH

—EQUITIS QUOQUE JAM MIGRAVIT AB AURE VOLUPTAS  
OMNIS AD INCERTOS OCULOS, ET GAUDIA VANA.

Нор. Ер. II. v. 187.

BUT NOW OUR NOBLES TOO ARE FOPS AND VAIN,  
NEGLECT THE SENSE, BUT LOVE THE PAINTED SCENE.

**CREZO**

extraordinary pieces, our authors often make words of their own, which were entirely foreign to the language; the passages they pretended to imitate, their chief care being to make them resemble the numbers of the English verse and not of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus, in the song in *Camilla*—

*Barbara* *fi t'intendo, &c.*

Barbarous woman, yes, I know  
ing—

which expresses the resentful  
angry lover, was translated  
English lamentation—

Frail are lover's hopes, &c.

And it was pleasant enough to most refined persons of the nation dying away and lamenting notes that were filled with a grief and indignation. It happened frequently, where the sense translated, the necessary translations, which were drawn phrase of one tongue into another, made the music appear in one tongue that was very

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those

her. I remember an Italian verse thus, word for word—

turn'd my rage into pity;

the English for rhyme sake trans-

l into pity turn'd my rage.

is means the soft notes, that were ed to Pity in the Italian, fell upon ord Rage in the English; and the sounds, that were tuned to rage original, were made to express a the translation. It oftentimes ned likewise, that the finest notes air fell upon the most insignificant in the sentence. I have known word And pursued through the gamut, have been entertained nany a melodious The, and have the most beautiful graces, quavers, ivisions bestowed upon Then, For, rom; to the eternal honour of our sh particles.

e next step to our refinement, was troducing of Italian Actors into pera; who sung their parts in their language, at the same time, that untrymen performed theirs in our : tongue. The king or hero of ay generally spoke in Italian, and ves answered him in English: the frequently made his court, and l the heart of his princess, in a age which she did not understand. ould have thought it very disti- o have carried on dialogue after anner, without an interpreter be- the persons that conversed toge- but this was the state of the Eng- age for about three years.

length the audience grew tired of tanding half the opera; and there- o ease themselves entirely of the e of thinking, have so ordered it ent, that the whole opera is per- d in an unknown tongue. We nger understand the language of n stage; insomuch that I have een afraid, when I have seen our performers chattering in the ve- ce of action, that they have been us names, and abusing us among ves; but I hope, since we do put a entire confidence in them, they talk against us before our faces, y they may do it with the same s if it were behind our backs.

mean time, I cannot forbear g how naturally an historian who

writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wife forefathers, will make the following reflection: 'In the beginning of the ' eighteenth century, the Italian tongue ' was so well understood in England, ' that the operas were acted on the pub- lic stage in that language.'

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shews itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but, what makes it more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the Phædra and Hippolitus) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment; but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present, our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English; so be it of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High-Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in it's stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty, in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.

C

N<sup>o</sup> XIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 22.

DI BENE FECERUNT, INOPIS ME QUODQUE FUSILLI  
FINIERUNT ANIMI, RARO ET PER PAUCA LOQUENTIS.

HOR. SAT. IV. l. 17.

THANK HEAVEN THAT MADE ME OF AN HUMBLE MIND;  
TO ACTION LITTLE, LESS TO WORDS INCLIN'D!

**O**BSERVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which, methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their fascination blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but, keeping in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious; youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom, are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! To be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or suc-

cess, but lives in a world where mankind are in a plot against him by studying their own happiness advantage. Will Prosper is an tale-bearer; he makes it his business join in conversation with envious. He points to such an handsome fellow, and whispers that he is so married to a great fortune; when doubt, he adds circumstances to it; and never fails to aggravate distress, by assuring them, that, knowledge, he has an uncle will him some thousands. Will has arts of this kind to torture this temper, and delights in it. We find them change colour, and say they wish such a piece of news; he has the malice to speak some good of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an ill character. It is matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing worthy himself; or when any which was well executed, upon information appears so altered in circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret faction to these malignants; for the person, whom they before could not admire, they fancy is nearer their condition as soon as his merit is among others. I remember some ago there came out an excellent without the name of the author. little wits, who were incapable of doing it, began to pull in pieces the posed writer. When that would do, they took great pains to support the opinion that it was his. That failed. The next refuge was to was overlooked by one man, and pages wholly written by another. honest fellow, who sat among a

n debate on this subject, cried gentlemen, if you are sure none of yourselves had an hand in it, but where you were, whoever.

But the most usual succour envious, in cases of nameless this kind, is to keep the proportion possible, unfixed, and by that to hinder the reputation of it lying upon any particular person. an envious man clear up his mind, if, in the relation of any great happiness in one point, you his uneasiness is in another. When such a one is very rich he turns it recovers when you add that many children. In a word, the way to an envious man's favour is not to deserve it.

If we consider the envious man in it is like reading the feat of a romance, the magnificence of which consists in the many limbs of which he has slain. If any who themselves success in any undertaking miscarry in the end, or he that aimed at what would seem useful and laudable, meets contempt and derision, the envious under the colour of hating vanity can smile with an inward want of heart at the ill effect it may

have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being resolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen, who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in pity to them, and will from time to time administer consolations to them by further discoveries on my person. In the mean while, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not shew it in company. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest,

R

## Nº XX. FRIDAY, MARCH 23.

ΚΙΝΗΘ' ὀφθαλμοὶ ἐχθρῶν.

HOM. IL. I. 225.

THOU DOG IN FOREHEAD!

POPE.

ONG the other hardy underlings which I have proposed to that of the correction of Impudence what I have very much at heart.

A particular manner is my proposal committed by the eyes, and not such as the offenders would never have an opportunity of any other way. The following is a complaint of a young man sets forth a trespass of this kind that command of herself as duty and innocence, and yet much spirit as sufficiently excite indignation. The whole is performed with the eyes; time is no less than employing such a manner, as to divert the others from the best use they

can make of them, even looking up to Heaven.

SIR,

THERE never was, I believe, an acceptable man but had some awkward imitators. Ever since the Spectator appeared, have I remarked a kind of men, whom I chuse to call Stargers; that, without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with their impertinent eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show or a bear-garden; but devout supplicants and attentive hearers are the audience one ought to expect in churches. I am, Sir, member of a small pious congregation near one of the north gates of this city; much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used



to behave ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole aisle has been disturbed with one of these monstrous Starers; he's the head taller than any one in the church; but, for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a hassoc, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the devoutest part of the auditory; for what with blushing, confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favour to, Sir, your most humble servant,

S. C.

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and do not think there can be a greater aggravation of an offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this kind of behaviour; but a Starer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing, and a fellow that is capable of shewing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If therefore my correspondent does not inform me, that within seven days after this date the barbarian does not at least stand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend Will Prosper has promised to take an hassoc opposite to him, and stare against him, in defence of the ladies. I have given him directions, according to the most exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner, that he shall meet his eyes wherever he throws them; I have hopes that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies, in whose behalf he engages him, cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has indeed been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infested public assemblies; and I know no other way to obviate so great an evil, except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon women, some male friend will *take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence*, and encounter *the eyes of the Starers* wherever they

meet them. While we suffer men to be thus impudently they have no defence, but in cast yielding glances at them, and, in this case, a man without sense of shame has the same regard for his own life as a coward. While the general world are fettered by rules, and proper and just methods; he, respect to any of them, carries reward due to that propriety, with no other merit than having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow of outlaw in good-breeding, for what is said of him no person can be concerned for. reason, one may be free upon have put myself to great pain dering this prevailing quality call impudence, and have to that it exerts itself in a different according to the different in such subjects of these don are masters of it, were boldness in an Englishman is insolent; in a Scotchman it is bold and rapacious; in an Irishman fawning; as the world now runs, the impudent man behaves like a surly Scot like an ill-received guest Irishman like a stranger who is not welcome. There is nothing entertaining either in the defence of a South or North-Ireland that of an Irishman is always true and genuine impudence effect of ignorance, without sense of it; the best and most Starers, now in this town, nation; they have usually stage of the stature mentioned above letter of my correspondent generally take their stands in women of fortune; inform have known one of them, the after he came from plough, a rare good air lead out a w a play, which one of our after four years at Oxford, the Temple, would have been look at.

I cannot tell how to account but these people have usual ference to our own fools, in of the sillier part of woman happens it is that an English

seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in the way toward it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a set of fellows among us who profess impudence with an air of humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a

gay tone—‘I put an impudent face upon the matter.’ No; no man shall be allowed the advantages of impudence, who is conscious that he is such; if he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty; without which beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable. R

## Nº XXI. SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

—LOCUS EST ET FLURIBUS UMBRIS. HOR. EP. 5 V. 28.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH, AND EACH MAY BRING HIS FRIEND.

CREECH.

**I** AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of Divinity, Law, and Physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field-officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarves. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers; inso-much that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the law is no less incumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all

those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster Hall, every morning in term-time. Martial's description of this species of lawyers is full of humour—

*Iras et verba locant.*

‘Men that hire out their words and anger;’ that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must however observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the benchers of the several inns of court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers are those young men, who, being placed at the inns of court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the playhouse more than Westminster

minster Hall, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a court of justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing up of writings and conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men; the sight of them is enough to make a man serious; for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the northern hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time; some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to physic, who for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of

butterflies; not to mention the shell merchants and spider-catch

When I consider how each of these professions are crowded with men that seek their livelihood in them, how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be said to be of the science, than the poor I very much wonder at the lunatic parents, who will not rather place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but be of use, than in stations where the great ability, learning, and good sense, may be of use. How many men are educated, that might have made themselves aldermen of London, by improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out in a learned education? A sober person, of slender parts and a small apprehension, might have thrived in a trade though he starves upon physic; a man of great parts, who would be well enough pleased to be one of those whom he would not care to feel his pulse. Vagellius was a man of great industry, studious, and obliging, but a little thick-skulled; he has not many clients, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune of his parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire that their son may be of it; whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the genius and abilities of their child, and follow more than their own inclination.

It is the great advantage of a nation, that there are very few dull and heavy, who may not be of use in stations of life, which may give an opportunity of making the most of them. A well-regulated commonwealth, not like law, physic, or divinity, which are overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitude. It gives employment to all its people. The fleets of merchant-men are like squadrons of floating shops, their warehouses and manufactures in the markets of the world, and their chapmen under both the tropics.

# THE SPECTATOR.

N<sup>o</sup> XXII. MONDAY, MARCH 26.

JODCUNQUE OSTENDIS MIHI SIC, INCREDULUS ODI.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 188.

—WHATEVER CONTRADICTS MY SENSE  
HATE TO SEE, AND NEVER CAN BELIEVE.

ROSCOMMON.

word Spectator being most  
lly understood as one of the  
public representations in our  
seldom fail of many letters  
plays and operas. But in-  
are such monstrous things  
th, that if one had not been an  
s of them, one could not be-  
such matters had really been

There is very little which  
human life, or is a picture of  
that is regarded by the greater  
company. The understand-

is the laughter of fools, and  
ation the wonder of idiots;  
improbable, monstrous, and  
t dreams, could not go off as  
not only without the utmost  
contempt, but even with the  
 applause and approbation. But  
of my correspondents will re-  
is affair in a more lively man-  
any discourse of my own; I  
fore give them to my reader  
this preparation, that they all  
n players, and that the business  
is now so managed, that you  
be surprised when I say one  
them are rational, others sen-  
vegetative actors, and others  
animate. I shall not place these  
named them, but as they have  
e in the opinion of their audi-

two legs. As for the little resistance  
which I made, I hope it may be excused,  
when it is considered that the dart was  
thrown at me by so fair an hand. I must  
confess I had but just put on my bruta-  
lity; and Camilla's charms were such,  
that beholding her erect mien, hearing  
her charming voice, and astonished with  
her graceful motion, I could not keep  
up to my assumed fierceness, but died  
like a man. I am, Sir, your most hum-  
ble servant,

THOMAS PRONE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THIS is to let you understand, that  
the playhouse is a representation of  
the world in nothing so much as in this  
particular, that no one rises in it accord-  
ing to his merit. I have acted several  
parts of household-stuff with great ap-  
plause for many years: I am one of the  
men in the hangings in the Emperor of  
the Moon: I have twice performed the  
third chair in an English opera; and  
have rehearsed the pump in the Fortune-  
Hunters. I am now grown old, and  
hope you will recommend me so effec-  
tually, as that I may say something be-  
fore I go off the stage: in which you  
will do a great act of charity to your  
most humble servant,

WILLIAM SCRENE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Understanding that Mr. Screne has  
writ to you, and desired to be raised  
from dumb and still parts; I desire, if  
you give him motion or speech, that you  
would advance me in my way, and let  
me keep on in what I humbly presume  
I am a master, to wit, in representing  
human and still life together. I have  
several times acted one of the finest  
flower-pots in the same opera wherein  
Mr. Screne is a chair; therefore upon  
his promotion, request that I may suc-  
ceed him in the hangings, with my  
hand in the orange-trees. Your hum-  
ble servant,

RALPH SIMPLE.

ECTATOR,

having been so humble as to  
notice of the epistles of other  
emboldens me, who am the  
that was killed by Mrs. Tofts,  
nt to you, that I think I was  
ed in not having the part of the  
ydaspes given to me. It would  
but a natural step for me to  
onated that noble creature, af-  
behaved myself to satisfaction  
ut above-mentioned; but that  
is too great a character for one  
rod the stage before but upon

DRURY

DRURY LANE, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

SIR,

I Saw your friend the Templar this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of the Pilgrim. I wish, Sir, you would do us the favour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly; but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know, Sir, there are noble instances of this kind in Shakespeare; but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from generous and humane resentments; it is like that grief which we have for the decease of our friends; it is no diminution, but a recommendation of human nature, that in such incidents passion gets the better of reason; and all we can think to comfort ourselves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite. The part I played is thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart-pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass may have been as dry as ever I was in my life. I am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant.

FROM THE SAVOY IN THE STRAND.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IF you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King Latinus,

and believe I am the first dated from this palace since Gaunt. Such is the uncertain human greatness, that I, never moved without a guard, pressed as a common soldier, sail with the first fair wind brother Lewis of France. A hard thing to put off a character one has appeared in with appearance since the loss of me; for, upon quarrelling with your recruit, I spoke my indifference of my part in recitative—

Most audacious I  
Dar'st thou an angry monarch's

The words were no sooner in my mouth, when a serjeant knelt down, and asked me if I had any mutiny, in talking things not understood. You see, Sir, my circumstances; and if by your favour you can procure a subsidy for me (who never failed to make a good held him merry at his appearance) will merit the thanks of your

THE KING OF

#### ADVERTISEMENT

FOR THE GOOD OF THE F

WITHIN two doors of the theatre lives an eminent Italian character arrived from the Carnival of great experience in private Accommodations are provided for persons admitted in their masquerade.

He has cured since his coming in less than a fortnight, so many mouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Turkish Bassas, three Nuns, a ris-Dancer.

Venienti occurrere mor

N. B. Any person may appear great, and be kept in repair by the doctor draws teeth without off your mask.

N<sup>o</sup> XXIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 27.

SEVIT ATROX VOLICENS, NEC TELI CONSPICIT USQUAM  
AUCTOREM, NEC QUO SE ARDENS IMMITTERE POSSIT.

VIRG. ÆN. IX. 430.

PIERCE VOLICENS FOAMS WITH RAGE, AND GASING ROUND  
DESCRY'D NOT HIM, WHO GAVE THE FATAL WOUND;  
NOR KNEW TO FIX REVENGE.

DRYDEN.

**T**HERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark; and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a lampoon or satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision? and in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him who receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often ob-

served a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entering upon it, says, that he does not believe any the most comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who writ a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at it's being acted on the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarine gave the same kind treatment to the learned Quillet, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquina was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, because

because his laundress was made a princess. This was a reflection upon the pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author relying upon his Holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. Aretine is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings in Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy feature. A father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A wife be made uneasy all her life, for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a tem-

perate, and a just man, of countenance by the rest of those qualities that shew honour. So pernicious a when it is not tempered humanity.

I have indeed heard of considerate writers, that wits have sacrificed the their friends and acquire a levity of temper, a notion of distinguishing the spirit of railery and satire not infinitely more honest than a good-natured man, than there is this little petulant author, he is often very without designing to be reasonable I always lay it to that an indiscreet man is more than an ill-natured one; neither will only attack him those he wishes ill to, than indifferently both friend cannot forbear, on this scribbling a fable out of the *Estrange*, which accides me. "A company of were watching of frog a pond, and still as at up their heads, they were them down again with dren," says one of them never consider, that they be play to you, it is a

As this week is in a and dedicated to serious I indulge myself in such may not be altogether unusual season; and in the mean settling in ourselves a common of mind is a work very time, I have in this paper to expose that particular rity which has been generated by divines, because I who can be guilty of it.

## Nº XXIV. WEDNESDAY, MARCH

ACCURRIT QUIDAM NOTUS MIHI NOMINE TANTUM;  
ARREPTAQUE MANU, QUID AGIS, DULCISIME RERUM  
HOR. SAT.

COMES UP A POP (I KNEW HIM BUT BY FAME)  
AND SEIZ'D MY HAND, AND CALL'D ME BY MY NAME  
—MY DEAR!—HOW DOST?

**T**HERE are in this town a great number of insignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better

sort of conversation, an impertinent ambition of those to whom they?

If you walk in the Park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes such fellows the more burdensome, is, that they neither offend nor please so far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this reason, that my correspondents are willing by my means to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by persons who suffer by such impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who sets in for his dose of claret every night at such an hour, is teased by a swarm of them; who, because they are sure of room and good fire, have taken it in their heads to keep a sort of club in his company; though the sober gentleman himself is an utter enemy to such meetings.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your speculation on that subject; but I have since been extremely mortified, by the malicious world's ranking me amongst the supporters of such impertinent assemblies. I beg leave to state my case fairly; and that done, I shall expect redress from your judicious pen.

I am, Sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller; my business, to consult my own humour; which I gratify without controlling other people's; I have a room and a whole bed to myself; and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun; they please me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is a supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for which reasons, though I invite nobody, I have no sooner supped, than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whither else to go. It is true every man pays his share; yet as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language; and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular intemperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always *flushed*; I wear away very gently, am apt to be peevish, but never an-

gry. Mr. Spectator, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town some old humourist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him; and all the customers, who frequent his company, yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because so many impertinents will break in upon me, and come without appointment? Clinch of Barnet has a nightly meeting, and shows to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor. Why should people misical things? If his is allowed to be a concert, why may not mine be a lecture? However, Sir, I submit it to you, and am, Sir, your most obedient, &c.

THO. KIMBOW.

GOOD SIR,

YOU and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the Park when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it is as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate; therefore I earnestly intreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

WILL. FASHION.

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house, by filling an empty chair, than to the conversation they come into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in this case, by the publication of her letter in my paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an eye to one of those pert giddy m. thinking girls, who upon the recommendation only of an agreeable person,



and a fashionable air, take themselves to be upon a level with women of the greatest merit.

MADAM,

I Take this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but, alas, Madam, you must go no further; distance and silence are your best recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more visits. You come in a literal sense to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this, that I would by any means lose your acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the strictest forms of good-breeding. Let us pay visits, but never see one another. If you will be so good as to deny yourself always to me, I shall return the obligation by giving the same orders to my servants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the same party to a benefit-play, and smile at each other, and put down glasses as

we pass in our coaches enjoy as much of each as we are capable: so people who are to be sight, with which for hope you will always be your most obedient hu  
M.

P. S. I subscribe me of the day I keep, that my friends may know

#### ADVERTISE

To prevent all mis happen among gentlemen of the town, who week to St. James's Church by miscalling the servants such things from their proper within their respect this is to give notice, that of the book-debts of customers, and observe off without paying, have employment, is success to; to whose place of fages and first coffee-Bird is promoted; and comes as shoe-cleaner the said Bird.

### Nº XXV. THURSDAY, MARCH

— AGRESQUITQUE MEDENDO.

VIRG. A

AND SICKENS BY THE VERY MEANS OF HEALTH

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology.

SIR,

I Am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with. Doctor Sydenham's learned Treatise of Fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthirical distempers, and by that means

fell into a consumptive growing very fat, I was shamed out of that in long after this I found symptoms of the gout, was cured of it by a Gravel, written by a author, who (as it is used to convert one distemper eased me of the gout stone. I at length stuck complication of distemper taking into ingenious discourse writt I was resolved to direct scheme of rules, which from his observations world are very well that gentleman's invention the better carrying spirits, contrived a





chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; inasmuch that I may be said, for these three last years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and if, after having dined, I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small-beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half-pound; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and an half, and on solemn fasts am two pounds lighter than on other days in the year.

I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep with-in a few grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, Sir, notwith-

standing this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in it's proper poise, so it is that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very fallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant.

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph written on the monument of a Valetudinarian; '*Stavo ben, ma per far Meglio, sto qui*;' which it is impossible to translate. The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it; to make our health our business; to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic; are purposes so abstract, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is

were

more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and, instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable.

'Jupiter,' says the mythology, 'reward the piety of a certain man, promised to give him ever he would ask. The man desired that he might have management of the weather of his own estate: he obtained his wish, and immediately distributed snow, and sunshine, among his fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year when he expected to see a more ordinary crop, his harvest was very nitely short of that of his neighbours, upon which,' says the fable, 'fired Jupiter to take the weather into his own hands, or that he should utterly ruin himself.'

## Nº XXVI. FRIDAY, MARCH 30.

PALLIDA MORO ÆQUO PULSAT PEDE PAUPERUM TABERNAS  
REGUMQUE TURRES. O BEATE SESTI,  
VITE SUMMA BREVIS SPERM NOS VETAT INCMOARE LONGAM.  
JAM TE PREMET NOX, FÆVLAQUE MANES,  
ET DOMUS EXILIS PLUTONIA— HOR. OD. I.

WITH EQUAL FOOT, RICH FRIEND, IMPARTIAL FATE  
KNOCKS AT THE COTTAGE, AND THE PALACE GATE;  
LIFE'S SPAN FORBIDS THEE TO EXTEND THY CARES,  
AND STRETCH THY HOPES BEYOND THY YEARS:  
NIGHT SOON WILL SEIZE, AND YOU MUST QUICKLY GO  
TO STORY'D GHOSTS, AND PLUTO'S HOUSE BELOW.

C1

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned

in the battles of heroic poems, sounding names given them for no other reason but that they may be remembered, and are celebrated for nothing being knocked on the head.

Γλαύκος τε Μεδών τε Θερσίλοχος τε  
*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therfil*

Glaucus, and Medon, and Therfil

The life of these men is finely set forth in Holy Writ by 'the path of the righteous man,' which is immediately and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging up of graves; and saw in every shroud that was thrown up, the fragments of a bone or skull intermixed with the fresh mouldering earth that for or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this I could not but consider with myself what irreparable multitudes of people lay together under the pavement of this ancient cathedral; how many

friends and enemies, priests and monks and prebendaries, were d amongst one another, and together in the same common bow beauty, strength, and youth, l-age, weakness, and deformity, listinguished in the same pious heap of matter.

r having thus surveyed this great ne of mortality, as it were in the I examined it more particularly accounts which I found on fe- the monuments which are raised y quarter of that ancient fabric. if them were covered with such gant epitaphs, that if it were for the dead person to be ac- d with them, he would blush at ifes which his friends have be- upon him. There are others so cly modest, that they deliver the er of the person departed in Greek rew, and by that means are not ood once in a twelvemonth. In tical quarter, I found there were bo had no monuments, and mo- ts which had no poets. I ob- indeed that the present war had he church with many of these bited monuments, which had eeked to the memory of persons bodies were perhaps buried in ins of Blenheim, or in the bosom ocean.

uld not but be very much de- with several modern epitaphs, are written with great elegance rection and justness of thought, before do honour to the living as the dead. As a foreigner is t to conceive an idea of the ig- or politeness of a nation from n of their public monuments and ions, they should be submitted xerusal of men of learning and before they are put in execution. udesly Shovel's monument has ten given me great offence; in- the brave rough English admi- uch was the distinguishing char- of that plain gallant man, he is ted on his tomb by the figure of dressed in a long periwig, and ; himself upon velvet cushions canopy of state. The inscription- answerable to the monument; ad of celebrating the many re-

markable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of ge- nius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their build- ings, and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature, in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposited them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

C

N<sup>o</sup> XXVII. SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

UT NOX LONGA, QUIBUS MENTITUR AMICA, DIESQUE  
 LONGA VIDETUR OPUS DEBENTIBUS; UT FIGER ANNUS  
 PUPILLIS, QUOS DURA PREMISIT CUSTODIA MATRUM:  
 SIC MIHI TARDA FLUUNT INGRATAQUE TEMPORA, QUÆ SPERM  
 CONSILIUMQUE MORANTUR AGENDI GNAVITER ID, QUOD  
 ÆQUE PAUPERIBUS PRODEST, LOCUPLETIBUS ÆQUE;  
 ÆQUE NEGLECTUM PUERIS SENIBUSQUE NOCEBIT.

HOR. EP. I. 1.

IMITATED.

LONG AS TO HIM, WHO WORKS FOR DEBT, THE DAY;  
 LONG AS THE NIGHT TO HER, WHOSE LOVE'S AWAY;  
 LONG AS THE YEAR'S DULL CIRCLE SEEMS TO RUN,  
 WHEN THE BRISK MINOR PANTS FOR TWENTY-ONE:  
 SO SLOW TH' UNPROFITABLE MOMENTS ROLL,  
 THAT LOCK UP ALL THE FUNCTIONS OF MY SOUL;  
 THAT KEEP ME FROM MYSELF, AND STILL DELAY  
 LIFE'S INSTANT BUSINESS TO A FUTURE DAY:  
 THAT TASK, WHICH AS WE FOLLOW, OR DESPISE,  
 THE ELDEST IS A FOOL, THE YOUNGEST WISE:  
 WHICH DONE, THE POOREST CAN NO WANTS ENDURE;  
 AND WHICH NOT DONE, THE RICHEST MUST BE POOR.

POPE.

**T**HERE is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being. You hear men every day in conversation profess that all the honour, power, and riches, which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit or possession of them. While men are in this temper, which happens very frequently, how inconsistent are they with themselves! They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquish it; retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it: while they pant after shade and covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering scenes of life; but sure this is but just as reasonable as if a man should call for more lights, when he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day with ourselves disengaged from it's allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean

ourselves from them, while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general in of the greater part of mankind complish this work, and live ac to their own approbation, as if they possibly can; but since the tion of life is so uncertain, and t been a common topic of discou since there was such a thing as li how is it possible that we should moment the beginning to live ac to the rules of reason?

The man of business has ev one point to carry, and then himself he'll bid adieu to all the of ambition; the man of pleat solves to take his leave at lea part civilly with his mistress: l ambitious man is entangled ever ment in a fresh pursuit, and th sees new charms in the object he he could abandon. It is therefo tactical way of thinking, when i mise ourselves an alteration in or duct from change of place, and ence of circumstances; the same j will attend us wherever we are, t are conquered; and we can never our satisfaction in the deepest reti unless we are capable of livin some measure amidst the noise ar nels of the world.

I have ever thought men wer

by what could be observed of a perusal of their private letters in any other way. My friend *Gymnasium*, the other day, upon discourse with him concerning the of procrastination, gave me the letters from persons with whom I live in great friendship and, according to the good breeding and good sense of his character, it is from a man of business, *his convert*; the second from one who he conceives good hopes; the third from one who is in no state at all, tried one way and another by

thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. 'I know the creature for whom I resign so much of my character,' is all that you said of her; but then the trifler has something in her so undefining and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous men, allow no alteration of offences? Must dear *Chloe* be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women? I keep the solemn promise I made you in writing to you the state of my mind, after your kind admonition; and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness, which makes me so much her humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to subscribe myself yours,

T. D.

not with what words to express to you the sense I have of the obligation you have laid upon me, enhance you enjoined me of doing good or other to a person of worth as I live. The station I am in is one with daily opportunities of doing good; and the noble principle with which you have inspired me, of benevolence, all I have to deal with, quick-application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve merit from its want of notice, when I assist a friend in need, when I produce concealed talents, I am displeased with myself, for not being designed to leave the world in a more virtuous. I am sorry you do not take the occasions which the condition of the world might afford me of enlarging my fortunes; but know I contribute to your satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better man, from your presence and authority you have given me, your most obliged and most humble servant,

R. O.

entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me, was left with you alone. You then of the silly way I was in; told me so, as I saw you loved me, that I could not obey your wish in letting you know my

SIR,  
THERE is no state of life so anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my love of retirement first of all brought me to court; but this will be no riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed myself here with a design of getting so much money as might enable me to purchase a handsome retreat in the country. At present my circumstances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining part of my life in such a retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to my great misfortune I have intirely lost the relish of it, and should now return to the country with greater reluctance than I at first came to court. I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest importance: in short, I find a contest in my own mind between reason and fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the world and out of it at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my life, if possible, both to my duty and my inclination. I am, your most humble servant,

R. B.



N<sup>o</sup> XXVIII. MONDAY, APRIL 2.

— NEQUE SEMPER ARCUM  
TENDIT APOLLO.

HOR. OD. II. x.

NOR DOES APOLLO ALWAYS BEND HIS BOW.

I Shall here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

STR,

**O**BSERVING that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same; I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendant of all such figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis*!

My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place I would forbid, that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign; such as the Bell and the Neat's-tongue, the Dog and Gridiron. The Fox and Goose may be

supposed to have met, but what Fox and Seven Stars to do! And when did the Lamb and ever meet, except upon a sign. As for the Cat and Fiddle, the conceit in it; and therefore I pretend that any thing I have should affect it. I must however attend to you upon this subject, a usual for a young tradesman, a setting-up, to add to his own of the master whom he served husband, after marriage, give to his mistress's arms in his coat. This I take to have given rise of those absurdities which are crowded over our heads; and, as I am told, first occasioned the three in a Hare, which we see so frequented together. I would therefore certain rules, for the determining far one tradesman may give to another; and in what cases he is allowed to quarter it with his own.

In the third place, I would every shop to make use of a sign bears some affinity to the wares it deals. What can be more inconsistent than to see a Bawd at the sign of an Angel, or a Tailor at the sign of a Cook should not live at the sign of a Shoe-maker at the Roasted Lamb, yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a Goat set up before the shop of a perfumer, and the French King at a Sword-cutler's.

An ingenious foreigner observes several of those gentlemen who themselves upon their family overlook such as are bred to trade the tools of their forefathers coats of arms. I will not exclaim true this is in fact; but though not be necessary for posterity to keep up the sign of their forefathers, it is highly proper for those who profess the trade, to shew so many marks of it before their doors.

When the name gives an occ

ous sign-post, I would likewise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he could have been ridiculous for naming Mrs. Salmon to have the sign of the Trout; for which he has erected before her house the sign of the fish that is her name. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same kind, and here, Sir, I must beg leave to say to you, that this particular sign-post has given occasion to several of wit in this kind. A man reading must know, that 'Abel' has gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphical God is also represented by a bell; which, in conjunction with a fish, makes a very handsome picture of our streets. As for the sign of a savage, which is the sign of a man standing by a bell, I was very much puzzled upon the subject, till I accidentally fell into the hands of an old romance translated from the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who lived in a wilderness, and is called the French Savage; and where translated by our countryman Bell-Savage. This piece of my will, I hope, convince you have made sign-posts my study, frequently qualified myself for comment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another which I have made upon the subject, namely, that I can give a name to the humour of the inhabitant of the sign that hangs before his house. The surly choleric fellow gene-ally the choice of a Bear; as men of different dispositions frequently live at the same house. Seeing a Punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing-Cross, and very handsomely garnished, with a couple of swans hovering over it and squeezing

ing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found, upon enquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agrémens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage, I remain, &c.

I shall add to the foregoing letter, another which came to me by the same penny-post.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT NEAR  
CHARING-CROSS.

HONOURED SIR,

HAVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey; but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the quality; and if they will make a subscription for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland that is a very good tumbler; and also for another of the same family whom I design for my Merry-Andrew, as being an excellent mimic, and the greatest droll in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in a readiness for the next winter; and doubt not but it will please more than the opera or puppet-show. I will not say that a monkey is a better man than some of the opera-heroes; but certainly he is a better representative of a man, than the most artificial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your paper, you shall be every night a spectator at my show for nothing.

I am, &c.

C

N<sup>o</sup> XXIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 3.

—SERMO LINGUA CONCINNUS UTRAQUE

SUAVIOR : UT CUIUS NOTASI COMMISTA FALERNI EST.

HOR. SAT. I.

BOTH TONGUES UNITED SWEETER SOUNDS PRODUCE,  
LIKE CHIAN MIX'D WITH THE FALERNIAN JUICE.

THERE is nothing that has more startled our English audience, than the Italian *Recitativo* at it's first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the supercription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of 'Enter a king and two fiddlers solus,' was now no longer an absurdity; when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation; the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural, than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas.

The only fault I find in our present practice is the making use of the Italian *Recitativo* with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the tone, or, as the French call it, the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman, when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of every language; for otherwise, what improperly express a passion in one language will not do it in another. Even who has been long in Italy know well, that the cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of voices in ordinary conversation. Those who speak more properly, are only those whose accents of their language made musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of inter-rogation and admiration, in the Italian music may so call them, which resemble accents in discourse on such occasions are not unlike the ordinary tone of English voice when we are angry, so much that I have often seen our audience extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and being to see the hero knock down his messenger, when he has been asking a question; or fancying that he is quarrelling with his friend, when he only bids good-morrow.

For this reason the Italian art does not agree with our English manner in admiring Purcell's composition, thinking his tunes so wonderfully fitted to his words; because both do not always express the same sense by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion that an English composer should follow the Italian recitative too closely, but make use of many gentilities from it, in compliance with our own native language. He must be out of it all the lulling softness of Dying Falls, as Shakespeare calls it, but should still remember that he is to accommodate himself to an audience; and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation have the same regard to the accents of his own language, as those performers to their's whom he professes to

erved that several of the singing our own country learn to their voices, and mellow the of their natural notes, by under those that come from climates. In the same manner allow the Italian opera to lend ish music as much as may grace n it, but never intirely to an- und destroy it. Let the infu- s strong as you please, but still bject-matter of it be English. nposer should fit his music to is of the people, and consider delicacy of hearing, and taste ny, has been formed upon those which every country abounds short, that music is of a rela- re, and what is harmony to one be dissonance to another. ame observations which I have on the recitative part of music, plied to all our songs and airs il.

r Baptist Lully acted like a man in this particular. He found ch music extremely defective, y often barbarous: however, the genius of the people, the of their language, and the pre- ars he had to deal with, he did nd to extirpate the French music t the Italian in it's stead; but ultivate and civilize it with in- legraces and modulations which wed from the Italian. By this he French music is now perfect nd; and when you say it is not as the Italian, you only mean es not please you so well; for carce a Frenchman who would ler to hear you give the Italian reference. The music of the indeed very properly adapted pronunciation and accent, as le opera wonderfully favours e of such a gay airy people. is in which that opera abounds arterre frequent opportunities in concert with the stage.

This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the clerk of a parish-church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milk-maids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a bail better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig, and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation, was the Rape of Proserpine, where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, put himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his valet de chambre. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

C

N<sup>o</sup> XXX. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4.

SI. MIMNERMUS UTI CENSET, SINE AMORE JOCISQUE  
NIL EST JUCUNDUM; VIVAS IN AMORE JOCISQUE.

HOR. EP. I. VI. 56

IF NOTHING, AS MIMNERMUS STRIVES TO PROVE,  
CAN EVER BE PLEASANT WITHOUT WANTON LOVE,  
THEN LIVE IN WANTON LOVE, THY SPORTS PURSUE.

CREECH.

ONE common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of fighers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society, in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts—‘She gave me a very obliging glance, she never looked so well in her life as this evening;’ or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of ribbon, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms, another declaring he will break his chain, and another in dumb-show striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse con-

cerning his passion in general, scribe the temper of his mind in manner, as that the whole company join in the description, and feel of it. In this case, if any man declared the violence of his flame in pathetic terms, he is made present that night, out of respect to his passion.

We had some years ago in this a set of people who met and drew lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringe-glove Club; they were persons of such moderate talents, even before they were in by their passion, that their irregularity could not furnish sufficient variety to afford daily new impertinence by which means that institution was supported. These fellows could express passion in nothing but their dream; the Oxonians are fantastical not are lovers, in proportion to their ing and understanding before it came such. The thoughts of ancient poets on this agreeable passion are translated in honour of some beauty; and Chloris is won to the same compliment that was paid to Lefbia a thousand years ago. As far as I can learn, the patron club is the renowned Don Quixot adventures of that gentle knight frequently mentioned in the society the colour of laughing at the and themselves; but at the same time though they are sensible of the extravagances of that unhappy warrior do not observe, that to turn all the thing of the best and wisest writings rhapsodies of love, is a phrensy diverting than that of the afore-complished Spaniard. A gentleman who, I hope, will continue his correspondence, is lately admitted to fraternity, and sent me the following letter.

*Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.*

MART. EPIG. l. 72.

E I find you take notice of  
 I beg leave to give you an  
 of one in Oxford, which you  
 where mentioned, and perhaps  
 and of. We distinguish our-  
 the title of the Amorous Club,  
 votaries of Cupid, and admirers  
 air-fex. The reason that we are  
 known in the world, is the fe-  
 which we are obliged to live under  
 niversity. Our constitution runs  
 to that of the place wherein we  
 r in love there are no doctors,  
 all profess so high passion, that  
 it of no graduates in it. Our  
 ship is bestowed according to  
 nity of passion; our number is  
 ed; and our statutes are like those  
 Druids, recorded in our own  
 only, and explained by the ma-  
 of the company. A mistress, and  
 in her praise, will introduce any  
 te; without the latter no one can  
 itted; for he that is not in love  
 to rhyme, is unqualified for our

To speak disrespectfully of any  
 is expulsion from our gentle so-  
 As we are at present all of us  
 ven, instead of duelling when  
 rivals, we drink together the  
 of our mistresses. The manner of  
 is sometimes indeed creates de-  
 on such occasions we have re-  
 o the rules of love among the

Six cups to Nævia, to Justina seven.

This method of a glass to every letter  
 of her name, occasioned the other night  
 a dispute of some warmth. A young  
 student, who is in love with Mrs. Eliza-  
 beth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to  
 begin her health under the name of Eliza-  
 betha; which so exasperated the club,  
 that by common consent we retrenched  
 it to Betty. We look upon a man as  
 no company, that does not sigh five  
 times in a quarter of an hour; and look  
 upon a member as very absurd, that is  
 so much himself as to make a direct an-  
 swer to a question. In fine, the whole  
 assembly is made up of absent men, that  
 is, of such persons as have lost their lo-  
 cality, and whose minds and bodies  
 never keep company with one another.  
 As I am an unfortunate member of this  
 distracted society, you cannot expect a  
 very regular account of it; for which  
 reason, I hope you will pardon me that  
 I so abruptly subscribe myself, Sir, your  
 most obedient humble servant,

T. B.

I forgot to tell you, that Albina, who  
 has six votaries in this club, is one of  
 your readers.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 5.

SIT MIHI PARS AUDITA LOQUI—

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 266.

WHAT I HAVE HEARD, PERMIT ME TO RELATE.

AT night, upon my going into  
 coffee-house not far from the  
 market theatre, I diverted myself  
 for half an hour with overhearing  
 the discourse of one, who, by the shab-  
 biness of his dress, the extravagance of  
 his conceits, and the hurry of his  
 speech, I discovered to be of that species  
 which is generally distinguished by the  
 name of Projectors. This gentleman,  
 and he was treated as such by  
 the audience, was entertaining a whole  
 company of listeners with the project of an  
 which he told us had not cost

him above two or three mornings in the  
 contrivance, and which he was ready to  
 put in execution, provided he might  
 find his account in it. He said, that  
 he had observed the great trouble and  
 inconvenience which ladies were at, in  
 travelling up and down to the several  
 shows that are exhibited in different  
 quarters of the town. The dancing  
 monkeys are in one place; the puppet-  
 show in another; the opera in a third;  
 not to mention the lions, that are al-  
 most a whole day's journey from the  
 politer part of the town. By this means  
 people

people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange fights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera, entitled, 'The Expedition of Alexander the Great;' in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage; in one of which there was a race-show; in another, a ladder-dance; and in others a posture-man, a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

The Expedition of Alexander opens with his consulting the Oracle at Delphos, in which the dumb conjurer, who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune: at the same time Clinch of Barnet is represented in another corner of the temple, as ringing the bells of Delphos, for joy of his arrival. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work, that represents the beautiful Statira. When Alexander comes into that country in which Quintus Curtius tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkeys dancing upon ropes, with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle, Pinkethman is to personate King Porus upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a

dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell, junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery, for the diversion of the two monarchs. Some at the table urged, the puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately over-ruled. Our projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German Artift, Mr. Pinkethman's Heathen Gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionic dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained, was how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of Turkey fleet; 'Besides,' says he, 'we want any single voice for any part in the opera, Lawrence can speak Greek, as well as he Italian, in a fortnight's time.'

projector having thus settled matter the good liking of all that heard left his seat at the table, and himself before the fire, where I luckily taken my stand for the sake of overhearing what he said. As he had observed me to be more than ordinary, I cannot tell, had not stood by me above a minute, but he turned short on a sudden, and catching me by the collar of my coat, attacked me abruptly after the following manner. Besides, Sir, I have heard of an extraordinary genius for music lives in Switzerland, who has so quick a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ like a drum; and if I could but raise a subscription of about ten

thousand pound every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English stage.' After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer; when by good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffee-house since the projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out with a kind of laugh—'Is our music then to receive farther improvements from Switzerland?' This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation. C

N<sup>o</sup> XXXII. FRIDAY, APRIL 6.

NIL ILLE LARVA AUT TRAGICIS OPUS ESSE COTHURNIS.

HOR. SAT. I. V. 64.

HE WANTS NO TRAGIC VISOR TO INCREASE HIS NATURAL DEFORMITY OF FACE.

THE late discourse concerning the statutes of the Ugly Club, having well received at Oxford, that, to the strict rules of the society, we been so partial as to take my testimonial, and admit me into that body; I could not restrain the vanity of publishing to the world the notice which is done me. It is no small honour, that I have given occasion to the president's shewing both his industry and reading to such advantage in his correspondent reports he did: but to be doubted there were many opportunities and pauses in his career, which lose their ugliness in action, and which my corresponding his pardon, has no very great at representing. I very much of the contempt the society has in nothing ought to be laudable in, in which his will is not contrary to our society can follow and where she has thought fit, to mock herself, we can do and be merry upon the occasion.

SPECTATOR,

*R making public the late trouble I gave you, you will find to have occasion of this. Who should*

I meet at the coffee-house door the other night, but my old friend Mr. President? I saw somewhat had pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his eye upon me—'Oho, Doctor, rare news from London,' says he; 'the Spectator has made honourable mention of the club, (man) and published to the world his sincere desire to be a member, with a commendatory description of his phiz: and though our constitution has made no particular provision for short faces, yet, his being an extraordinary case, I believe we shall find an hole for him to creep in at; for I assure you he is not against the canon; and if his sides are as compact as his joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us.' I presently called for the paper, to see how you looked in print; and after we had regaled ourselves a while upon the pleasant image of our proselyte, Mr. President told me I should be his stranger at the next night's club: where we were no sooner come, and pipes brought, but Mr. President began an harangue upon your introduction to my epistle, setting forth with no less volubility of speech than strength of reason, that a speculation of this nature was what had been long and much wanted; and



and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable value to the public, in reconciling even of bodies and souls: in composing and quieting the minds of men under all corporal redundancies, deficiencies, and irregularities whatsoever; and making every one sit down content in his own carcase, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish. And again, how that for want of a due consideration of what you first advance, viz. that our faces are not of our own choosing, people had been transported beyond all good-breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal extravagances: as, how many impartial looking-glasses had been censured and calumniated, nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand splinters, only for a fair representation of the truth? How many headstrings and garters had been made accessary, and actually forfeited, only because folks must needs quarrel with their own shadows?

And who, continues he, but is deeply sensible, that one great source of the uneasiness and misery of human life, especially amongst those of distinction, arises from nothing in the world else, but too severe a contemplation of an indefeasible contexture of our external parts, or certain natural and invincible dispositions to be fat or lean? When a little more of Mr. Spectator's philosophy would take off all this; and in the mean time let them observe, that there is not one of their grievances of this sort, but perhaps, in some ages of the world, has been highly in vogue; and may be so again; nay, in some country or other, ten to one is so at this day. My Lady Ample is the most miserable woman in the world, purely of her own making; she even grudges herself meat and drink, for fear she should thrive by them; and is constantly crying out—"In a quarter of a year more I shall be quite out of all manner of shape!" Now the lady's misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong soil; for go but to the other side of the water, it is a jest at Harlem to talk of a shape under eighteen stone. These wise traders regulate their beauties as they do their butter, by the pound; and Miss Crofs, when she arrived in the Low-Countries, was not computed to be so handsome as Madam Van Brisket by

near half a tun. On the other there is Squire Lath, a proper man of fifteen hundred pound annum, as well as of an unblameable life and conversation; yet would I be the esquire for half his estate if it was as much more he would part with it all for a pair of legs and a mind: whereas in the reign of our King Edward of glorious memory nothing more modish than a brace of your fine taper supporters; a Majesty, with an inch of caliged affairs in peace and war as ably as the bravest and most of his ancestors; and was as to his neighbours under the name of Long-shanks, as Cæsar Lion to the Saracens before him. We look farther back into history shall find that Alexander the Great wore his head a little over his shoulder; and then not a soul out until he had adjusted his bone; the whole nobility addressed to each other obliquely. All matters of importance were ascertained and carried on in the Median court with their polls on oars. For about the first century before Christ made more noise in the world than Roman noses, and then not a word of them until they revived again in the eighth century. Nor is it so very long since Richard the Third set up his back to the nation; and high heels, as well as high noses, were the top of the fashion. But to ourselves, gentlemen, though by my quinquennial observation we shall never get ladies enough to make a party in our own country, might we meet with better success among some of our allies. As I think you if our board sat for a piece? Truly I am of opinion, as odd as we appear in flesh and blood we should be no such strange thing as mezo-tinto. But this project must rest until our number is complete, this being our election night, I leave to propose Mr. Spectator to see his inclinations, and perhaps may not have his fellow.

I found most of them (as is in all such cases) were prepared; of the seniors (whom by the President had taken all this time to bring over) fat still, and cheerful, which seemed only to be

is nose, very gravely declared, that if he had had sufficient knowledge on, no man should have been more obliging to have served you; but that he, in his part, had always had regard to his own conscience, as well as other people's merit; and he did not know but you might be a handsome fellow; as for your own certificate, it was every body's business to speak for themselves. Mr. President immediately replied—'A handsome fellow! why he is a wit, Sir, and you know the proverb: and to ease the old gentleman of his scruples, cried, that for matter of merit it was all one, you might as well wear a mask. This threw him into a rage, and he looked desirous of three words to consider on it; but Mr. President improved the thought, and followed up with an old story, that wits were obliged to wear what masks they pleased in all ages; and that a vizard had the constant crown of their labours, which was generally presented them by

the hand of some satyr, and sometimes of Apollo himself: for the truth of which he appealed to the frontispiece of several books, and particularly to the English Juvenal, to which he referred him; and only added, that such authors were the Larvati, or Larvâ donati of the ancients. This cleared up all, and in the conclusion you were chose probationer: and Mr. President put round your health as such, protesting, that though indeed he talked of a vizard, he did not believe all the while you had any more occasion for it than the cat-a-mountain; so that all you have to do now is to pay your fees, which here are very reasonable, if you are not imposed upon: and you may stile yourself Informis Societatis Socius: which I am desirous to acquaint you with; and upon the same I beg you to accept of the congratulation of, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

A. C.

OXFORD,  
MARCH 21.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

PERVIDUS TECUM PUER, ET SOLUTIS  
GRATIA ZONIS, PROFFERTQUE NYMPHÆ,  
ET PARUM COMIS SINE TE JUVENTAS,  
MERCURIUSQUE.

HOR. OD. I. xxx. 5.

THE GRACES WITH THEIR ZONES UNLOOS'D,  
THE NYMPHS THEIR BEAUTIES ALL EXPOS'D,  
FROM EVERY SPRING, AND EVERY PLAIN;  
THY POWERFUL, HOT, AND WINGED BOY,  
AND YOUTH THAT'S DULL WITHOUT THY JOY,  
AND MERCURY COMPOSE THY TRAIN.

CARECH.

Friend of mine has two daughters; whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the great beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for charms in her person. Upon this circumstance of their outward form, good and ill of their life seems to depend.

Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and countenance, by which means she is no other nature made her, a very beautiful child. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was always modest, and civil, had no other

method to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion, as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination

towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good-humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister; inso much that he would often say to her—'Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia—' She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with repeated instances of good-humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with—'Faith, Daphne,' continued he, 'I am in love with thee, and despite thy sister sincerely.' The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter. 'Nay,' says he, 'I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your father.' He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprize, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason, I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the professed beauties, who are a people al-

most as unsufferable as the p wits.

**M**ONSIEUR St. Evremo concluded one of his essays affirming, that the last sighs of some woman are not so much loss of her life as of her beauty. haps this railery is pursued too far; it is turned upon a very obvious point, that a woman's strongest passion is her own beauty, and that she values her favourite distinction. From it is that all arts, which preimprove or preserve it, meet with a reception among the fair; say nothing of many false hel contraband wares of beauty, which daily vended in this great market is not a maiden gentlewoman of family in any country of South who has not heard of the vir May-dew, or is unfurnished with receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a plenty of learning and sense, after eight study in the university, and a circuit travels into most countries in the world, owe the first raising of his fortune to cosmetic wath.

This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition to womankind, which springs from an amiable motive, the desire of pleasure proceeds upon an opinion, not rather groundless, that nature, helped by art, may be turned to advantage. And, methinks, it might be an acceptable service to take out of the hands of quacks and tenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering the true secret and art of improving beauty.

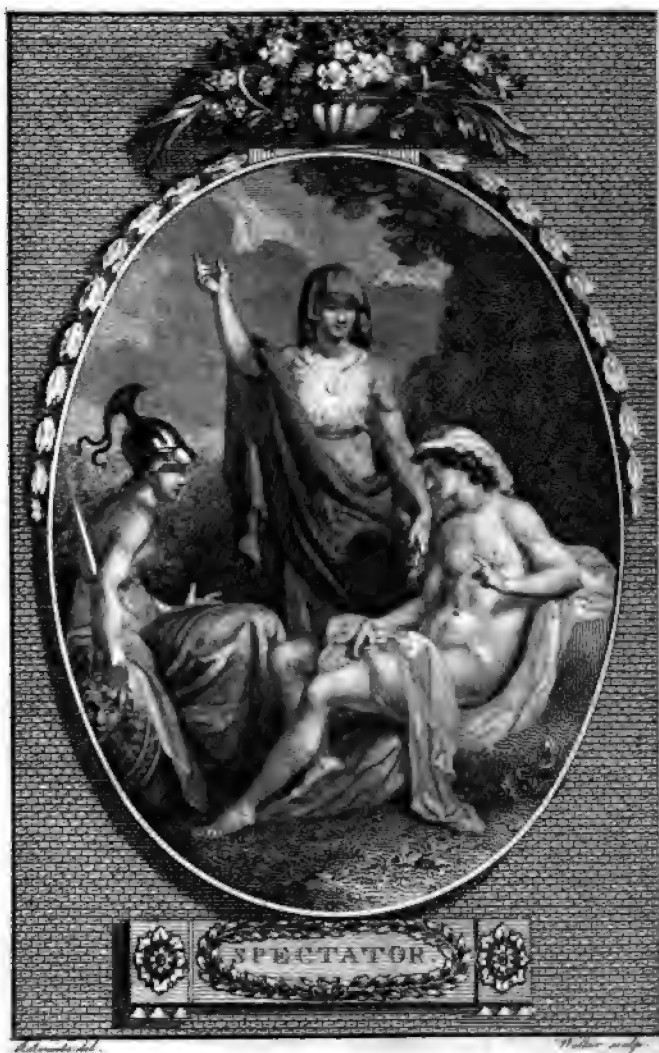
In order to this, before I touch it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims: That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the force of speech.

That pride destroys all symmetry of grace, and affectation is a more enemy to fine faces than the smallest deformity.

That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

And, that what would be called a friend, is deformity in a mistress. From these few principles,





ill be easy to prove, that the assisting beauty consists in the whole person by the arguments of virtuous and com-qualities. By this help alone those who are the favourite creature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses the ' Porcelain clay of human become animated, and are in of exerting their charms; and seem to have been neglected like models wrought in haste, in a great measure of finish- the has left imperfect.

rethinks, a low and degrading sex, which was created to joys, and soften the cares of , by the most agreeable parti- to consider them merely as ob- ght. This is abridging them atural extent of power, to put n a level with their pictures at . How much nobler is the ation of beauty heightened by d commanding our esteem and ile it draws our observation? it and spiritless are the charms eite, when compared with the ines of Sophronia's innocence, od-humour and truth; virtues ld a new softness to her sex, i beautify her beauty! That nefs which must otherwise have no longer in the modest virgin, reserved in the tender mother, lent friend, and the faithful

wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,  
In all her gestures dignity and love!

Without this irradiating power the proudest fair-one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing—

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as cou'd die;  
Which when alive did vigour give  
To as much beauty as cou'd live.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
R. B.

## Nº XXXIV. MONDAY, APRIL 9.

PARCIT

COGNATIS MACULIS SIMILIS FERA.

JUV. SAT. XV. 159.

FROM SPOTTED SKINS THE LEOPARD DOES REFRAIN.

TATE.

club of which I am a mem-  
ber, is very luckily composed  
of persons as are engaged in dis-  
tinct ways of life, and deputed as it  
of the most conspicuous classes  
and: by this means I am fur-  
ther the greatest variety of hints  
afforded, and know every thing  
that is in the different quarters and  
not only of this great city,  
but the whole kingdom. My readers  
will be the satisfaction to find that  
of no rank or degree among them  
is not their representative in this  
club that there is always somebody

present who will take care of their re-  
spective interests, that nothing may be  
written or published to the prejudice or  
infringement of their just rights and  
privileges.

I last night sat very late in company  
with this select body of friends, who  
entertained me with several remarks  
which they and others had made upon  
these my speculations, as also with the  
various success which they had met with  
among their several ranks and degrees  
of readers. Will Honeycomb told me,  
in the softest manner he could, that there  
were some ladies ('But for your comfort,'  
says

says Will, 'they are not those of the 'most wit,') that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprized, that I should think such serious points as the drefs and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him, that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and farther added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms.

'In short,' says Sir Andrew, 'if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.'

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew, that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the state and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. 'But after all,' says he, 'I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.'

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a Pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. 'Let our good friend,' says he, 'attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator,' applying himself to me, 'to take care how you meddle with country squires; they are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that

'you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.'

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who very luckily for me was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised; that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof; that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for

the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out; and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their ad-

versaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: if the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good-manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must however intreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

C

N<sup>o</sup> XXXV. TUESDAY, APRIL 10.

RISU INEPTO RES INEPTIOR NULLA EST.

MART.

NOTHING SO FOOLISH AS THE LAUGH OF FOOLS.

**A**MONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what natural distortions of thought, do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always be under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much more as it indulges itself in the most boundless

freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprised to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain, than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is, and



and very difficult to define it otherwise than, as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, married a lady of a collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a Merry-Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; False Humour is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falshood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that

monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

FALSHOOD,  
NONSENSE.

FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.  
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.  
GOOD SENSE.  
WIT.—MIRTH.  
HUMOUR.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, Being intirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of any thing but mock-representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false humourists; but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infect the world with such

tions as are ill-natured, im-  
and absurd. This is the only  
on which I shall make to the ge-  
le I have prescribed myself, of  
ig multitudes: since every ho-  
n ought to look upon-himself as

in a natural state of war with the libel-  
ler and lampooner, and to annoy them  
wherever they fall in his way. This is  
but retaliating upon them, and treating  
them as they treat others. C

## Nº XXXVI. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11.

IMMANIA MONSTRA  
PERFERIMUS

VIRG. ÆN. III. 583.

THINGS THE MOST OUT OF NATURE WE ENDURE.

I not put myself to any farther  
s for this day's entertainment,  
rely to publish the letters and ti-  
peritions from the play-house,  
minutes I have made upon the  
or my conduct in relation to

DEURY-LANE, APRIL 9.

N reading the project which is set  
h in one of your late papers, of  
an alliance between all the bulls,  
elephants, and lions, which are  
ly exposed to public view in the  
London and Westminster; to-  
with the other wonders, shows,  
misters, whereof you made re-  
ment-ion in the said speculation;  
e chief actors of this play-house,  
sat upon the said design. It is  
at delight, that we expect the  
n of this work; and in order to  
te to it, we have given warning  
ir ghosts to get their livelihoods  
hey can, and not to appear  
is after day-break of the 16th

We are resolved to take this  
city to part with every thing  
es not contribute to the repre-  
s of human life; and shall make  
gift of all animated utensils to  
jector. The hangings you  
mentioned are run away; as  
with a set of chairs, each of  
as met upon two legs going  
they Rose Tavern at two this  
We hope, Sir, you will  
per notice to the town that we  
avouring at these regulations;  
we intend for the future to  
monsters, but men who are  
linto such by their own indis-  
culation. If you will please to  
hauic to-night, you will see  
endeavour to shew some un-

natural appearances which are in vogue  
among the polite and well-bred. I am  
to represent, in the character of a fine  
lady dancing, all the distortions which  
are frequently taken for graces in mien  
and gesture. This, Sir, is a specimen  
of the method we shall take to expose  
the monsters which come within the no-  
tice of a regular theatre; and we desire  
nothing more gross may be admitted by  
you spectators for the future. We have  
cashiered three companies of theatrical  
guards, and design our kings shall for  
the future make love, and sit in council,  
without an army; and wait only your  
directions whether you will have them  
reinforce King Porus, or join the troops  
of Macedon. Mr. Penkethman re-  
solves to consult his Pantheon of hea-  
then gods in opposition to the oracle of  
Delphos, and doubts not but he shall  
turn the fortunes of Porus, when he  
personates him. I am desired by the  
company to inform you, they they sub-  
mit it to your censures; and shall have  
you in greater veneration than Hercules  
was in of old, if you can drive mon-  
sters from the theatre; and think your  
merit will be as much greater than his,  
as to convince is more than to conquer.  
I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
T. D.

SIR,

WHEN I acquaint you with the  
great and unexpected vicissitudes  
of my fortune, I doubt not but I shall  
obtain your pity and favour. I have  
to many years last past been Thunderer  
to the play-house; and have not only  
made as much noise out of the clouds  
as any predecessor of mine in the theatre  
that ever bore that character, but also  
have descended and spoke on the stage  
as the Bolt-Thunder in the Rehearsal.

K

When

When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a ghost. I was contented with this for these two last winters; but they carry their tyranny still further, and not satisfied that I am banished from above ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart their dominions, and taken from me even my subterraneous employment. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is, that if your undertaker thinks fit to use fire-arms, as other authors have done in the time of Alexander, I may be a cannon against Porus, or else provide for me in the burning of Persepolis, or what other method you shall think fit.

SALMONEUS OF COVENT GARDEN.

The petition of all the devils of the play-house in behalf of themselves and families, setting forth their expulsion from thence, with certificates of their good life and conversation, and praying relief.

The merit of this petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, who made them devils.

The petition of the Grave-digger in Hamlet, to command the pioneers in the expedition of Alexander.

Granted.

The petition of William Bullock, to be Hephæstion to Penkethman the Great.

Granted.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

A WIDOW gentlewoman, well born both by father and mother's side, being the daughter of Thomas Prater, once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of Letitia Tattle, a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to wait on several great persons, and for some time to be teacher at a boarding-school of young ladies, giveth notice to the public, that she hath lately taken a house near Bloomsbury Square, commodiously situated next the fields, in a good air; where she teaches all sorts of birds of

the loquacious kinds, as parrot lings, magpies, and others, to human voices in greater perfection ever yet was practised. They only instructed to pronounce correctly, and in a proper tone and but to speak the language with purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at tables or visiting-days. Those who have good voices may be taught the newest opera-airs, and, if not to speak either Italian or French, something extraordinary at common rates. They whose are not able to pay the full price be taken as half-boarders. Such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in the woods on the theatres, by the ground she has often observed with much how indecent an education is given these innocent creatures, some measure is owing to be placed in rooms next the street, to the great offence of chaste ears, they learn ribaldry, obscenity and immodest expressions from gossips, and idle people, as also fish, and card-matches, with other less parts of learning to birds and their rich friends; she has fitted up private apartments for them in a part of her said house; where she none to approach them but her servant-maid who is deaf and whom she provided on to prepare their food and clean their cages; having found by long experience how hard a thing it is for those who are birds of prey to keep silence who have the use of speech, the dangers her scholars are exposed to by the strong impressions that by harsh sounds and vulgar dialects, if they are birds of any capacity, she will undertake to teach them so accomplished in the course of a twelvemonth, that they shall be able to converse with such ladies as chuse their friends and company of this species.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 12.—NON ILLA COLO CALATHISVE MINERVÆ  
POEMINEAS ASSUETA MANUS—

VIRG. ÆN. VII. 805.

UNBRED TO SPINNING, IN THE LOOM UNSKILL'D.

DRYDEN.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and, as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very found of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios, which were finely bound and gilt, were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaraboes, lions, monkeys, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in China-ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan-table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number like faggots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased

with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogilby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke of Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.

A Spelling Book,

A Dictionary for the Explanation of Hard Words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.

A Book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies Calling.

Tales in Verse, by Mr. Duff; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the Classic Authors in wood.

A set of Elzevirs by the same hand.

Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New Atalantis, with a Key to it.

K 2

Mr.

Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.

A Prayer Book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered, Yes, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and, being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men, as she has often said herself, but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitors, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into

artificial grottos covered with vines and jessamines. The wood cut into shady walks, twisted into paths, and filled with cages of birds. The springs are made to run over pebbles, and by that means to murmur very agreeably. The park is likewise collected into a beautified landscape, that is inhabited by a couple of lions, and empties itself by a little stream, which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The Purling Stream. The knight likewise tells me, that this lady plays her game better than any of the men in the country; 'Not,' says Sir Roger, 'that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales.' 'she says that every bird which is taken in her ground, will spoil a couple of days, and that she shall certainly miss the next year.'

When I think how oddly this is improved by learning, I look upon it with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments, which she has formed to herself, much more valuable does she find than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less useful, though more in fashion. Improvements would a woman make, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, and is so guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and to satisfy the passions, as well as to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I shall sign to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXVIII. FRIDAY, APRIL 13.

—CUPIAS NON PLACUISSE NIMIS. MART.

ONE WOU'D NOT PLEASE TOO MUCH.

conversation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very young woman, and as much wit in an old man, turned into deformity by the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. One had something in her person which her thoughts were fixed, and attempted to shew to advantage in her look, word, and gesture. The other was as diligent to do justice to her parts, as the lady to her beauty. You might see his imagination stretch to find out something new, and what they call bright, to shew her; while she writhed herself into any different postures to engage when she laughed, her lips were at a greater distance than ordinary; she shewed her teeth; her fan was to shew her teeth; her fan was to shew somewhat at a distance, that in the way she may discover the rounder arm; then she is utterly mis-taken what she saw, falls back, smiles even folly, and is so wholly dissatisfied, that her tucker is to be added to her bosom exposed, and the whole put into new airs and graces. While he was doing all this, the gentleman had time to think of something very new to say to her, or make some observation on some other lady to shew his vanity. These unhappy effects of affectation, naturally led me to that strange state of mind which usually discolours the behaviour of people we meet with.

I learned Dr. Burnet, in his Theory of the Earth, takes occasion to observe, that every thought is attended with consciousness and representativeness; that as nothing is presented to it but is immediately followed by a reflection or conscience, which tells you that which was so presented is false or unbecoming. This act of reflection discovers itself in the gesture, the proper behaviour in those whose consciousness goes no further than to be in the just progress of their thought or action; but betrays

an interruption in every second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions: which sort of consciousness is what we call affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of the beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with an unusual briskness, a very well chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these; but when you see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended; lays traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour; who is safe against this weakness? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears, we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress, and bodily deportment; which will naturally be winning attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion

portion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it; but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency; his heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of the world which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only into impertinencies in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the bar it torments the bench, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner; as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that with all the

pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much.

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the pulpit itself: and the declaimer, in that sacred place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands raillery, but must resolve to sin no more: nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned a phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved, under the lowliness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I writ the other day to a witty man, overrun with the fault I am speaking of.

DEAR SIR,

I Spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you an hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No; but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment; he that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, condemn little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want it's food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions: where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

R

NO. XXXIX. SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

ATA FERRO, UT PLACEM GENUS IRRITABILE VATUM,  
I SCRIBO

HOR. EP. II. II. 102.

IMITATED.

CAN DO I SUFFER, MUCH, TO KEEP IN PEACE  
A JEALOUS, WASPISH, WRONG-HEAD, RHIMING RACE.

POPE,

perfect tragedy is the noblest  
lection of human nature, so  
le of giving the mind one of  
delightful and most improving  
ents. 'A virtuous man,'  
ca, 'struggling with misfor-  
is such a spectacle as gods  
ok upon with pleasure;' and  
asure it is which one meets  
the representation of a well-  
ragedy. Diversions of this  
r out of our thoughts every  
t is mean and little. They  
d cultivate that humanity which  
ament of our nature. They  
olence, soothe affliction, and  
e mind to the dispensations of  
e.

o wonder therefore that in all  
nations of the world, this part  
ama has met with public en-  
ient.

modern tragedy excels that of  
nd Rome in the intricacy and  
n of the fable; but, what a  
writer would be ashamed to  
lls infinitely short of it in the  
rt of the performance.

I may shew more at large here-  
d in the mean time, that I may  
be something towards the im-  
nt of the English tragedy, I  
e notice in this and in other  
z papers, of some particular  
it that seem liable to exception.  
le observes, that the Iambic  
he Greek tongue was the most  
r tragedy; because at the same  
t it lifted up the discourse from  
was that which approached  
o it than any other kind of  
'For,' says he, 'we may ob-  
that men in ordinary discourse  
often speak Iambics, without  
notice of it.' We make the  
ervation of our English blank  
hich often enters into our com-  
course, though we do not at-  
; and is such a due medium

between rhyme and prose, that it seems  
wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am  
therefore very much offended when I see  
a play in rhyme; which is as absurd in  
English, as a tragedy of Hexameters  
would have been in Greek or Latin.  
The solecism is, I think, still, greater  
in those plays that have some scenes in  
rhyme and some in blank verse, which  
are to be looked upon as two several  
languages; or where we see some parti-  
cular families dignified with rhyme, at  
the same time that every thing about  
them lies in blank verse. I would not  
however debar the poet from concluding  
his tragedy, or, if he pleases, every act  
of it, with two or three couplets, which  
may have the same effect as an air in the  
Italian opera after a long recitativo,  
and give the actor a graceful exit. Be-  
sides, that we see a diversity of numbers  
in some parts of the old tragedy, in or-  
der to hinder the ear from being tired  
with the same continued modulation of  
voice. For the same reason I do not  
dislike the speeches in our English tragedy  
that close with an Hemistic, or half  
verse, notwithstanding the person who  
speaks after it begins a new verse, with-  
out filling up the preceding one: nor  
with abrupt pauses and breakings-off  
in the middle of a verse, when they hu-  
mour any passion that is expressed by  
it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must  
observe that our English poets have suc-  
ceeded much better in the stile, than in  
the sentiments of their tragedies. Their  
language is very often noble and sono-  
rous, but the sense either very trifling  
or very common. On the contrary, in  
the ancient tragedies, and indeed in  
those of Corneille and Racine, though  
the expressions are very great, it is the  
thought that bears them up and swells  
them. For my own part, I prefer a  
noble sentiment that is depressed with  
homely language, infinitely before a  
vulgar one that is blown up with all the  
sound.



sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our tragedies may arise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or show itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed. Shakespeare is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in Aristotle to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. 'The expression,' says he, 'ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these, namely the opinions, manners, and passions, are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions.' Horace, who copied most of his criticisms after Aristotle, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses:

*Tragicus plerumque deit sermone pedestri:  
Tibi plus et Pelus, compaspo et exultaturque,  
Pulchrit ampallu et lequipedalia verba,  
Nunciat cui spectantis ictigisse querela.*

ARS POET. VER. 95.

Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:  
Pelus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,  
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.

ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern English poets,  
There is none who was better turned for

tragedy than Lee; if, instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them; there is an infinite fire in his works, but is involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the stile of those epithets and metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in Statira's speech, where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation?

Then he would talk—Good gods! how he would talk!

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outlines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of Venice Preserved on so wrong a plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the hero of his play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country, that he shewed for its ruin and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him; but as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the Roman historian says of Catiline, that his fall would have been glorious (*Si pro Patriâ sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the service of his country.

C

N<sup>o</sup> XL. MONDAY, APRIL 16.

AC NE FORTE PUTES, ME, QUÆ FACERE IPSE REFUSEM,  
 CUM RECTE TRACTENT ALII, LAUDARE MALIGNE;  
 ILLE PER EXTENTUM FUNEM MINI POSSE VIDETUR  
 IRE PORTA, MEUM QUI PECTUS INANITER ANGIT,  
 IRRITAT, MULCET, FALSIS TERRORIBUS IMPLET,  
 UT MAGUS; ET MODO ME THEBIS, MODO PONIT ATHENIS.

HOR. EP. II. l. 253.

IMITATED.

YET LEST YOU THINK I RALLY MORE THAN TEACH,  
 OR PRAISE MALIGNLY ARTS I CANNOT REACH,  
 LET ME FOR ONCE PRESUME T' INSTRUCT THE TIMES,  
 TO KNOW THE POET FROM THE MAN OF RHYMES.  
 'TIS HE, WHO GIVES MY BREAST A THOUSAND PAINS,  
 CAN MAKE ME FEEL EACH PASSION THAT HE FEIGNS;  
 ENRAGE, COMPOSE, WITH MORE THAN MAGIC ART,  
 WITH PITY, AND WITH TERROR, TEAR MY HEART;  
 AND SNATCH ME, O'ER THE EARTH, OR THRO' THE AIR,  
 TO THEBES, TO ATHENS, WHEN HE WILL, AND WHERE.

POPE.

THE English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays as they are dealt with in

the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient start of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are the Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello, &c. King Lear is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakespeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies which have been written

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since

since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn: as the Mourning Bride, Tamerlane, Ulysses, Phædra and Hippolitus, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakespeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method: and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of Æneas and Hudibras into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage than upon any other; for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties, of our English tragedy: I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of rants. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should

have been so acted. I have seen very often raise himself a loud in this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have frequent occasion for such emotion the actor, by adding vehemence to where there was no passion, or in a real passion into fustian. They filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a than a greatness of mind. Unexclamations, curses, vows, imprecations, a defiance of mankind, outraging of the gods, frequent upon the audience for towering thoughts and have accordingly met with applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers make an ill use of. As our heroes are usually lovers, their swelling and running upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of the audience. The ladies are wondrously pleased to see a man insulting and affronting the gods in one scene, throwing himself at the feet of the goddesses in another. Let him behave insolently towards the most majestic towards the fair one, it is ten to one but he proves a favorite to the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in some of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a rant pleases beyond the most just and natural that is not pronounced with vehemence I would desire the reader, when the tragedy of Oedipus, to observe quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which there is very natural, and apt to meet the passion:

To you, good gods, I make my last  
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes  
If in the maze of fate I blindly run  
And backward tread those paths I  
shun;

Impute my errors to your own decree  
My hands are guilty, but my heart

Let us then observe with what claps of applause he leaves the stage after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act; and you will wonder to see an audience so curiously pleased at the same time.

that as oft I have at Athens seen

[Where, by the way, there was no stage till many years after Oedipus.]

The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;  
So now, in very deed I might behold  
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,  
Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush man-  
kind.

For all the elements, &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of an audience; I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night. C

N<sup>o</sup> XLI. TUESDAY, APRIL 17.

TU NON INVENTA REPERTA ES.

OVID. MET. I. 654.

SO FOUND, IS WORSE THAN LOST.

ADDISON.

COMPASSION for the gentleman who writes the following letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair-sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society; and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

372,  
SUPPOSING you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very little improvement, but what I have got from plays. I remember in *The Silent Woman*, the learned Dr. Cutberd, or Dr. Otter, I forget which, makes one of the causes of separation to be *Error Personæ*, when a man marries a woman, and finds her not to be the same woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. They are some of them so exquisitely skilful this way, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make *bosoms, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by their own industry*. As

for my dear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great astonishment I find they were all the effects of art; her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your means. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble  
servant.

I cannot tell what the law, or the parents of the lady, will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow he has very much justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own, from those in borrowed complexions, by the *Picts* and the *British*. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The *British* have a lively animated aspect; the *Picts*, though never so beautiful, have dead uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the *Picts* behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions.

occasions. A Piët, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new-painted; they may assure themselves, the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us, one day, an adventure he once had with a Piët. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will; and made it her business to gain hearts, for no other reason but to railly the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to insnare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation; but her beautiful form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps towards such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to revoke his doom; till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Piët begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of Cowley—

Th' adorning thee with so much art,  
Is but a barbarous skill;  
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,  
Too apt before to kill.

*The Piët stood before him in the utmost confusion; with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her*

face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb seized all her gallypots, washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish and phials of unguents. The went into the country, the love cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be with cheats, and an oath made to is of itself void. I would therefore hort all the British ladies to single out; nor do I know any but Lind who should be exempt from disce for her own complexion is so de that she ought to be allowed the ing it with paint, as a punishment chusing to be the worst piece of a tant, instead of the masterpiece cture. As for my part, who have expectations from women, and ce them only as they are part of the si I do not half so much fear offend beauty as a woman of sense; I therefore produce several faces have been in public this many and never appeared. It will be pretty entertainment in the play— when I have abolished this custo see so many ladies, when they sit it down, incog. in their own face.

In the mean time, as a patte improving their charms, let the sex the agreeable Statira. Her features enlivened with the cheerfulness of mind, and good-humour gives a city to her eyes. She is graceful out affecting an air, and uncon without appearing careless. Having no manner of art in her mind, her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how like is a Piët, to that description Donne gives of his mistress!

————— Her pure and eloquent bloom  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly  
That one would almost say her body

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

A YOUNG gentlewoman of nineteen years of age (bred in the of a person of quality lately deceased) who paints the finest flesh-colour, a place, and is to be heard of house of Minheer Grotesque, a painter in Barbican.

N. B. She is also well-skilled drapery-part, and puts on hoods, mixes ribbons so as to suit the of the face with great art and

N<sup>o</sup> XLII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18.

SARGANUM MUGIRE PUTES NEMUS, AUT MARE TUSCUM;  
TANTO CUM STREPITU LUDI SPECTANTUR, ET ARTES,  
DIVITIÆQUE PEREGRINÆ; QUIBUS ORLITUS ACTOR  
CUM STETIT IN SCENA, CONCURRIT DEXTERA LÆVÆ.  
DIXIT ADHUC ALIQUID? NIL SANE. QUID PLACET ERGO?  
LANA TARENTINO VIOLAS IMITATA VENENO.

HON. EP. II. l. 202.

## IMITATED.

LOUD AS THE WOLVES, ON ORCA'S STORMY STEEP,  
NOWL TO THE ROARINGS OF THE NORTHERN DEEP:  
SUCH IS THE SHOUT, THE LONG-APPLAUDING NOTE,  
AT QUIN'S HIGH PLUME, OR OLDFIELD'S PETTICOAT;  
OR WHEN FROM COURT A BIRTH-DAY SUIT BESTOW'D,  
SINKS THE LOST ACTOR IN THE TAWDRY LOAD.  
BOOTH ENTERS—MARK! THE UNIVERSAL PEAL!—  
BUT HAS HE SPOKEN?—NOT A SYLLABLE.—  
WHAT SHOOK THE STAGE, AND MADE THE PEOPLE STARE?—  
CATO'S LONG WIG, FLOW'R'D GOWN, AND LACQUEE'D CHAIR.

POPE.

**A**RISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making an hero, is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic, than a distressed hero. As these superfluous ornaments

upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional incumbrances that fall into her tail; I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and as for the queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time, are very different; the princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover; whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and cloaths that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill-con-  
trived

trived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberds and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a compleat body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such a nature should be told, not represented.

*Non tamen intus.*

*Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles  
Ex oculis, que mox narres facundia præsens.*

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 182.

Yet there are things improper for a scene,  
Which men of judgment only will relate.

ROSCOMMON.

I should therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing

from our stage the noise of drum-pets, and huzzas; which is so very great, that when there is in the Haymarket theatre, one it as far as Charing Cross.

I have here only touched upon particulars which are made up to raise and aggrandize the perfect tragedy; and shall shew in another paper the several expedients practised by authors of a vulgar taste to move terror, pity, or admiration in their hearers.

The taylor and the painter contribute to the success of a more than the poet. Scenes and ordinary minds as much as speech: our actors are very sensible, the dressed play has sometimes brow as full audiences, as a well-written. The Italians have a very good to express this art of imposing spectators by appearances: the the 'Fourberia della scena—the 'or trickish part of the drama; however the show and outsid tragedy may work upon the vulgar more understanding part of the immediately see through it and c

A good poet will give the more lively idea of an army or in a description, than if he act them drawn up in squadrons, talions, or engaged in the combat a fight. Our minds should be to great conceptions, and inflame glorious sentiments, by what speaks, more than by what he can all the trappings or equip king or hero give Brutus half the and majesty which he receives from lines in Shakespeare?

## Nº XLIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 19.

BE TIBI ERUNT ARTES; PACISQUE IMPONERE MOREM,  
PARCERE SUBJECTIS, ET DEBELLARE SUPERBOS.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 84

BE THESE THY ARTS; TO BID CONTENTION CEASE,  
CHAIN UP STERN WAR, AND GIVE THE NATIONS PEACE;  
O'er SUBJECT LANDS EXTEND THY GENTLE SWAY,  
AND TEACH WITH IRON-ROD THE NAUGHTY TO OBEY.

**T**HERE are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it is, that they were not bound to mechanic arts or trades; it being absolutely necessary for

them to be led by some content or employment. These are commonly call dull fellows; who for want of something to

vacancy of thought, rather than are ever meddling with things which they are unfit. I cannot give notice of them better than by presenting you with a letter from a gentleman, who belongs to a society of this men, residing at Oxford.

OXFORD, APRIL 13, 1711.  
NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

One of your late speculations, I have seen sketches towards an historical club: but you seem to me to err in somewhat too ludicrous a manner. I have well weighed that matter, and think that the most important negotiation may best be carried on in such affairs. I shall, therefore, for the good of the world, (which, I trust, you and I are equally concerned for) propose an association of that nature for example

It confesses the design and transfer of too many clubs are trifling, and necessarily of no consequence to the public weal: those I will give

But you must do me then the favour to own, that nothing can be more commendable, than the scheme we propose. To avoid nicknames and wit, we call ourselves The Hebdomades: our president continues to be at least, and sometimes four. We are all grave, serious, demure, in our way; we think it necessary, as far as in us lies, to take care that constitution receives no harm—*no detriment: Res capiat publica—* no false doctrine or facts, persons or things, which we do not like; to be a nation at home, and to carry on war abroad, where and in what way we see fit. If other people are of our opinion, we cannot help that. The better they were. Moreover, we and then condescend to direct, and measure, the little affairs of our university.

Truly, Mr. Spectator, we are much concerned at the act for importing French wine: a bottle or two of good solid edification at honest George's made a cheerful, and threw off reserve, this plaguy French claret will not cost us more money, but do us good: had we been aware of it, we had gone too far, I must tell you, and have petitioned to be heard on that subject. But let that pass.

I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that we look upon a certain northern prince's march, in conjunction with infidels, to be palpably against our goodwill and liking, and, for all Monsieur Palmquist, a most dangerous innovation; and we are by no means yet sure, that some people are not at the bottom on't. At least, my own private letters leave room for a politician, well versed in matters of this nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating friend of mine tells me.

We think we have at last done the business with the malecontents in Hungary, and shall clap up a peace there.

What the neutrality army is to do, or what the army in Flanders, and what two or three other princes, is not yet fully determined among us: and we wait impatiently for the coming-in of the next Dyer, who, you must know, is our authentic intelligence, our Aristotle in politics. And it is indeed but fit there should be some dernier resort, the absolute decider of all controversies.

We were lately informed, that the gallant trained-bands had patrolled all night long about the streets of London; we indeed could not imagine any occasion for it, we guessed not a tittle on't aforehand, we were in nothing of the secret; and that city-tradesmen, or their apprentices, should do duty, or work, during the holidays, we thought absolutely impossible. But Dyer being positive in it, and some letters from other people, who had talked with some who had it from those who should know, giving some countenance to it, the chairman reported from the committee, appointed to examine into that affair, that it was possible there might be something in it. I have much more to say to you, but my two good friends and neighbours, Dominick and Slyboots, are just come in, and the coffee's ready. I am, in the mean time, Mr. Spectator, your admirer and humble servant,

ABRAHAM FROTH.

You may observe the turn of their minds tends only to novelty, and not satisfaction in any thing. It would be disappointment to them, to come to certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them, and put an end to their inquiries, which dull fellows do not make for information, but for exercise. I do not know but this may be a very good



good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull fellows prove very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business to mercurial men, is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but (if he happens to have any leisure upon his hands) will turn his head to one of those two amusements, for all fools of eminence, politics, or poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all dull people in general; but when dulness is lodged in a person of a quick animal life, it generally exerts itself in poetry. One might here mention a few military writers, who give great entertainment to the age, by reason that the stupidity of their heads is quickened by the alacrity of their hearts. This constitution in a dull fellow, gives vigour to nonsense, and makes the puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The British Prince, that celebrated poem, which was written in the reign of King Charles the Second, and deservedly called by the wits of that age incomparable, was the effect

of such an unhappy genius as speaking of. From among many distichs, no less to be quoted account, I cannot but recite the following lines;

A painted vest Prince Voltager had  
Which from a naked Pick his grand

Here if the poet had not been  
ous, as well as stupid, he could  
the warmth and hurry of nonsense  
been capable of forgetting that  
Prince Voltager, nor his grand  
could strip a naked man of his  
but a fool of a colder constitution  
have staid to have flea'd the Pig  
made buff of his skin, for the  
of the conqueror.

To bring these observations  
useful purpose of life, what I would  
pose should be, that we imitate  
wise nations, wherein every man  
some handicraft-work. Would  
employ a beau prettily enough,  
stead of eternally playing with  
box, he spent some part of his  
making one? Such a method  
would very much conduce to the  
emolument, by making every man  
good for something; for there  
then be no member of human  
but would have some little pre-  
for some degree in it; like him  
came to Will's Coffee-house  
merit of having writ a posy of a

## Nº XLIV. FRIDAY, APRIL 20.

TU, QUID EGO ET POPULUS MECUM DESIDERET, AUDI.

HOR. ARS POET. VER.

NOW HEAR WHAT EVERY AUDITOR EXPECTS.

ROSCOM

**A**MONG the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god, or the rising of a ghost; at the vanishing of a devil, or the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody

shirt. A spectre has very often a play, though he has done nothing, stalked across the stage, or rose a cleft of it, and sunk again speaking one word. There is no proper season for these several and when they only come in as assistances to the poet, they are to be excused, but to be applied. Thus the sounding of the clock-nice Preserved, makes the hearer whole audience quake; and occasions a stronger terror to the mind than possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in Hamlet

in it's kind, and wrought the circumstances that can attract attention or horror. The reader is wonderfully pleased by the reception by the discourses of it: his dumb behaviour at the stage strikes the imagination; but every time he enters, more terrifying. Who can speak with which young Hamlet, without trembling.

Look, my Lord, it comes!  
Angels and ministers of grace descend on us!  
Spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Come from heav'n, or blasts from hell;  
Be thou wicked or charitable;  
If in such a questionable shape,  
Speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,  
Swear, Royal Dane. Oh! answer me,  
Not burst in ignorance; but tell  
If e'er thou wast in death,  
What their ceremonies? Why the fe-  
cer, the saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
His ponderous and marble jaws  
Are set up again? What may this mean?  
Dead coar'd again in complete steel  
Thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Make light hideous?

therefore find fault with the above-mentioned when they are dressed with skill, and accompanied with rational sentiments and expression in the writing.

In the moving of pity, our principal is the handkerchief; and in our common tragedies, we do not know very often that the hero is in distress by any thing they did not from time to time in handkerchiefs to their eyes. From me to think of banishing the sentiment of sorrow from the stage; tragedy could not subsist without that I would contend for, is from being misapplied. In a tragedy would have the actor's tongue to with his eyes.

A consolate mother, with a child dead, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has gained a place in several tragedy-modern writer, that observed had took in other plays, being so double the distress, and melt the eye twice as much as those he had done, brought a princess stage with a little boy in one

hand and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet, being resolved to out-write all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success: and as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning-weeds, with half a dozen fatherless children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents, that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strowed with carcases in the last scene of a tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe of the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of Corneille, written upon the subject of the Horatii and Curiatii; the fierce young hero who had overcome the Curiatii one after another, instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover, in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood, could take place in him. However, to avoid public bloodshed, as soon as his passion

is wrought to it's height, he follows his sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see how Sophocles has conducted tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same condition with Hamlet in Shakespeare, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with the adulterer. The young prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking for the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and the son answering her, that she shewed no mercy to his father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and by a very happy thought of the poet avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

*Nec coram populo nata Medea trucid*  
ARS POET. VI

Let not Medea draw her murd'ring  
And spill her childrens blood upon t  
Rosce

The French have therefore refused much upon Horace's rule, who designed to banish all kinds of from the stage; but only such as much horror in them, and which have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes would therefore recommend to many the practice of the ancients who were very sparing of their executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must serve, that though the devoted of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally been the case, yet the thing ridiculous in it, their bodies often produced after their death, has always in it something melan-terring; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea truci*  
*Aut humana palam cognat exa nefarii*  
*Aut in ævem Progne vertetur, Cadm*  
*gum:*

*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incred*  
HOR. ARS POET. VI

Medea must not draw her murd'ring  
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast  
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis  
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a fish)  
And whatsoever contradicts my sense  
I hate to see, and never can believe  
Rosce

I have now gone through the dramatic inventions which are refused by the ignorant poets to the place of tragedy, and by the same improve it; some of which I commonly rejected, and the rest to with caution. It would be an talk to consider comedy in the same and to mention the innumerable that small wits put in practice to laugh. Bullock in a short one, Norris in a long one, seldom succeed. In ordinary comedies, and a narrow brimmed hat are characters. Sometimes the whole scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and

a pair of whiskers. A lover about the stage, with his head at of a barrel, was thought a jest in King Charles the Second; and invented by one of the of that age. But because riot so delicate as compassion,

and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic artifices, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

C

N<sup>o</sup> XLV. SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

NATIO COMÆDA EST

JUV. SAT. IRE. 100.

THE NATION IS A COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

RE is nothing which I more re than a safe and honourable ough at the same time I am very ive of many ill consequences attend it. I do not mean in our politics, but our manners, inundation of ribbons and bro- break in upon us! What peals ter and impertinence shall we ed to! For the prevention of at evils, I could heartily wish : was an act of parliament for ag the importation of French

male inhabitants of our island ady received very strong im- from this ludicrous nation, y the length of the war, as there which has not some good at- t, they are pretty well worn forgotten. I remember the time me of our well-bred country- ept their valet-de-chambre, be- sooth, a man was much more out them than one of their own yself have seen one of these igsails tripping about the room oking-glass in his hand, and his lady's hair a whole morn- her. Whether or no there was in the story of a lady's being child by one of these her hand- cannot tell, but I think at pre- whole race of them is extinct in country.

: the time that several of our taken into this kind of service, likewise brought up the fashion ing visits in their beds. It was ed upon as a piece of ill-breed- woman to refuse to see a man, he was not stirring; and a porter ve been thought unfit for his e could have made so awkward

an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear-un- drest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing that looks immodest in the fair-sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes, who introduced this custom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heartout without making any impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon, to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue in the midst of a mo-

ral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper, which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wife and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or, as they are pleased to term it, 'more awakened,' than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair-sex, are considered as the ingredients of narrow conversation and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of Macbeth, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy—'When will the dear 'witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her, on her right-hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Beterton was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady, who sat as far on her left-hand, and told her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, we must not expect to see Balloon to-night. Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether Mac-

beth's wife was still alive; and he could give an answer, fell a talking the ghost of Banquo. She had I think formed a little audience to herself and fixed the attention of all about. But as I had a mind to hear the play got out of the sphere of her influence, and planted myself in one remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of French gallantry, and is not to be attained by perfection by ladies that do not seek for their improvement. A natural unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is not to be seen to people endeavouring at it. But at the same time, it is so very to hit, when it is not born with it, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author, that the ladies of the court of France in his time, thought it ill-bred in a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which they took frequent occasion to use words, that they might shew a poison in murdering them. He further says that a lady of some quality at having accidentally made use of a word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was countenance for her.

I must however be so just as to say that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them modesty, discretion, and good sense, which they went abroad with. As the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies, who have lived several days within the smoke of London, and have known a woman that never out of the parish of St. James's as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned half the countries of Europe.

N<sup>o</sup> XLVI. MONDAY, APRIL 23.

NON RENE JUNCTARUM DISCORDIA SEMINA RERUM.

OVID. MET. I. 9.

THE JARRING SEEDS OF ILL-CONSORTED THINGS.

HEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go in quest of game; and when I find proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of paper. At the same time I look over letters of my correspondents, I find any thing suggested in it may afford matter of speculation—likewise enter a minute of collection of materials. By this I frequently carry about me a neat-full of hints, that would be a rhapsody of nonsense to any other man; there is nothing in it but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are speculations in the first principle, like the world in its chaos, full of all light, distinction, and

at a week since there happened a very odd accident, by reason of these my papers of minutes which I accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are kept. Before I missed it, there was a cluster of people who had found themselves diverting themselves with the end of the coffee-house; it had so much laughter among them that I had not the courage to

The boy of the coffee-house, who had done with it, carried it in his hand, asking every body who had dropped a written paper; and when he saw a paper of any body challenging it, he was ory those merry gentlemen who were perused it, to get up into the pulpit, and read it to the whole hat if any one would own it, right. The boy accordingly I the pulpit, and with a very voice read as follows:

## MINUTES.

oger de Coverley's country seat—  
r I hate long speeches—Query,  
1 Christian may be a Conjuror—  
nas-day, Saltfeller, House-dog,  
wh, Cricket—Mr. Thomas In-

kle of London, in the good ship called the Achilles. Yarico—*Egredietur me-  
dendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—  
Lion by trade a Tailor—Dromedary  
called Bucephalus—Equipage the lady's  
*sumum bonum*—Charles Lillie to be  
taken notice of—Short face a relief to  
envy—Redundancies in the three pro-  
fessions—King Latinus a recruit—Jew  
devouring an ham of bacon—West-  
minster Abbey—Grand Cairo—Pro-  
craftination—April Fools—Blue Boats,  
Red Lions, Hogs in Armour—Enter a  
King and two Fiddlers *solo*—Admission  
into the Ugly Club—Beauty, how im-  
proveable—Families of true and false  
Humour—The Parrot's School-Mis-  
tress—Face half Piſt half British—  
No Man to be an hero of a Tragedy un-  
der six feet—Club of Sighers—Letters  
from Flower-pots, Elbow-chairs, Tape-  
stry-figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell  
rings to the Puppet-show—Old Woman  
with a beard married to a smock-faced  
boy—My next coat to be turned up  
with blue—Fable of Tongues and Grid-  
iron—Flower Dyers—The Soldier's  
Prayer—'Thank ye for nothing,' says  
the Gallipot—Pactolus in Stockings,  
with golden clocks to them—Bamboos,  
Cudgels, Drum-sticks—Slip of my  
Landlady's eldest Daughter—The black  
mare with a star in her forehead—The  
Barber's Pole—Will Honeycomb's  
coat-pocket—Cæsar's behaviour and my  
own in parallel circumstances—Poem  
in Patch-work—*Nulli gravis est per-  
cussus Achilles*—The Female Conventi-  
cler—The Ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several politic winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to signify something more than what was usually

usually meant by those words; and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the secretaries of state. He further added, that he did not like the name of the outlandish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this Paetolus was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied; and applying myself to my pipe and the Postman, took no farther notice of any thing that passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his travels; '*Dum nimis pia est, facta est impia*—Through too much piety she became impious.'

SIR,

I Am one of those unhappy men are plagued with a Gospel-gold common among Dissenters, esp friends. Lectures in the most church-meetings at noon, and pation-sermons at night, take up so of her time, it is very rare she what we have for dinner, unless the preacher is to be at it. We come a tribe, all brothers and all seems; while others, really su deemed no relations. If at any have her company alone, she is sermon pöpgun, repeating and dil ing texts, proofs, and applicati perpetually, that however weary go to-bed, the noise in my he not let me sleep till towards m The misery of my case, and grea bers of such sufferers, plead you and speedy relief, otherwise an pest, in a little time, to be le preached, and prayed into want, the happiness of being sooner to death prevent it. I am, &c.

The second letter relating Ogling-Master, runs thus:

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am an Irish gentleman, th travelled many years for r provement; during which time accomplished myself in the whol ogling, as it is at present practis the polite nations of Europe. thus qualified, I intend, by the of my friends, to set up for an master. I teach the church-og morning, and the playhouse-candle-light. I have also brow with me a new flying ogle fit Ring; which I teach in the dusk evening, or in any hour of the darkening one of my winds have a manuscript by me calle 'Compleat Ogler,' which I ready to shew you upon any o In the mean time, I beg you will the substance of this letter in a tisement, and you will very much C

N<sup>o</sup> XLVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 24.

RIDE, SI SAPIE. —

MART.

LAUGH, IF YOU'RE WISE.

2. Hobbes, in his discourse of human nature, which in my opinion, is much the best of all, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes

The passion of laughter is no else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some inferiority in ourselves, by comparison of the infirmity of others, or with what we formerly; for men laugh at follies of themselves past, when come suddenly to remembrance, or that they bring with them any predilection.

According to this author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, or saying he is very merry, we tell him he is very proud. Indeed, if we look into the bottom matter, we shall meet with many instances to confirm us in his opinion.

Every one laughs at somebody in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the customary great house in England to keep a fool dressed in petticoats, that if of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him and dignifying himself with his absurdities. The same reason idiots are still in vogue in most of the courts of Germany where there is not a prince of great magnificence, who has not three dressed, distinguished, undressed fools in his retinue, whom the courtiers are always breaking jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for industry and application, than wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of a fool, that is, the head of an idiot in a cap and bells, and gaping in an immoderate manner: this is a common jest at Amsterdam.

As every one diverts himself with person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he looks upon such objects of derision before him. *Mr. Dennis has very well*

expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau.

Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,  
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Mr. Hobbes's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers-up of laughter among men of a gross taste; but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, 'that they could eat them,' according to the old proverb; I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Maccaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack-Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boasts that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight



night ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeve's errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an halfpenny worth of ink at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster; and in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters; a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chuses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation and pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is indeed very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I shew that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some ac-

tion or incident that bears an analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life pass by the consideration of the coxcombs that are able to shake an audience, and take notice of a large sort of men who are such a part of mirth in conversation, that possible for a club or merry men to subsist without them; I mean the jesting gentlemen that are always to the wit and gallantry of the wishers and companions; that is, by men, women, and children, and foes, and, in a word, stand in conversation, for every one at that pleases. I know several Butts who are men of wit and though by some odd turn of some unlucky cast in their previous behaviour, they have always the tune to make the company men of truth of it is, a man is not quite a Butt, who has not a good deal of vivacity, even on the right side of his character. A stupid man is only fit for the conversation of people; men of wit require one to give them play, and bestir their absurd part of his behaviour. With these accomplishments he gets the laugh of his side, and ridicules upon him that attacks Sir John Falstaff was an hero of his, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a Butt in the following manner: 'Me 's forts,' says that merry knight 'a pride to gird at me. The 'man is not able to invent a 'that tends to laughter more 'invent, or is invented on me 'not only witty in myself, but 'that wit is in other men.'

## Nº XLVIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 25.

PER MULTAS ADITUM SIBI SÆPE FIGURAS  
REFERIT—

OVID. MET. XI.

THRO' VARIOUS SHAPES HE OFTEN FINDS ACCESS.

**M**Y correspondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters. The most effectual way will be to publish some of them that are upon impor-

tant subjects; which I shall do with a letter of my own that fortnight ago to a fraternity who fit to make me an honorary member.

RESIDENT AND FELLOWS  
OF THE UGLY CLUB.

PLEASE YOUR DEFORMITIES, I have received the notification of the club you have done me, in addition to your society. I actually want of merit, and for shall endeavour at all times my own failures, by introducing recommending to the club more undoubted qualifications can pretend to. I shall come down in the stage-coach to take my seat at the club, and shall bring with me a cankered sex. The persons I shall see, are an old Beau and a

If they are not so emulous by nature as our assembly, I leave to say their access is greater than any that is required before you. The Beau is dressed every day of his life twenty years last past, and still with deformity he was born with. He is still greater merit towards us, ever since she came to secretion, deserted the hand-maid and taken all possible pains in the face in which I shall procure consideration and favour. I am, gentlemen, your most obliged servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

Before to know whether you are of quality.

TAFOR,

you there are among us of a weak sex, some that have fortitude enough to dare to be willing to be thought so; I tell you, to beg your recommendation to the Ugly Club, my own word will not be enough in this case a woman's testimony bringing credible witness of commendations for their company, they insist upon hair, forehead, nose, or chin; to which I must find it easier to lean to my own than my right. I hope I am not so agreeable; and for my birth, I'll keep up to the pretence. All the favour I'll pretend is I am the first woman that I desire of good company and conversation, I may take

and keep the upper end of the table. And indeed I think they want a carver, which I can be after as ugly a manner as they can wish. I desire your thoughts of my claim as soon as you can. Add to my features the length of my face, which is full half-yard; though I never knew the reason of it till you gave one for the shortness of yours. If I knew a name ugly enough to belong to the above-described face, I would feign one: but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is the only disagreeable prettiness about me; so prythee make one for me that signifies all the deformity in the world. You understand Latin, but be sure bring it in with my being, in the sincerity of my heart, your most frightful admirer, and servant,

HECATISSA.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Read your discourse upon affectations and from the remarks made in it examined my own heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret avenues, with a resolution to be aware of you for the future. But alas! to my sorrow I now understand, that I have several follies which I do not know the root of. I am an old fellow, and extremely troubled with the gout: but having always a strong vanity towards being pleasing in the eyes of women, I never have a moment's ease, but I am mounted in high-heeled shoes with a glazed wax-leather instep. Two days after a severe fit I was invited to a friend's house in the city, where I believed I should see ladies; and with my usual complaisance crippled myself to wait upon them. A very sumptuous table, agreeable company, and kind reception, were but so many importunate additions to the torment I was in. A gentleman of the family observed my condition; and, soon after the Queen's health, he in the presence of the whole company, with his own hands, degraded me into an old pair of his own shoes. The operation, before these ladies, to me, who am by nature a coxcomb, was suffered with the same reluctance as they admit the help of men in their greatest extremity. The return of ease made me forgive the rough obligation laid upon me, which at that time relieved my body from a distemper, and will my mind for ever from a folly. For the

N charity

charity received, I return my thanks this way.

Your most humble servant.

SIR,

POPPING, APRIL 18.

WE have your papers here the morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false ornaments of persons who represent heroes in a tragedy. What made your speculation come very seasonably among us is, that we have now at this place a company of strollers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent splendor of the drama. They are so far from falling into these false gallantries, that the stage is here in its original situation of a cart. Alexander the Great was acted by a fellow in a paper cravat. The next day, the Earl of Essex seemed to have no distress but his poverty: and my Lord Poppington the same morning wanted any better means to shew himself a fop, than by wearing stockings of different colours. In a word, though they have had a full barn for many days together, our itine-

rants are still so wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to send us the furniture you forbid at the play-house, the heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the heroines gipsies. We have had but one part which was performed and dressed with propriety, and that was Justice Clodpate. This was so well done, that it offended Mr. Justice Overdo, who, in the midst of our whole audience, was, like Quixote in the puppet-show, so highly provoked, that he told them, if they would more compassion, it should be in their own persons, and not in the characters of distressed princes and potentates: he told them, if they were so good at finding the way to people's hearts, they should do it at the end of bridges or church-porches, in their proper vocation of beggars. This, the Justice says, they must expect, since they could not be contented to act heathen warriors, and their fellows as Alexander, but must presume to make a mockery of one of the quorum. Your servant.

R

## Nº XLIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 26.

—HOMINEM PAGINA NOSTRA SAPIT.

MART.

MEN AND THEIR MANNERS I DESCRIBE.

IT is very natural for a man, who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair-sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the most general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the

same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I, that have nothing else to do but make observations, see in every parish, street, lane, and alley, of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favour by the same arts that are practised by men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers, than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the

Allice

Alas! must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is now one of the inns of court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house; some of whom are ready-dressed for Westminster, at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually, as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searl's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air, which shews they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion: the gentleman in the strawberry fish, who pretends so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their deshabillé, with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present instant, as

it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word Neighbourhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expence; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a council, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can shew him, is to let him see you are the better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends he lends, at legal value, considerable sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and, on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect, when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences; and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from day-break till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of

Tom the Tyrant; who, as first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives

his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the position of liquors, coals, and cin-

## Nº L. FRIDAY, APRIL 27.

NUNQUAM ALIUD NATURA, ALIUD SAPIENTIA DIXIT.

JUV. SAT. XIV. 3.

GOOD SENSE AND NATURE ALWAYS SPEAK THE SAME.

**W**HEN the four Indian kings were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer, finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King Sa Ga Yean Qua Rasth Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the Isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul.

‘ On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was

p>‘ fashioned into the shape it now  
‘ by several tools and instrument  
‘ which they have a wonderful v  
‘ in this country. It was probab  
‘ first an huge mis-shapen rock  
‘ grew upon the top of the hill, a  
‘ the natives of the country, after h  
‘ cut it into a kind of regular fi  
‘ bored and hollowed with incre  
‘ pains and industry, until they  
‘ wrought in it all those bea  
‘ vaults and caverns into which it  
‘ vided at this day. As soon as  
‘ rock was thus curiously scoop  
‘ their liking, a prodigious numb  
‘ hands must have been employ  
‘ clipping the out-side of it, wh  
‘ now as smooth as the surface  
‘ pebble; and is in several places  
‘ out into pillars that stand lik  
‘ trunks of so many trees bound  
‘ the top with garlands of leaves.  
‘ probable that when this great  
‘ was begun, which must have  
‘ many hundred years ago, there  
‘ some religion among this peopl  
‘ they give it the name of a te  
‘ and have a tradition that it wa  
‘ signed for men to pay their dev  
‘ in. And indeed there are sever  
‘ sons which make us think that  
‘ tives of this country had for  
‘ among them some sort of worshi  
‘ they set apart every seventh day  
‘ cred: but upon my going into  
‘ these holy houses on that day, I  
‘ not observe any circumstance of  
‘ tion in their behaviour. Ther  
‘ indeed a man in black, who was n  
‘ ed above the rest, and seemed to  
‘ something with a great deal of  
‘ mence; but as for those unde  
‘ him, instead of paying their w  
‘ to the Deity of the place, they  
‘ most of them bowing and curtsi  
‘ one another, and a considerable  
‘ ber of them fast asleep.

‘ The Queen of the country ap

ed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called Whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that, if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a To-v, that was as great a monster as the Whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and enrage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the street in little covered rooms by a couple of porters who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is intirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their

backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, in so much that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.

The author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper, without taking notice, that amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking, which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian Journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners, of other countries, are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

C

N<sup>o</sup> LI. SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

TORQUET AB OBSCENIS JAM NUNC SERMONIBUS AUREM.

HOR. EP. II. l. 137.

HE FROM THE TASTE OBSCENE RECLAIMS OUR YOUTH.

POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**M**Y fortune, quality, and person, are such as render me as conspicuous as any young woman in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in all its vanities, but I have, from a very careful education, contracted a great aversion to the forward air and fashion which is practised in all public places and assemblies. I attribute this very much to the stile and manners of our plays. I was hit night at the Funeral, where a confident lover in the play, speaking of his mistress, cries out—“O that Harriot! to fold these arms about the waist of that beautiful, struggling, and at last yielding fair!” Such an image as this ought, by no means, to be presented to a chaste and regular audience. I expect your opinion of this sentence, and recommend to your consideration, as a Spectator, the conduct of the stage at present with relation to chastity and modesty. I am, Sir, your constant reader and well-wisher.

The complaint of this young lady is so just, that the offence is gross enough to have displeased persons who cannot pretend to that delicacy and modesty, of which she is mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in behalf of an author. If the audience would but consider the difficulty of keeping up a sprightly dialogue for five acts together, they would allow a writer, when he wants wit, and cannot please any otherwise, to help it out with a little smutlineis. I will answer for the poets, that no one ever writ bawdry for any other reason but dearth of invention. When the author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a description which gratifies a sensual appetite will please, when the author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to such a porcity, we must impute this and all

other sentences in plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luscious expressions.

This expedient, to supply the deficiencies of wit, has been used more or less, by most of the authors who have succeeded on the stage; though I know but one who has professedly writ a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species, and that is the polite Sir George Etherege; if I understand what the lady would be at, in the play called *She would if She could*. Other poets have, here and there, given an intimation that there is this design, under all the disguises and affectations which a lady may put on; but no author, except this, has made sure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose, from the beginning to the end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be, that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocents go to it, to guess only what *She would if She could*, the play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty sentence, where there is added to it a lascivious gesture of body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want genius, never fail of keeping this secret in reserve, to create a laugh, or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair-sex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their dancers; the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing lusciously, a pretty girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the author. Dull poets in this case use their audiences, as dull parasites do their patrons; when they cannot long divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, though below their understanding.

standing. Apicius cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an account of a delicious meal; or Clodius, if you describe a wanton beauty; though at the same time, if you do not awake those inclinations in them, no men are better judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But, as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man, than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable, that the writers of last learning are best skilled in the ludicrous way. The poetesses of the age have done wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the lady who writes Ibrahim, for introducing a preparatory scene to the very action, when the Emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the seraglio. It must be confessed his Turkish majesty went off with a good air; but, methought, we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an author of the same sex, who, in the Rover, makes a country squire strip to his drawers. But Blunt is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised, where indeed it should have begun, very successfully at Bartholomew Fair.

It is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the Rover is very frequently sent on the same errand; as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the men-authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women-writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male wit gives his hero a good fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant, at the end of the play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who frequents plays would have a very respectful notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a pimp to ravishing tyrants, or successful rakes. When the actors make their exit on this good occasion, the ladies are sure to make an examining glance from the pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools

are very ready to employ their talents upon the composure or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as these make some ladies wholly absent themselves from the play-house; and others never miss the first day of a play, lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from such good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best character in it; I say, upon giving the comedy another cast, might not such a one divert the audience quite as well, if at the catastrophe he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is seldom a person devoted to above one darling vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at mens hearts to their good and advantage, if the poets will attempt it with the honesty which becomes their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable character, that is no way a slave to either of those pursuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to shew he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite and reprove the heart of a man of sense, when he is given up to his pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound constitution and an innocent mind are the true ingredients for becoming and enjoying life. All men of true taste would call a man of wit, who should turn his ambition this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loss what name they would give him, who makes use of his capacity for contrary purposes.

R



N<sup>o</sup> LII. MONDAY, APRIL 30.OMNES UT TECUM MERITIS PRO TALIBUS ANNOS  
EXIGAT, ET PULCHRA FACIAT TE PROLE PARENTUM.

VIRG. ÆN. I.

TO CROWN THY WORTH, SHE SHALL BE EVER THINE,  
AND MAKE THEE FATHER OF A BEAUTEOUS LINE.

**A**N ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife, will always have the last word. I did not think my last letter to the deformed fraternity would have occasioned any answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a visit; but as they think they cannot shew too great a veneration for my person, they have already sent me up an answer. As to the proposal of a marriage between myself and the matchless Hecatiffa, I have but one objection to it; which is, that all the society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a woman's heart long, where she may have so much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the lady seems particularly smitten with men of their make.

I believe I shall set my heart upon her; and think never the worse of my mistress for an epigram a smart fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his malice is stolen from Martial.

*Tacta places, audita places, si non videare  
Tota places, neutro, si videare, places.*

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting Siren in thy tongue,  
What flames, what darts, what anguish, I  
endur'd!

But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.

**Y**OUR letter to us we have received, as a signal mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short face in Oxford; and since the wisdom of our legislature has been immortalized in your speculations, and our personal deformities in some sort by you recorded to all posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons as for their extraordinary merit you shall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the board. As for the Pictish damsel, we have an easy-chair prepared at the upper

end of the table; which we do but she will grace with a very aspect, and much better become in the native and unaffected plainness of her person, than with superficial airs of the pencil, & you have very ingeniously obfuscated with a breath; and the most adorer may deface the shrine of lutation, and, in the literal sense of poets, snatch and imprint his kisses, and devour her melting short, the only faces of the Pict that will endure the weather, & Dr. Carbuncle's die; though his has cost him a world the pain then he boasts with Zeuxes, *nitatem pingo*; and oft jocose fair ones, would they acquit that would stand kissing, the longer paint but drink for a coxcomb a maxim that in this our age pursued with no ill success; been as admirable in its effect famous cosmetic mentioned in man, and invented by the British Hippocrates of the mortar; making the party, a course, rosy, hale, and airy best and most approved receipt for the fever of the spirits return to our female candidate understand, is returned to her will no longer hang out fall as she is the first of her sex that us so great an honour, she will in a very short time, both in verse, be a lady of the most deformity now living; and admirers here as frightful. But being a long-headed gen I am apt to imagine she has so design than you have yet; and perhaps has more mind to tator than any of his fraternity person of all the world she can a paramour: and if so, recall but applaud her choice; and glad if it might lie in my effect an amicable accommo-

two faces of such different ex-  
 , as the only possible expedient,  
 d the breed, and rectify the phy-  
 my of the family on both sides.  
 gain, as she is a lady of a very  
 elocution, you need not fear that  
 irst child will be born dumb,  
 otherwise you might have some  
 to be apprehensive of. To be plain  
 ou, I can see nothing shocking  
 or though she has not a face like a  
 apple, yet as a late friend of  
 who at sixty-five ventured on a  
 fifteen, very frequently, in the  
 ing five years of his life, gave me  
 erstand, that, as old as he then  
 , when they were first married he  
 spouse could make but fourscore;  
 Madam Hecattisa very justly al-  
 ereafter, that, as long-vilaged as  
 y then be thought, upon their  
 g-day Mr. Spectator and she had  
 an ell of face betwixt them; and  
 y very worthy predecessor, Mr.  
 t Chin, always maintained to be  
 e than the true oval proportion  
 a man and wife. But as this may  
 w thing to you, who have hither-  
 no expectations from women, I  
 low you what time you think fit  
 ider on it; not without some hope  
 g at last your thoughts hereupon  
 ed to mine, and which is an ho-  
 much desired by, Sir, your assured  
 and most humble servant,

HUGH GOBLIN, *Præses.*

The following letter has not much in  
 it; but, as it is written in my own praise,  
 I cannot from my heart suppress it.

SIR,

YOU proposed, in your Spectator of  
 last Tuesday, Mr. Hobbes's hypo-  
 thesis, for solving that very odd phæno-  
 menon of laughter. You have made the  
 hypothesis valuable by espousing it your-  
 self; for, had it continued Mr. Hobbes's,  
 nobody would have minded it. Now  
 here this perplexed case arises. A cer-  
 tain company laughed very heartily up-  
 on the reading of that very paper of  
 yours; and the truth on it is, he must  
 be a man of more than ordinary con-  
 stancy that could stand it out against so  
 much comedy, and not do as we did.  
 Now there are few men in the world so  
 far lost to all good sense, as to look upon  
 you to be a man in a state of folly in-  
 ferior to himself. Pray then, how do  
 you justify your hypothesis of laughter?

Your most humble,

THURSDAY, THE 26th OF  
 THE MONTH OF FOOLS.

Q. R.

I N answer to your letter, I must desire  
 you to recollect yourself; and you  
 will find, that, when you did me the  
 honour to be so merry over my paper,  
 you laughed at the Idiot, the German  
 Courtier, the Gaper, the Merry-And-  
 drew, the Haberdasher, the Biter, the  
 Butt; and not at your humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

## Nº LIII. TUESDAY, MAY 1.

—ALIQUANDO BONUS DORMITAT HOMERUS.

HOR. *ARS POET.* VER. 359.

HOMER HIMSELF HATH BEEN OBSERV'D TO NOB.

ROSCOMMON.

correspondents grow so nume-  
 rous, that I cannot avoid fre-  
 quently inserting their applications to me.

SPECTATOR,

I am glad I can inform you, that your  
 avours to adorn that sex, which  
 is the fairest part of the visible creation,  
 I received, and like to prove not  
 unfruitful. The triumph of Daphne  
 and her sister Letitia has been the sub-  
 ject of conversation at several tea-tables  
 I have been present; and I have  
 observed the fair circle not a little pleased  
 you considering them as reason-  
 ables, and endeavouring to ba-

nish that Mahometan custom which had  
 too much prevailed even in this island,  
 of treating women as if they had no  
 souls. I must do them the justice to say,  
 that there seems to be nothing wanting  
 to the finishing of these lovely pieces of  
 human nature, besides the turning and  
 applying their ambition properly, and  
 the keeping them up to a sense of what  
 is their true merit. Epictetus, that plain  
 honest philosopher, as little as he had of  
 gallantry, appears to have understood  
 them, as well as the polite St. Evremont,  
 and has hit this point very luckily.  
 'When young women,' says he, 'ar-  
 rive at a certain age, they hear them-  
 selves

‘ selves called Mistresses, and are made  
 ‘ to believe that their only business is  
 ‘ to please the men; they immediately  
 ‘ begin to dress, and place all their  
 ‘ hopes in the adorning of their persons;  
 ‘ it is therefore,’ continues he, ‘ worth  
 ‘ the while to endeavour by all means  
 ‘ to make them sensible, that the honour  
 ‘ paid to them is only upon account of  
 ‘ their conducting themselves with vir-  
 ‘ tue, modesty, and discretion.’

Now to pursue the matter yet further,  
 and to render your cares for the im-  
 provement of the fair-ones more effec-  
 tual, I would propose a new method,  
 like those applications which are said to  
 convey their virtue by sympathy; and  
 that is, that in order to embellish the  
 mistress, you should give a new educa-  
 tion to the lover, and teach the men not  
 to be any longer dazzled by false charms  
 and unreal beauty. I cannot but think  
 that if our sex knew always how to  
 place their esteem justly, the other would  
 not be so often wanting to themselves  
 in deserving it. For as the being ena-  
 moured with a woman of sense and vir-  
 tue is an improvement to a man’s un-  
 derstanding and morals, and the passion  
 is ennobled by the object which inspires  
 it; so on the other side, the appearing  
 amiable to a man of a wise and elegant  
 mind, carries in itself no small degree  
 of merit and accomplishment. I con-  
 clude therefore, that one way to make  
 the women yet more agreeable is, to  
 make the men more virtuous. I am,  
 Sir, your most humble servant,

R. B.

SIR,

APRIL 29.

**Y**OURS of Saturday last I read, not  
 without some resentment; but I will  
 suppose, when you say you expect an  
 inundation of ribbons and brocades,  
 and to see many new vanities which the  
 women will fall into upon a peace with  
 France, that you intend only the un-  
 thinking part of our sex; and what me-  
 thods can reduce them to reason is hard  
 to imagine.

But, Sir, there are others yet, that  
 your instructions might be of great use  
 to, who, after their best endeavours, are  
 sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves  
 to a censorious world; I am far from  
 thinking you can altogether disapprove  
 of conversation between ladies and gen-  
 tlemen, regulated by the rules of ho-  
 nour and prudence; and have thought

it an observation not ill made, that,  
 that was wholly denied, the w  
 lost their wit, and the men their  
 manners. ‘Tis sure, from thos  
 proper liberties you mentioned,  
 sort of undistinguishing people sh  
 nish from their drawing-rooms th  
 bred men in the world, and co  
 those that do not. Your statin  
 point might, I think, be of good  
 well as much oblige, Sir, your a  
 and most humble servant,

ANNA B.

No answer to this, till Anna  
 sends a description of those she ca  
 best-bred men in the world.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Am a gentleman who for many  
 last past have been well know  
 truly splenetic, and that my splee  
 from having contracted so great  
 cacy, by reading the best author  
 keeping the most refined compan  
 I cannot bear the least impropri  
 language, or rusticity of beha  
 Now, Sir, I have ever looked up  
 as a wise distemper; but by late  
 vations find that every heavy v  
 who has nothing to say, exclu  
 dulness by complaining of the  
 Nay, I saw, the other day, two  
 in a tavern-kitchen set up for  
 for a pint and pipes, and only b  
 zling liquor to each other’s healt  
 wasting smoke in each other’s fac  
 tend to throw off the spleen. I  
 to you whether these dishonours  
 be done to the distemper of the  
 and the polite. I beseech you,  
 inform these fellows that they ha  
 the spleen, because they cann  
 without the help of a glass a  
 mouths, or convey their mean  
 each other without the interposi  
 clouds. If you will not do thi  
 all speed, I assure you, for my  
 will wholly quit the disease, and  
 future be merry with the vulgar.  
 Sir, Your humble s

SIR,

**T**HIS is to let you understan  
 I am a reformed Starer, an  
 ceived a detestation for that  
 from what you have writ upon t  
 jeft. But as you have been very  
 upon the behaviour of us men a  
 service, I hope you will not b

partial to the women, as to let wholly unobserved. If they thing that is possible to attract, are we more culpable than looking at them? I happened ay to be shut into a pew, which of young ladies in the bloom and beauty. When the fern, I had not room to kneel at vision, but as I stood kept my wandering as well as I was one of the young ladies, who resolved to bring down my d fix my devotion on herself. to know, Sir, that a Peeper th her hands, eyes, and fan; which is continually in motion, thinks she is not actually the n of some Ogler or Starer in egation. As I stood, utterly how to behave myself, sur- is I was, this Peeper so placed to be kneeling just before me. eyed the most beautiful bdsom le, which heaved and fell with our, while a delicate well-m held a fan over her face. It in nature to command one's n this object. I could not king notice also of her fan, ad on it various figures, very to behold on that occasion. y in the body of the piece a under a purple canopy furl'd ious wreaths of drapery, half tended with a train of Cupids, e busied in fanning her as she behind her was drawn a Satyr ver the silken fence, and threat-break through it. I frequent- l to turn my sight another way, still detained by the fascination ceper's eyes, who had long a skill in them, to recal the lances of her beholders. You omplaint, and hope you will mischievous people, the Peepers, consideration: I doubt not but

you will think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a Starer, as an ambuscade is more to be feared than an open assault. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

This Peeper using both fan and eyes, to be considered as a Peep, and proceed accordingly.

KING LATINUS TO THE SPECTATOR,  
GREETING.

THOUGH some may think we descend from our imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a private Litterato; yet, as we have great respect to all good intentions for our service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our royal thanks for what you published in our behalf, while under confinement in the enchanted castle of the Savoy, and for your mention of a subsidy for a prince in misfortune. This your timely zeal has inclined the hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose the means. We have taken their good-will into consideration, and have contrived a method which will be easy to those who shall give the aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A concert of music shall be prepared at Haberdashers Hall for Wednesday the second of May, and we will honour the said entertainment with our own presence, where each person shall be assessed but at two shillings and six-pence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our royal intentions, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster; and so we bid you heartily farewell.

LATINUS,  
King of the Volscians.

Given at our court in Vinegar Yard, story the third from the earth, April 18, 1711. R

## NO<sup>O</sup> LIV. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2.

STRENUA NOS EXERCET INERTIA.

HOR. EP. I. XI. 28.

LABORIOUS IDLENESS OUR POWERS EMPLOYS.

following letter being the first  
it I have received from the  
university of Cambridge, I

could not but do myself the honour of  
publishing it. It gives an account of a  
new sect of philosophers which has arose

in that famous residence of learning; and is perhaps the only sect this age is likely to produce.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 26.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**B**ELIEVING you to be an universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any information from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are in the language of our university called Lowngers. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripatetics, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness, to the sorrow of this sect, Aristotle and others: whereas it is notorious that most of our professors never lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the leading men of the sect have a great deal of the cynical humour in them, and delight much in sunshine. But then again, Diogenes was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub, whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion, that it is death to them to be confined within the limits of a good, handsome, convenient chamber, but for half an hour. Others there are, who from the clearness of their heads deduce the pedigree of Lowngers from that great man, I think it was either Plato or Socrates, who after all his study and learning, professed, that all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

I have with great pains and industry made my observations, from time to time, upon these sages; and, having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a Friend, who designs shortly to

publish a new edition of Diogenes, to add this treatise of mine as a supplement; I shall now, world see what may be expected, first begging Mr. Spectator that the world may see it, bribe upon some of my chief obligations and then subscribe myself your servant. In the first place, I you two or three of their most fundamental one, upon which the system is built, is this, viz. being an implacable enemy to the destroyer of all things, ought to be in his own coin, and be destroyed without mercy, by all ways that can be invented. The favourite saying of theirs, business was designed only for fools and study for blockheads. This seems to be a ludicrous one, of great effect upon their lives; as — ‘That the devil is at home for their manner of living: a large field to expatiate shall reserve particulars for my discourse, and now only mention two of their principal exercises: elder proficient employ their inspecting *wares hominum* making getting acquainted with all the windows in the town. Son arrived to so great knowledge, can tell every time any butcher calf, every time an old woman in the straw; and a thousand others as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three every day over a sun-dial; as to the dial—

—As the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shone up

Our younger students are carry their speculations as yet than bowling-greens, billiard and such like places. This for a sketch of my design; I hope I shall have your encouragement.

I am, S

I must be so just as to observe formerly seen of this sect at university; though not dissenting the appellation which the learned, my correspondent, repeat bear at Cambridge. They looked upon as a people that themselves more by their strictness to the rules of their o

er students whatever. Others hurt themselves any further than weak eyes, and sometimes head-ach; these philosophers are seized with a general inability, indolence and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with a desire in removing to another. Lowngers are satisfied with being a part of the number of mankind, and distinguishing themselves from the rest of them. They may be said rather to suffer their time to pass, than to spend it, without regard to the past, or to the future. All they know is only the present instant, and do not even that. When one of this sort happens to be a man of fortune, the expense of his time is transferred to his coach and horses, and his life is to be assured by their motion, not his enjoyments or sufferings. The entertainment one of these philosophers possibly propose to himself, is a relish of dress. This, he might diversify the person he is of, his own dear self, to himself. known these two amusements one of these philosophers make a

tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the Lowngers leave an academic life, and, instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being Lowngers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen an university: and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing. R

## Nº LV. THURSDAY, MAY 3.

—INTUS ET IN JECORE AGRO  
NASCUNTUR DOMINI—

PERS. SAT. V. 129.

OUR PASSIONS PLAY THE TYRANTS IN OUR BREASTS. I

**OST** of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, make their original either from the pleasure, or the fear of want. However, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into Luxury, and then into Avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, has given us a very humorous story of a young fellow who was out of his bed, in order to be on a long voyage by Avarice, afterwards over-persuaded and kept there by Luxury. I shall set down the pleadings of these two impostors, as they are in the original with Mr. Dryden's translation.

*Viper bellis: surge, inquit Avaritia; cina  
Nogas. Inflat, surge, inquit. Non  
Serge.*

*Et quid egam? Rogitas? sperdas aduiche  
ponto,*

*Castoreum, stuppas, bebum. thus, lubrica coa:  
Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo.  
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audit.  
Eheu!*

*Baro, regestatum digito terribare salinum  
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.  
Jam pueris pellem succinctus et æmphyborum  
aptas*

*Ocyùs ad navem: nil obstat quin trabe vassâ  
Ægeum rapias, nisi sceleris luxuria antè  
Seductum moneat; quò deinde infame, ruis? Quid?  
Quid tibi vis? calido sub pectore mascula bilis  
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicuta.  
Tun' mare transitas? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto  
Cæna sit in transstro? Valentianumque rubellum  
Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis, obba?  
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quinquante  
modesto*

*Nutrieras, peragent avidos sudare deunces?  
Indulge genio: carpatas dulcia: nostrum est.  
Quid vivis, cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.*

Vr

*Vive memor leti. Fugit boras hoc quod loquor,  
indè est.*

*En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis  
hamis!*

*Hæccline, an hunc sequeris?—*

Whether alone, or in thy harl-t's lap,  
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;  
'Up, up,' says Avarice; thou snor'st again,  
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in  
vain.

The rugged tyrant no denial takes;  
At his command th'unwilling sluggard wakes.  
'What must I do?' he cries: 'What!' says  
his lord:

'Why rise, make ready, and go straight  
'aboard.

'With fish from Euxine seas, thy vessel  
'freight;

'Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious  
'weight

'Of pepper, and Sabea incense, take  
'With thy own hands, from the tir'd ca-

'mel's back,

'And with post-haste thy running mar-  
'kets make.

'Be sure to turn the penny; lye and sweat,  
'Is wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st,

'will hear.

'Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's  
'even:

'A tradesman thou! and hope to go to  
'heaven?

Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage  
pack,

Each saddled with his burden on his back:  
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, but he,

That sist. voluptuous prince, call'd Luxury;  
And he may ask this civil question; 'Friend,

'What dost thou make a shipboard? To  
'what end?

'Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?  
'Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st

'tempt the sea?

'Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress-laid,  
'On a brown George, with loused-swob-

'bers, fed;

'Dead wine, that stinks of the Borachio, sup  
'From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?

'Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise  
'thy store,

'From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more?  
'Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:

'For, not to live at ease, is not to live:  
'Death stalks behind thee, and each flying

'hour  
'Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.

'Live, while thou liv'st; for death will  
'make us all

'A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.  
'Speak: wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose

'To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.'

are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice: and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in it's height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get in their possession; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was Luxury; and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great services, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Passion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of the

*When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and as these pleasures*

heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter: but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions, and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon

Plenty, the first minister of his antagonist, to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last; in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary: that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, inasmuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above-mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

C

N<sup>o</sup> LVI. FRIDAY, MAY 4.

FELICES ERRORE SUO—

LUCAN, l. 454.

HAPPY IN THEIR MISTAKE.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boots, looking glasses; and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unsellably of their substantial

forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who in his dissertation upon the loadstone observing, that fire will destroy it's magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West Indian phrase, the Soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter, which, as well



well as he could learn by many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was Marston, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left-shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprize, he found the bushes made no resistance, but he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that this whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions on flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the

finest scents and colours, that in wilderness of sweets, and were of lining to those ragged scenes which had before passed through. A coming out of this delightful the wood, and entering upon that it enclosed, he saw several horses rushing by him, and a little while heard the cry of a pack of dogs that had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed young man on the back of it, and upon full-stretch after the souls of an hundred beagles that were down the ghost of an hare, was away before them with an unswiftness. As the man on the white steed came by him, he looked on him very attentively, and found to be the young Prince Nicholas who died about half a year before by reason of his great virtues was time lamented over all the western of America.

He had no sooner got out of that but he was entertained with such a skip of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he thought, by the conceptions of others. This region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of others were pitching the shadow bar; others were breaking the appearance of a horse; and multitudes employed themselves upon ingenious games with the souls of departed utensils that is the name which in the language they give their tools were burnt or broken. As he went through this delightful scene, very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him of the greatest variety and profusion, never seen several of them in that country; but he quickly found that though they were objects of his desire they were not liable to his touch at length came to the side of a river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it to look upon an angler that had taken a great many fishes of which lay flouncing up and down at him.

I should have told my reader





had been formerly married to the greatest beauties of his y whom he had several children; couple were so famous for constancy to one another, dians to this day, when they find man joy of his wife, with may live together like Marratilda. Marraton had not by the fisherman when he saw of his beloved Yaratilda, or some time fixed her eyes before he discovered her. Her

stretched out towards him, tears ran down her eyes; her hands, her voice called him; and at the same time seemed that the river was unpassable. can describe the passion made sorrow, love, desire, astonishment in the Indian upon the dear Yaratilda? He could by nothing but his tears, like a river down his cheeks shed upon her. He had not his posture long, before he to the stream that lay before finding it to be nothing but it of a river, walked on the it until he arose on the other his approach Yaratilda flew to him, whilst Marraton wished encumbered of that body her from his embraces. Affections and endearments on he conducted him to a bower

which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrantcy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his god, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us farther, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal; but having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it. C

## Nº LVII. SATURDAY, MAY 5.

VERUM PRÆSTARE POTEST MULIER CALLEATA PUDOREM,  
UT FUGIT A SEXU? —

JUV. SAT. VI. 251.

WHAT SENSE OF SHAME IN WOMAN'S BREAST CAN LIE,  
SUB'D TO ARMS, AND HER OWN SEX TO FLY?

DRYDEN.

IN the wife of Hector, in Homer's *Iliads*, discoursed with about the battle in which he was to engage; the hero, desirous to leave that matter to his wife, goes to her maids and mind her; by which the poet intimates that men and women ought to be in their proper spheres, and matters only as are suitable to their sex.

At this time acquainted with a gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and,

upon occasion, can make a caudle or a suck-potlet better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and muslin, and will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and country; what lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the finest wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him, in a large company of men and ladies, by the fellow with the broad-shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make woman-kind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, intirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in it's nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair-sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage? Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the Virago of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the

fierce and beautiful Penthesilea at tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake the earnestness of the dispute, she set her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident I off the debate, nobody knows what would have ended.

There is one consideration which would earnestly recommend to a female readers, and which, I hope have some weight with them. In it is this, that there is nothing I for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and agreeable soursness to the look; but that it makes the lines too strong flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in as she has been talking against a lord, whom she had never seen in life; and indeed never knew a woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise female readers, as they value their pleasures, to let alone all disputes of nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all unbiassed motherly partizans to be as angry as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their own or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think it makes an odious and despicable that is violent in a party; but a man is too sincere to mitigate the fury of his principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and modesty which are requisite in order. When this unnatural zeal gets into it, it throws them into ten thousand extravagancies; their generous feelings no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a Whig or a Tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera singer or a pet-show, be the object of it, the while it reigns, engrosses the whole man.

I remember when Dr. Titus was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will. Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We had sooner sat down, but upon casting eyes about the room, I found in every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and positions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing my friend, and he was snuff-box in her hand, who showed in the lid of it but the doctor?

not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her, that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place, for that was the name of her husband, he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. 'I am afraid,' said she, 'Mr. Honeycomb, you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor or not?' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face, for indeed she was very pretty, and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a

little seriously, 'Well,' says she, 'I'll be hanged if you and your friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts. I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the flicks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly. C

N<sup>o</sup> LVIII. MONDAY, MAY 7.

UT PICTURA POESIS ERIT

HOR. ARS POET. V. R. 361.

POEMS LIKE PICTURES ARE.

**N**OTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit. No author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general declamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise upon the Sublime in a low groveling stile. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

*As the great end only end of these  
by speculations is to banish vice and*

ignorance out of the territories of Great-Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to Operas and Tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to it's refinement and perfection. I find by my book-seller that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does

not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for it's antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itself: I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an ax, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English; did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem, than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consist of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in it's measure according to it's situation in the wing. The subject of it, as in the rest of the poems which follow, bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The ax methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poy of an ax which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the poy was written originally upon the ax, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the poy still remains in it's ancient shape, though the ax itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer; he was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and if they were too long, he chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his *Mac Fleckno*; which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems above-mentioned in the shape of wings and altars.

—Chuse for thy command  
Some peaceful province in acrostic lands;  
There may'st thou wings display, and stars  
raise,  
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. Herbert's poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King Charles the First, which has the whole book of *Psalms* written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford, I perused one of the whickers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the *Old Testament* in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue some years ago, he would

to add two or three supernumerary locks that shall contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for King William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture; I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished

the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage-finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious reader will apply what I have said to many other particulars; and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions. C

## Nº LIX. TUESDAY, MAY 8.

OPEROSE NIHIL AGUNT.

SENECA.

BUSY ABOUT NOTHING.

**T**HERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, as Flash and Froth, they all of them shew upon occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning but no genius.

In my last paper, I mentioned some of those false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the Lipogrammatists or Letter-droppers of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He

composed an *Odyssy* or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four-and-twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called Alpha, as *Lucus à non Lucendo*, because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscribed Beta for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four-and-twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssy* of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the *Odyssy* of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings, and complicated



complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a Rebus, that does not sink a letter but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch, which is *Cicer* in Latin, instead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, ordered the words *Marcus Tullius*, with the figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard: those words in Greek having been the names of the architects who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought, that the forelock of the horse, in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of

the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word Newberry.

I shall conclude this topic with a Rebus, which has been lately hewn out of free-stone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim house, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is an emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit: but I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for the answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Orsin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with hymes.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;  
Forcing the vallies to repeat  
The accents of his sad regret.  
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
For loss of his dear crony bear,  
That echo from the hollow ground  
His doleful wailings did rebound  
More wistfully, by many times,  
Than in small poets' play-foot rhymes.  
That make her, in their ruseful stories,  
To answer to interrogatories,  
And most unconsciously repeat  
Things of which she nothing knows.

And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
Quoth he—O whither, wicked Bruin,  
Art thou fled to my—echo, Ruin?  
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
For fear, quoth echo, Marry gaep.  
Am not I here to take thy part?  
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?  
Have these bones rattled, and this head  
So often in thy quarrel bled?  
Ner did I ever winch or grudge it,  
For thy dear sake? Quoth she, Mum  
budget.

Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish  
Thou turn'st thy back? Quoth echo, Pish.  
To run from those th' haust overcome  
Thus cowardly? Quoth echo, Mum.  
But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
From me too as thine enemy?  
Or if thou hadst not thought of me,  
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
Yet shame and honour might prevail  
To keep thee thus from turning tails  
For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
His honour's cause? Quoth she, a Pudding-  
C

## Nº LX. WEDNESDAY, MAY 9.

ROC EST QUOD PALLE? CUR QVIS NON FRANDEAT, ROC EST?

PERF. SAT. iii. 85.

IS IT FOR THIS YOU GAIN THOSE MEAGRE LOOKS,  
AND SACRIFICE YOUR DINNER TO YOUR BOOKS?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the time of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the *Beaux-Esprits* of that dark age; who says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words.

*Tu, fili, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, Cæli.*

Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in Heaven.

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands, did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transi-

mutation of one word into another, or the turning the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who, it seems, was distorted and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, the anagram of a man.

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her surname, for that it was not Boon but Bohun.

Ibi omnis  
Effusus labor

The lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, inasmuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of one or the other were the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic is nothing but the name or title of a person or thing made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are Compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words — 'CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVM-  
PHVS.' If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped; for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and over-top their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When, therefore, we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The Bouts Rimez were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it

abounded in wit and learning. were a list of words that rhyme another, drawn up by another and given to a poet, who was to a poem to the rhymes in the same that they were placed upon the more uncommon the rhymes were more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate verses to them. I do not know a greater instance of the decay of learning among the French, which generally follows the declension of than the endeavouring to rest a foolish kind of wit. If the reader be at the trouble to see example let him look into the new Merculet; where the author every gives a list of rhymes to be filled the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the Merculet the succeeding month. That month of November last, which lies before me, is as follows.

-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	L
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ga
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	I
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	E
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	F
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	

One would be amazed to see so a man as Menage talking serious this kind of trifle in the following sage—

'Monsieur de la Chambre b  
'me that he never knew what  
'going to write when he took l  
'into his hand; but that one fi  
'always produced another. F  
'own part, I never knew what I  
'write next when I was making  
'In the first place I got all my  
'together, and was afterwards p  
'three or four months in filling  
'up. I one day shewed M  
'Gombaud a composition of th  
'ture, in which among others  
'made use of the four following r  
'Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne,  
'desiring him to give me his o  
'of it. He told me immediately  
'my verses were good for ne  
'And upon my asking his real  
'said, because the rhymes are too  
'mon; and for that reason can

'put into verse. "Marry," says I, "if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at." But by Monsieur Gombaud's leave, notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good.' Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these Bouts Rimez made them, in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a poem intitled, 'La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez—The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.'

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes, than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick—

and

There was an ancient sage philosopher  
Who had read Alexander Ross over—

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.

C

## Nº LXI. THURSDAY, MAY 10.

NON EQUIDEM STUDEO, VLLATIS UT MIHI NUGIS  
PAGINA TURGESCAT, DARE PONDUS IDONEA FUMO.

PERS. SAT. V. 19.

'TIS NOT INDEED MY TALENT TO ENGAGE  
IN LOFTY TRIFLES, OR TO SWELL MY PAGE  
WITH WIND AND NOISE.

DRYDEN.

**T**HERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of Rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of Puns, which he calls *Pargamas*, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in

the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with Puns, and in his book, where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant Puns. But the age in which the Pun chiefly flourished, was the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable Punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the Pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of Puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakespeare,

Q

speare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former; as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of Punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest Paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous Punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the Paranomasia, that he sometimes gave into the Plocè, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the Antanaclassis.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with Puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of Punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present; especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect,

according as they were founded. It is no wonder, therefore, that such authors as Isocrates, Plautus, Cicero, should have such little bias as are not to be met with in an author of a much inferior character, who has written since those several biases were discovered. I do not find there was a proper separation between Puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. At the revival of this false wit, it had about the time of the revival of the sciences, but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question but as it has sunk in one age and in another, it will again recover in some distant period of time, and dantry and ignorance shall prevail over wit and sense. And, to speak truly, I do very much apprehend, by the last winter's productions, that their sets of admirers, that our language will in a few years degenerate into a race of Punsters; at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehension of this kind, that has seen a handkerchief about the town with gaudy crests and applause; to which I also add a little epigram called Witches Prayer, that fell into vogue when it was read either backwards or forwards, excepting only that it is one way and blessed the other. One sees there are actually such takers among our British wits, to tell what it may end in? If we do not one another, let it be with the strokes of wit and satire; for the old philosopher's opinion, that we must suffer from one or the other, would rather it should be from the hoof of a lion, than the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any party. There is a most crying evil on both sides. I have seen Tory Epigrams and Whig Anagrams, and quarrel with either of them, but they are Whigs or Tories, but they are Anagrams and Acrostics. But to return to Punning: I pursued the history of a Pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall find it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the first letter, but differ in the sense. The

therefore, to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language; if it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Pun. In short, one may say of a Pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound.

On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful; or as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically—*Induitur, formosa est; exuitur, ipsa forma est.*

C

N<sup>o</sup> LXII. FRIDAY, MAY II.

SCRIBENDI RECTE SAPERE EST ET PRINCIPIUM ET FONS.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 309.

SOUND JUDGMENT IS THE GROUND OF WRITING WELL.

ROSCOMMON.

MR. Locke has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to shew the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: 'And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; therein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes to lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.'

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader: these two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In

order, therefore, that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's fingering to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of it's colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us, the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison: but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesques, and all the methods of allusion: as there are many other pieces of wit, how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description, which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single let-

ters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics; sometimes of syllables, as in echos and doggerel rhymes: sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figure of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words, which for distinction sake I shall call mixt wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixt wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it no where but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace; but a great deal of it in Ovid; and scarce any thing else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixt wit, I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in it's nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word Fire, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as *burning-glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the Tor-*

rid Zone to be habitable. When his mistress had read his letter written in juice of lemon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over again by Love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbeck. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tell us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of Vulcan's shop, incloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun, which produces so many living creatures, should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breath, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe, in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixt wit therefore is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas, or in the words: it's foundations are laid partly in falsehood, and partly in truth: reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this kind of mixt wit, without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have

taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject.' If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Enclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain that never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his elements. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit: if it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr. Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not it's foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients: and which nobody deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in it's own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply it's place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from *Dido to Æneas*, in the following words.

'Ovid,' says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas, 'takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; and very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own: he borrows all from a greater matter in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem.'

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur Segrais for a three-fold distinction of the readers of poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: 'Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes. [He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest form he places those whom he calls Les Petits Esprits, such things as our upper-gallery audience in a play-house; who like nothing but the hunk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression: these are mob-readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden: yet these



• are they who have the most admirers.  
 • But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment, they soon forsake them.

I must not diminish this subject without observing, that as Mr. Locke in the passage above-mentioned has disco-

vered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the resemblance, but the opposition of ideas, does very often produce wit; as I could shew in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation. C

## Nº LXIII. SATURDAY, MAY 12.

HUMANO CAPITI CERVICEM PICTOR EQUINAM  
 JUNGERE SE VELIT, ET VARIAS INDUCERE PLUMAS,  
 UNDIQUE COLLATIS MEMBRIS, UT TURPITER ATRUM  
 DESIGNAT IN PICEM MULIER FORMOSA SUPERNE:  
 SPECTATUM ADMISSURUM TENEATIS AMICI?  
 CREDITE, PISCINES, ISTI TABULÆ FORE LIERUM  
 PERSIMILEM, CUIUS, VELUT AGRI SOMNIA, VANÆ  
 FINGUNTUR SPECIES

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 1.

IF IN A PICTURE, PISO, YOU SHOULD SEE  
 A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FISH'S TAIL,  
 OR A MAN'S HEAD UPON A HORSE'S NECK,  
 OR LIMBS OF BEASTS, OF THE MOST DIFFERENT KIND,  
 COVER'D WITH FEATHERS OF ALL SORTS OF BIRDS:  
 WOU'D YOU NOT LAUGH, AND THINK THE PAINTER MAD?  
 TRUST ME THAT BOOK IS AS RIDICULOUS,  
 WHOSE INCOHERENT STYLE, LIKE SICK MENS DREAMS,  
 VARIES ALL SHAPES, AND MIXES ALL EXTREMES.

ROSCOMMON.

**I**T is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from a subject in which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's dream or vision, which formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of wit, whether false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methought I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddesses of Falseness, and intitled The Region of False Wit. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with itags, wild-boars, and mermaids, that lived among the waters; at

the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, amber-grease, and pulvillios; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when to my great surprise I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that, by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it

be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dulness. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the altar there lay several offerings of axes, wings, and eggs, cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of Anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and countermarches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was a body of Acrostics, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left-hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six feet high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the Acrostics two or three files of Chronograms, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped, like the figure of Time, with an hour-glass in one hand, and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I saw the phantom of Tryphiodorus the Lipogrammatist, engaged in a ball with four-and-twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of Rebutses. There were several things of the most different na-

tures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horse, bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased. I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of Crambo. I heard several Double Rhymes as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of Puns. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and, in the midst of it, a person of a most beautiful aspect; her name was Truth. On her right-hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand; his name was Wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, inasmuch that the goddess of these regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. At the march

of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the regions of Falshood to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neutrals, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses; men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind those of Falshood.

The goddess of Falshood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light, which flowed from Truth, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge phantom than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the goddess: and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathized with their leader, and shrunk into

nothing, in proportion as the god disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wind to the woods; the fountains reced their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature true and genuine appearance. Then I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream when I saw this region of prodigiously stored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much turbed my imagination, I took a survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impossible to look at the first without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind the strong and compact body of fiction. The genius of Heroic Poetry appeared with a sword in her hand, and a crown on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypress, and covered with dipped in blood. Satire had smiled in her look, and a dagger under her ment. Rhetoric was known by a thunderbolt, and Comedy by her low. After several other figures, Epic marched up in the rear, who had posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt his enemy, whom he was suspected to have in his heart. I was very much delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was something amiable and yet so piercing in his look as inspired me at once with love and honor. As I was gazing on him, to unspeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive him, I knocked it against a chair back by that means awaked.

## Nº LXIV. MONDAY, MAY 14.

—NIG VIVIMUS AMBITIOSA  
PAUPER TATE OMNES.—

JUV. SAT. III. 1

THE FACE OF WEALTH IN POVERTY WE WEAR.

**T**HE most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the

rules of nature, law, and common sense; but at present I shall confine my censure to the effect it has upon our minds, by looking into our behavior when it is the fashion to go into it.

ing. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the dead by our habits, certainly had it's rise from the real sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their minds, made an apology for not joining with the rest of the world in their ordinary diversions by a dress suited to their condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress; to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of time this laudable distinction of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You see nothing but magnificence and solemnity in the equipage of the relict, and an air of release from servitude in the pomp of a son who has lost a wealthy father. This fashion of sorrow is now become a generous part of the ceremonial between princes and sovereigns, who in the language of all nations are stiled brothers to each other, and put on the purple upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who with themselves such, are immediately seized with grief from head to foot upon this disaster to their prince; so that one may know, by the very buckles of a gentleman-usher, what degree of friendship any deceased monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions; he deals much in whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

The general affectation among men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You see the lady, who the day before was as various as a rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose fortunes can support any change in their equipage, not on those only whose incomes demand the wantonness of new appearances; but on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of ninety pounds a year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fa-

shion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black suit upon the death of the King of Spain, he turned it for the King of Portugal, and he now keeps his chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor. He is a good economist in his extravagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-grey suit for any potentate of small territories; he indeed adds his crape hat-band for a prince whose exploits he has admired in the Gazette. But whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and milliners. A prince of a merciful and royal disposition would reflect with great anxiety upon the prospect of his death, if he considered what numbers would be reduced to misery by that accident only; he would think it of moment enough to direct, that in the notification of his departure, the honour done to him might be retrained to those of the household of the prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general mourning to be in a less degree the same ceremony which is practised in barbarous nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their kings.

I had been wonderfully at a loss for many months together, to guess at the character of a man who came now and then to our coffee-house; he ever ended a news-paper with this reflection: 'Well, I see all the foreign princes are in good health.' If you asked—'Pray, Sir, what says the Postman from Vienna?' he answered—'Make us thankful, the German princes are all well.'—'What does he say from Barcelona?'—'He does not speak but that the country agrees very well with the new queen. After very much inquiry, I found this man of universal loyalty was a wholesale dealer in silks and ribbons: his way is, it seems, if he hires a weaver or workman, to have it inserted in his articles—'That all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign potentate shall depart this life within the time above-mentioned.' It happens in all public mournings, that the many trades which depend upon our habits, are during that sally either pinched with present want, or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expences, which is a sort of insulting the

scarcity under which others labour, is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give supplies to the necessities of the poor; but instead of any other good arising from the affectation of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true honour, which one court does to another on that occasion, loses it's force and efficacy. When a foreign minister beholds the court of a nation, which flourishes in riches and plenty, lay aside, upon the loss of his master, all marks of splendor and magnificence, though the head of such a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done his master, than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the wife of a trades-

man whom she has lost of her family; and after some preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, that we have lost one of the house of Austria? Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the court which pays that veneration to their friendship, and seems to express on such an occasion the sense of the uncertainty of human life in general, by assuming the habit of sorrow, though in the full possession of triumph and royalty. R

## Nº LXV. TUESDAY, MAY 15.

—DEMETRI TEQUE TIGELLI  
DISCIPULORUM INTER JUBILO FLORARE CATHEDRAS.

HOR. SAT. I. L. 90.

DEMETRIUS AND TIGELLIUS, KNOW YOUR PLACE;  
GO HENCE, AND WHINE AMONG THE SCHOOL-BOY RACE.

**A**FTER having at large explained what wit is, and described the false appearances of it, all that labour seems but an useless inquiry, without some time be spent in considering the application of it. The feat of wit, when one speaks as a man of the town and the world, is the playhouse; I shall therefore fill this paper with reflections upon the use of it in that place. The application of wit in the theatre has as strong an effect upon the manners of our gentlemen, as the taste of it has upon the writings of our authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous work, though not foreign from the duty of a Spectator, to tax the writings of such as have long had the general applause of a nation; but I shall always make reason, truth, and nature, the measures of praise and dispraise; if those are for me, the generality of opinion is of no consequence against me; if they are against me, the general opinion cannot long support me.

Without further preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded plays, and see whether they deserve the figure they at present bear in the imaginations of men, or not.

In reflecting upon these works, I shall

chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective play is most celebrated. The present paper shall be employed upon Sir Fopling Flutter. The received character of this play is, that it is the pattern of genteel comedy. Dorimant and Harriot are the characters of greatest consequence; and if these are low and mean, the reputation of the play is very unjust.

I will take it for granted, that a fine gentleman should be honest in his actions, and refined in his language. Instead of this, our hero in this piece is a direct knave in his designs, and a clown in his language. Bellair is his admirer and friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater wit than his said friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young lady, whose virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a wife, and then she cannot but fall to his share, as he is an irresistible fine gentleman. The falsehood to Mrs. Loveit, and the barbarity of triumphing over her anguish for losing him, is another instance of his honesty, as well as his good-nature. As to his fine language, he calls the orange-woman, who it seems is inclined to grow fat, 'an overgrown jade, with a basket of guts before her;' and si-

lutes her with a pretty phrase of—'How 'now, double-tripe?' Upon the mention of a country gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, no one can imagine why, he 'will lay his life she is 'some awkward ill-fashioned country 'toad, who, not having above four 'dozen of hairs on her head, has adorned 'her baldness with a large white friz, 'that she may look sparkishly in the 'fore-front of the king's box at an 'old play.' Unnatural mixture of senseless common-place!

As to the generosity of his temper, he tells his poor footman, if he did not wait better, he would turn him away, in the insolent phrase of—'I'll uncase 'you.'

Now for Mrs. Harriot; she laughs at obedience to an absent mother, whose tenderness Buify describes to be very excessive, for 'that she is so pleased with 'reading Harriot again, that she cannot 'chide her for being out of the way.' This witty daughter, and fine lady, has little respect for this good woman, and she ridicules her air in taking leave, and cries—'In what struggle is my 'poor mother yonder? See, see her 'head tottering, her eyes staring, and 'her under-lip trembling.' But all this is atoned for, because 'she has 'more wit than is usual in her sex, 'and as much malice, though she is 'as wild as you would wish her, and 'has a deumourness in her looks that 'makes it so surprising!' Then to recommend her as a fit spouse for his hero, the poet makes her speak her sense of marriage very ingeniously; 'I think,' says she, 'I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable 'woman should expect in an husband.' It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to understand how she that was bred under a silly pious old mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the negligence of every thing, which engages the attention of the sober and valuable part of mankind, appears very well drawn in this piece; but it is denied, that it is necessary to the character of a fine gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all order and de-

cency. As for the character of Dorimant, it is more of a coxcomb than that of Fopling. He says of one of his companions, that a good correspondence between them is their mutual interest. Speaking of that friend, he declares, their being much together 'makes the 'women think the better of his under-standing, and judge more favourably 'of my reputation.' It makes him pass 'upon time for a man of very good 'sense, and me upon others for a very 'civil person.'

This whole celebrated piece is a perfect contradiction to good manners, good sense, and common honesty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence, according to the notion of merit in this comedy, I take the shoemaker to be, in reality, the fine gentleman of the play; for it seems he is an Atheist, if we may depend upon his character as given by the orange-woman, who is herself far from being the lowest in the play. She says of a fine man, who is Dorimant's companion, 'there is not such 'another heathen in the town, except the 'shoemaker.' His pretension to be the hero of the drama appears still more in his own description of his way of living with his lady. 'There is,' says he, 'never a man in town lives more like 'a gentleman with his wife than I do; 'I never mind her motions; she never 'inquires into mine. We speak to one 'another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is vulgar to lie and 'soak together, we have each of us our 'several settle-bed.' That of soaking together is as good as if Dorimant had spoken it himself; and, I think, since he puts human nature in as ugly a form as the circumstance will bear, and is a staunch unbeliever, he is very much wronged in having no part of the good fortune bestowed in the last act.

To speak plainly of this whole work, I think nothing but being led to a sense of innocence and virtue can make any one see this comedy, without observing more frequent occasion to move sorrow and indignation, than mirth and laughter. At the same time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in it's utmost corruption and degeneracy. R

N<sup>o</sup> LXVI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16.

MOTUS DOCERI GAUDET IONICUS  
MATURA VIRGO, ET FINGITUR ARTUBUS  
JAM NUNC, ET INCESTOS AMORES  
DE TENERO MEDITATUR UNGUI.

HOR. OD. III. VI.

BEHOLD A RIPE AND MELTING MAID  
BOUND 'PRENTICE TO THE WANTON TRADE:  
IONIAN ARTISTS, AT A MIGHTY PRICE,  
INSTRUCT HER IN THE MYSTERIES OF VICE,  
WHAT NETS TO SPREAD, WHERE SUBTLE BAITS TO LAY;  
AND WITH AN EARLY HAND THEY FORM THE TEMPER'D CLAY.  
ROSCOM

THE two following letters are upon a subject of very great importance; though expressed without any air of gravity.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I Take the freedom of asking your advice in behalf of a young country kinswoman of mine who is lately come to town, and under my care for her education. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how uninformed a creature it is. She comes to my hands just as nature left her, half-finished, and without any acquired improvements. When I look on her I often think of the Belle Sauvage mentioned in one of your papers. Dear Mr. Spectator, help me to make her comprehend the visible graces of speech, and the dumb eloquence of motion; for she is at present a perfect stranger to both. She knows no way to express herself but by her tongue, and that always to signify her meaning. Her eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a foreigner to the language of looks and glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than any body. I have bestowed two months in teaching her to sigh when she is not concerned, and to smile when she is not pleased; and am ashamed to own she makes little or no improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk, than she was to go at a year old. By walking you will easily know I mean that regular but easy motion, which gives our persons so irresistible a grace as if we moved to music, and is a kind of disengaged figure, or, if I may so speak, recitative dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no ear, and means nothing by walking so but change her place. I could par-

don too her blushing, if she knew to carry herself in it, and if it could manifestly injure her complexion.

They tell me you are a person who have seen the world, and are a judicious fine-breeding; which makes me anxious of some instructions from you for her improvement; which when you have favoured me with, shall I further with you about the disposal of the forester in marriage; for I will not be so secret to you, that her perfect education are to be her fortune. Sir, your very humble servant,

CELIM

SIR,

BEING employed by Celim to make up and send to you her I make bold to recommend the therein mentioned to your confidence because she and I happen to differ in our notions. I, who am a man, am afraid the young girl is a fair way to be spoiled; therefore Mr. Spectator, let us have your opinion of this fine thing called Breeding; for I am afraid it differs much from that plain thing called Breeding.

Your most humble servant

The general mistake among us in educating our children, is, that of daughters, we take care of their minds, and neglect their bodies; in our sons we are so intent upon adorning them, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a lady celebrated and admired in assemblies about town, when her brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill management it is that we frequently observe a man's half spent before he is taken, and a woman in the prime of

fashion and neglected. The all consider upon some other occasion at present stick to the girl; and are more inclined to this, because several letters which complain to my female readers have not unlike me some days last past, and ourselves to be unconcerned in the turn of my writings. When safely brought from her nurse, she is capable of forming one notion of any thing in life, she is turned to the hands of her dancing-master, and with a collar round her neck, every wild thing is taught a gravity of behaviour, and forced into a particular way of holding her head, and her breast, and moving with the body; and all this under pain of having an husband, if she looks, or moves awry. This is the young lady wonderful work-  
 imagination, what is to pass better and this husband that she is content told of, and for whom she is to be educated. Thus her is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her person, as will determine her good and ill in the end; and she naturally thinks, if she is not enough, she is wise enough

for any thing for which her education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable person is the main purpose of her parents; to that is all their costs, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our present numerous race of coquettes. These reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my advice on the subject of managing the wild thing mentioned in the letter of my correspondent. But sure there is a middle way to be followed; the management of a young lady's person is not to be overlooked, but the erudition of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body express the virtues of the mind.

Cleomira dances with all the elegance of motion imaginable; but her eyes are so chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts, that she raises in her beholders admiration and goodwill, but no loose hope or wild imagination. The true art in this case is, to make the mind and body improve together; and, if possible, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture. R

## NO LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 17.

SALTARE ELEGANTIUS QUAM NECESSE EST PROBARE.

SALLUST.

TOO FINE A DANCER FOR A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

DIAN, in one of his dialogues, introduces a philosopher chiding him for his being a lover of dancing and a frequenter of balls. He undertakes the defence of his favourite diversion, which, he says, was invented by the goddess Rhea, preserved the life of Jupiter himself, the cruelty of his father Saturnus proceeds to shew, that it had been used by the greatest men in all ages; Homer calls Merion a Fine Dancer; yes, that the graceful mien and agility which he had acquired by exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the armies, both of Greeks and Trojans.

adds, that Pyrrhus gained more glory by inventing the dance which he used, than by all his

other actions: that the Lacedæmonians, who were the bravest people in Greece, gave great encouragement to this diversion, and made their Hormus, a dance much resembling the French Brawl, famous over all Asia: that there were still extant some Thesalian statues erected to the honour of their best dancers; and that he wondered how his brother philosopher could declare himself against the opinions of those two persons, whom he professed so much to admire, Homer and Hesiod; the latter of which compares valour and dancing together; and says, 'that the gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.'

Lastly, he puts him in mind that Socrates, who, in the judgment of Apollo, was the wisest of men, was not only a

professed



professed admirer of this exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

The morose philosopher is so much affected by these, and some other authorities, that he becomes a convert to his friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next ball.

I love to shelter myself under the examples of great men; and I think, I have sufficiently shewed that it is not below the dignity of these my speculations to take notice of the following letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial tradesman about 'Change.

SIR,

I Am a man in years, and by an honest industry in the world have acquired enough to give my children a liberal education, though I was an utter stranger to it myself. My eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, has for some time been under the tuition of Monsieur Rigadoon, a dancing-master in the city; and I was prevailed upon by her and her mother to go last night to one of his balls. I must own to you, Sir, that having never been at any such place before, I was very much pleased and surprised with that part of his entertainment which he called French Dancing. There were several young men and women, whose limbs seemed to have no other motion, but purely what the music gave them. After this part was over, they began a diversion which they call Country Dancing, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers Emblematical Figures, composed, as I guess, by wise men, for the instruction of youth.

Among the rest, I observed one, which, I think, they call Hunt the Squirrel, in which while the woman flies the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex.

But as the best institutions are liable to corruptions, so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by, and handing, young fellows with so much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lasciv-

ious step called Setting, which not how to describe to you, but I ing you that it is the very reverse back to back. At last an im young dog bid the fiddlers play: called Moll Pately, and after made two or three capers, ran partner, locked his arms in her whiskered her round cleverly above, in such a manner, that I, who saw one of the lowest benches, saw above her shoe than I can think acquaint you with. I could not endure these enormities; wherefore as my girl was going to be made a lig'g, I ran in, seized on the child carried her home.

Sir, I am not yet old enough to fool. I suppose this diversion must at first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these. I know not what you will say to me at present, but am sure that you been with me, you would have matter of great speculation. I am

Yours

I must confess I am afraid the correspondent had too much real be a little out of humour at the ment of his daughter; but I cor that he would have been much more had he seen one of those kissing in which Will Honeycomb assures they are obliged to dwell almost mute on the fair-one's lips, or the be too quick for the music, and quite out of time.

I am not able, however, to give final sentence against this diversion am of Mr. Cowley's opinion, that much of dancing, at least, as be to the behaviour and an handson riage of the body, is extremely useful if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such ideas of ple at first sight, as we are hardly persuaded to lay aside afterward: this reason, a man would wish to nothing disagreeable or uncomely approaches, and to be able to en room with a good grace.

I might add, that a moderate knowledge in the little rules of good-bre gives a man some assurance, and him easy in all companies. For of this, I have seen a professor of liberal science at a loss to salute

an excellent mathematician not determine whether he should while my lord drank to him. proper business of a dancing-regulate these matters; though to be a just observation, that I add something of your own these fine gentlemen teach you, they are wholly ignorant of it, you will much sooner get tired of an affected fop, than of a man.

Country Dancing, it must be confessed that the great familiarity between the two sexes on this may sometimes produce very bad consequences; and I have thought that few ladies hearts are so soft as not to be melted by the music, the force of motion, and some young fellow who is always playing before their eyes, convincing them that he has the use of all his limbs.

This kind of dance is the preservation of our own country, for every one is more or less a proponent, I would not discountenance either I suppose it may be practised by others, as well as by those who are often partners to my eldest daughter.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

I have heard a good character of the representation of pictures which is to be

exposed to sale on Friday next; and concluding from the following letter, that the person who collected them is a man of no unequal taste, I will be so much his friend as to publish it, provided the reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an advertisement.

#### FROM THE THREE CHAIRS IN THE PIAZZA, COVENT GARDEN.

SIR,

MAY 16, 1711.

AS you are a Spectator, I think we, who make it our business to exhibit any thing to public view, ought to apply ourselves to you for your approbation. I have travelled Europe, to furnish out a show for you, and have brought with me what has been admired in every country through which I passed. You have declared in many papers, that your greatest delights are those of the eye, which I do not doubt but I shall gratify with as beautiful objects as yours ever beheld. If castles, forests, ruins, fine women, and graceful men, can please you, I dare promise you much satisfaction, if you will appear at my auction on Friday next. At sight is, I suppose, as grateful to a Spectator, as a treat to another person, and therefore I hope you will pardon this invitation from, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

X

J. GRAHAM,

### Nº LXVIII. FRIDAY, MAY 18.

NOS DUO TURBA SUMUS——

OVID. MET. I. 355.

WE TWO ARE A MULTITUDE.

I would think that the larger company is in which we are the greater variety of thoughts. It would be started in dispute, instead of this, we find satisfaction is never so much straitened as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together subject of discourse, their detaken up chiefly with formal positions; nay, if we come to a contracted assembly of men, the talk generally runs upon fashions, news, and the common topics. In proportion as we get into clubs and knots

of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing

dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatise entitled, *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour; and laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends. 'Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.' With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends; and with what strokes of nature, I could almost say of humour, has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend?—'If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife will discover thy reproach.' Again—'Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face.' What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse?—'Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.' In the next words he particularizes one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime.—'A faithful friend is a strong

defence; and he that hath four an one, hath found a treasure. A thing doth countervail a friend, and his excellency is incredible. A faithful friend is the sunshine of life; and they that seek the Lord shall find him. Whoso the Lord shall direct his friend aright; for as he is, so shall his hour; that is, his friend, 'b I do not remember to have met with saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish naturally cleave to our existence world; and am wonderfully pleased the turn in the last sentence, 'Thetuous man shall as a blessing me a friend who is as virtuous as I. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very admired in an heathen writer—'Take not an old friend, for the is not comparable to him: a new is as new wine; when it is old shalt drink it with pleasure.' What strength of allusion, and of thought, has he described the benefits and violations of friendship!—'Casteth a stone at the birds, and they are away; and he that upbraids his friend, breaketh friendship. If thou drawest a sword at a friend, thou drawest a sword at a friend; despair not; for there may be a change of favour: if thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear there may be a reconciliation; for upbraiding, or pride, or discontent, or secrets, or a treacherous friend, for these things every friend will depart.' We may observe in these several other precepts in this treatise those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Seneca. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passage which are likewise written upon the same subject—'Whoso discovereth his secret, loseth his credit, and shall never be a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but bewrayest his secrets, follow him after him: for as a man hath sown seed to his enemy, so hath thou sown seed to thy friend; as one that letteth go out of his hand, so hath thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he

if he is as a roe escaped out of snare. As for a wound, it may mend up, and after reviling there be reconciliation; but he that believeth secrets, is without hope.

Among the several qualifications of a friend, this wise man has very singled out constancy and faith—as the principal: to these, others added virtue, knowledge, discreteness in age and fortune, and so calls it, '*Morum Comitatus*—a closeness of temper.' If I were to give opinion upon such an exhausted I should join to these other qualities a certain equability or even-behaviour. A man often confides in friendship with one whom he does not find out till after a conversation; when on a sudden some ill humour breaks out upon which he never discovered or suspected him. There are several persons in some certain periods of their

lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram:

*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

EPIC. xii. 47.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen  
about thee,

There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious: and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character. Q

## N° LXIX. SATURDAY, MAY 19.

HIC SEGETES, ILLIC VENIUNT FELICIUS UVÆ:  
ARBOREI FOETUS ALIBI ATQUE INJUSSA VIRESCUNT  
GRAMINA. NONNE VIDES, CROCOS UT TMOLUS ODORES,  
INDIA MITTIT EBUR, MOLLES SUA THURA SASSI?  
AT CHALYBES NUDI FERRUM, VIROSAQUE PONTUS  
CASTOREA, EPIADUM PALMAS EPIRUS EQUARUM?  
CONTINUO HAS LEGES ÆTERNAQUE FORDERA CERTIS  
IMPOSUIT NATURA LOCIS —

VIRG. GEORG. I. 54.

THIS GROUND WITH BACCHUS, THAT WITH CERES SUITS:  
THAT OTHER LOADS THE TREES WITH MAPPY FRUITS;  
A FOURTH WITH GRASS, UNBIDDEN, DECKS THE BOUNDS  
THUS TMOLUS IS WITH YELLOW SAFFRON CROWN'D;  
INDIA BLACK EBON AND WHITE IV'RY BEARS;  
AND SOFT IDUME WEEPS HER OD'ROUS TEARS;  
THUS PONTUS SENDS HER BEAVER STONES FROM FAR;  
AND NAKED SPARTIARDS TEMPER STEEL FOR WAR:  
EPIRUS FOR TH' ELEAN CHARIOT BREEDS  
(IN HOPES OF PALMS) A RACE OF RUNNING STEEDS.  
THIS IS TH' ORIGINAL CONTRACT; THESE THE LAWS  
IMPOS'D BY NATURE, AND BY NATURE'S CAUSE.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no place in town which so much love to frequent as the exchange. It gives me a secret pleasure, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman to see so rich an assembly of countrypersons and foreigners consulting together about the private business of man-

kind, and making this metropolis a kind of Emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties,

treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians: sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a how and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, in so much that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the

natives of the several parts of might have a kind of depend one another, and be united to their common interest. A little degree produces something of it. The food often grows in the soil, and the sauce in another; fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes: the tea a China plant sweetened with the juice of an Indian cane. The Philipine give a flavour to our European The single dress of a woman is often the product of an hundred nations. The manners together from the different parts of the earth. The scarf is sent from the East; and the tippet from the West; the brocade petticoat of the mines of Peru; and the necklace out of the bowels of the earth.

If we consider our own country's natural prospect, without benefits and advantages of what a barren uncomfortable earth falls to our share! Nations tell us, that no fruit grows naturally among us, besides hips, acorns and pig-nuts, with other species of the like nature; that of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advantage of a plum than to a stone; an apple to no greater use than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and in our English gardens; and would all degenerate and fall to the trash of our own countrey were wholly neglected by us, and left to the mercy of the soil. Nor has traffic more effect in a vegetable world, than it has in the whole face of nature among ships are laden with the harvest of the climate: our tables are stored with delicacies, and our cellars with wines; our roads are lined with pyramids of China; with the workmanship of the East; our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; our bodies by the drugs of the East; and repose ourselves under the shade of the vine. My friend Sir Andrew tells me, that our vineyards of France, our spice-islands, our hot-beds, our silk-weavers, and the

Nature indeed furnishes us with the necessities of life; but traffic is a great variety of what is used at the same supplies us with things that is convenient and ornamental.

Nor is it the least part of this happiness, that whilst we enjoy the products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of cold and heat which give them birth: that our spirits are refreshed with the green fields of the country, at the same time that our palates are gratified with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more members in a commonwealth than in a family. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find food for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. The English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exports his wool for rubies. The Mammocks are clothed in our British manufactures; and the inhabitants of the

frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the Exchange, I have often fancied one of our kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire: it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

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## Nº LXX. MONDAY, MAY 21.

INTERDUM VULGUS RECTUM VIDET.

HOR. EP. II. L. 63.

SOMETIMES THE VULGAR SEE, AND JUDGE, ARIGHT.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the legends and fables that are come from foreign countries, and are most in vogue among the common people of the country through which I passed; for it is a great satisfaction to be informed that any thing should be universal, and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of the country, which hath not in it more aptness to please and gratify the human mind. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and as we fall in with it, will meet with success amongst readers of all various conditions. Moliere, we are told, Monsieur Boileau, used to read his comedies to an old woman who was house-keeper, as she sat with her work by the chimney-corner; and would foretell the success of his play before he wrote it, from the reception it met with: for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman,

and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigrams. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Martial; or a poem of Cowley; so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary

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reader,

reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of Chevy-Chase is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of poetry, speaks of it in the following words: 'I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?' For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country: the poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he

draws from it a precept for that of his readers.

God save the king, and blest be  
In plenty, joy, and peace;  
And grant henceforth that soul  
Twixt noblemen may cease.

The next point observed by the heroic poets, hath been to celebrate sons and actions, which do honour to their country: thus Virgil's *Æneid* the founder of Rome; Homer's of Greece; and for this reason Lucius Flaccus and Statius, both Romans, might be justified for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece, and the Wars of Troy for the subject of their epic works.

The poet before us has not omitted an hero in his own country, raises the reputation of it by beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field, and who quit it. The English but fifteen hundred to the battle; the Scots two thousand. The English field with fifty-three; the Scots with fifty-five: all the rest on being slain in battle. But the remarkable circumstance of this is the different manner in which the English and Scots receive the result of this fight, and of the great men who commanded in it.

This news was brought to Edin  
Where Scotland's king did sit  
That brave Earl Douglas sudden  
Was with an arrow slain.

'O heavy news,' King James  
'Scotland can witness be,  
'I have not any captain more  
'Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Piercy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

'Now God be with him,' said on  
'Sith 'twill no better be,  
'I trust I have within my reach  
'Five hundred good as he.

'Yet shall not Scot nor Scotsman  
'But I will vengeance take,  
'And be revenged on them all  
'For brave Lord Piercy's fall

This vow full well the king paid  
After, on Humble-down;  
In one day fifty knights were slain  
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many thousands die, &c.

At the same time that our poet shews a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. 'One of us two,' says he, 'must die. I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however,' says he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes; rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.'

'Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
'One of us two shall die;  
'I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
'Lord Piercy, so am I.  
'But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,  
'And great offence, to kill  
'Any of these harmless men,  
'For they have done no ill.  
'Let thou and I the battle try,  
'And set our men aside."  
'Accurst be he,' Lord Piercy said,  
'By whom this is deny'd.'

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall.

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,  
'Fight on, my merry men all,  
'For why, my life is at an end,  
'Lord Piercy sees my fall.'

Merry Men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's *Æneid* is very much to be admired, where Camilla in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only, like the hero of whom we are now

speaking, how the battle should be continued after her death.

*Tum sic expirans Accam ex aequalibus unam  
Allegitur; fida ante olias quæ sola Camilla,  
Quicum partiri curas; atque hæc ita saturo  
Hæstus, Acca soror, potui: nunc quibus  
ætherum*

*Conficit et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum  
Effuge, et hæc Turno mandata novissima  
perfer;*

*Succedat pugna, Trojansque arceat urbes  
Jusque vale.*—— *ÆN. xi. 820.*

A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,  
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.  
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.  
'Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my fight,  
'Inexorable death! and claims his right.  
'Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,  
'And bid him timely to my charge succeed;  
'Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve;  
'Farewell.'

DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner; though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse,

'Lord Piercy sees my fall.'

*— Misisti, et visum tendere palmas  
Anxiosè videre*—— *ÆN. xii. 936.*

The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life.

DRYDEN.

Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said—'Earl Douglas, for thy life  
'Would I had lost my land.  
'O Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
'With sorrow for thy sake;  
'For sure a more renowned knight  
'Mischance did never take.'

That beautiful line, Taking the dead man by the hand, will put the reader in mind of *Æneas's* behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

*At uerè ut uultum vidit morientis, et ora,  
Ora modis Anchisades pallentia miris;  
Ingenuit, miseram graviter, dextramque te-  
tendit.*—— *ÆN. x. 822.*

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;  
He grieved, he wept; then grasp'd his hand,  
and said, &c.

DRYDEN.

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old song.



N<sup>o</sup> LXXI. TUESDAY, MAY 22.

—SCRIBERE JUSSIT AMOR.

OVID. EPIST.

LOVE MADE ME WRITE.

THE intire conquest of our passions is so difficult a work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult task, and only attempt to regulate them. But there is a third thing, which may contribute not only to the ease, but also to the pleasure of our life; and that is, refining our passions to a greater elegance than we receive them from nature. When the passion is love, this work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated minds, by the mere force and dignity of the object. There are forms which naturally create respect in the beholders, and at once inflame and chastise the imagination. Such an impression as this gives an immediate ambition to deserve, in order to please. This cause and effect are beautifully described by Mr. Dryden in the fable of Cimon and Iphigenia. After he has represented Cimon so stupid, that—

He whistled as he went, for want of thought—  
he makes him fall into the following scene, and shews it's influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as natural as wonderful.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday  
That to the green wood-shade he took his way;  
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,  
Hung half before, and half behind his back.  
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,  
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;  
Where in a plain, defended by the wood,  
Crept thro' the matted grass a crystal flood,  
By which an alabaster fountain stood;  
And on the margin of the fount was laid,  
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid;  
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir'd with sport,

To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.  
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,  
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,  
Than by the charming features of her face,  
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:  
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,

*Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;  
Her bosom to the view was only bare:*

The fanning wind upon her bosom  
To meet the fanning wind the bo  
The fanning wind and purling  
continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with  
And gaping mouth, that testify'  
Fix'd on her face, nor could remo  
New as he was to love, and novic  
Long mute he stood; and, leaning  
His wonder witness'd with an id  
Then would have spoke; but, by hi  
sense,

First found his want of words, ar  
sence;  
Doubted for what he was he shoul  
By his clown-accent, and his coo

But lest this fine description be excepted against, as the that great master, Mr. Dryden an account of what has really pened in the world; I shall verbatim the epistle of an footman in the country to his Their surnames shall not be because their passion demand respect than is due to their James is servant in a great Elizabeth waits upon the one as numerous, some miles lover. James, before he beh was vain of his strength, a roller, and quarrelsome cudg Betty a public dancer at a romp at stool ball: he always idle women, she playing amor sants; he a country bully, s try coquette. But love has constantly in her mistress's where the young lady gratifi passion of her own, by mak talk of James; and James is constant waiter near his mament, in reading, as well as mances. I cannot learn who who it seems walked ten mile the angry message, which gav to what follows.

TO ELIZABETH —

MY DEAR BETTY, MAY  
REMEMBER your blees  
who lies bleeding at d  
Cupid made with the arrow

rowed at the eyes of Venus, which is your sweet person.

Nay more, with the token you sent me for my love and service offered to your sweet person; which was your base respects to my ill conditions; when, alas! there is no ill conditions in me, but quite contrary; all love and purity, especially to your sweet person; but all this I take as a jest.

But the sad and dismal news which Molly brought me struck me to the heart, which was, it seems, and is, your ill conditions for my love and respects to you.

For she told me, if I came forty times to you, you would not speak with me, which words I am sure is a great grief to me.

Now, my dear, if I may not be permitted to your sweet company, and to have the happiness of speaking with your sweet person, I beg the favour of you to accept of this my secret mind and thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my breast; the which if you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my heart.

For indeed, my dear, I love you above all the beauties I ever saw in all my life.

The young gentleman, and my master's daughter, the Londoner that is come down to marry her, sat in the about most part of last night. O! dear Betty, must the nightingales sing to those who marry for money, and not to us true lovers! Oh, my dear Betty, that we could meet this night where we used to do in the wood!

Now, my dear, if I may not have the blessing of kissing your sweet lips, I beg I may have the happiness of kissing your fair hand, with a few lines from your dear self, presented by whom you please or think fit. I believe, if time would permit me, I could write all day; but the time being short, and paper little, no more from your never-failing lover till death,

JAMES —

Poor James! since his time and paper were so short; I, that have more than I can use well of both, will put the sentiments of his kind letter, the stile of which seems to be confused with scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand, into what he meant to express.

DEAR CREATURE,

CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his recreations and enjoyments to pine away his life in thinking of you? When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than Venus does in the most beautiful description that ever was made of her. All this kindness you return with an accusation, that I do not love you: but the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the certainty given me in your message by Molly, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all comfort. She says you will not see me: if you can have so much cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the impression made by your fair hand. I love you above all things; and, in my condition, what you look upon with indifference is to me the most exquisite pleasure or pain. Our young lady, and a fine gentleman from London, who are to marry for mercenary ends, walk about our gardens, and hear the voice of evening nightingales, as if for fashion sake they courted those solitudes, because they have heard lovers do so. Oh, Betty! could I hear those rivelets murmur, and birds sing while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both servants, that there is any thing on earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till death itself.

JAMES.

N. B. By the word II<sup>d</sup>-Conditions, James means in a woman Coquetry, in a man Inconstancy. R

N<sup>o</sup> LXXII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23.

—GENUS IMMORTALE MANET, MULTOSQUE PER ANNOS  
STAT FORTUNA DOMUS, ET AVI NUMERANTUR AVORUM.

VIRG. GEORG. IV. 208.

TH' IMMORTAL LINE IN SURE SUCCESSION REIGNS,  
THE FORTUNE OF THE FAMILY REMAINS,  
AND GRANDSIRE'S GRANDSON'S THE LONG LIST CONTAINS.

} DRYDEN.

**H**AVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my reader than it was to myself; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in it's kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting Club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to inquire into the nature of a club that had such a founding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

**T**HE Everlasting Club consists of an hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the Everlasting Club never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in a readiness to fill it; in-somuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the memory of man,

This club was instituted towards the end, or, as some of them say, about the middle, of, the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the Great Fire, which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, which was demolished in order to stop the fire; and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said, that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but, after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *senius contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the Everlasting Club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of it's several members, which I shall do according to the best lights I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general; that, since their first institution, they have smoked fifty ton of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy; and a kilderkin of small-beer. There has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's club, which orders the fire to be always kept in, *focus perennis esto*, as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the

the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The Everlasting Club treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse, as much as I have been able to learn of it, turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together: sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King Charles's reign; and sometimes reflect with asto-

nishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours, to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, and settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessities.

The senior-member has outlived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

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N<sup>o</sup> LXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 24.

— O DEA CERTE!

VIRG. ÆN. I. 332.

O GODDESS! FOR NO LESS YOU SEEM.

**I**T is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame: that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery, should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him on to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty; but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair-sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration: and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion!

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devotion? How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of woman-kind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name?

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of Idols. An Idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your Idols appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The playhouse is very frequently filled with Idols; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their worship even in churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power; joys of heaven, and pains of hell, are at their disposal; paradise is in their arms; and eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports, and extasies, are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that Ovid's book of the Art of Love is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an Idol.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of Idols, as Milton's was to number those that were known in Canaan, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like Moloch, in fire and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to see their votaries cut and flayed, and shed-

ding their blood for them like the in the Apocrypha, must have treat collations prepared for them every day. It has indeed been known, that of them have been used by their idol worshippers like the Chinese Idols, are whipped and scourged when refuse to comply with the prayers are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those idolaters, who devote themselves to Idols I am here speaking of, differ much from all other kinds of idol. For as others fall out because they worship different Idols, these idolaters rebel because they worship the same.

The intention, therefore, of the is quite contrary to the wishes of an idolater: as the one desires to convert the Idol to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an Idol prettily described in a tale of Chaucer represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries: she, who are all of them courting her, and paying their adoration. She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which lay under the table. 'Now which of the three,' says the old bard, 'do you think was the favourite?'—In answer he says, 'not one of all the three.'

The behaviour of this old Idol Chaucer, puts me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the greatest among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candlelight, in the form of a large congregation, generally called an assembly. Some of the youths in the nation endeavour to form with multitudes of tapers burn about her. To encourage the idolaters, she bestows a mark of favour upon every one of them, as they go out of her presence. She a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to the fifth on an occasion of taking it. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to new his devotions on the same hour that day sevennight.

An Idol may be undeified by accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-Apoc-

ification inverted. When a man is familiar with his goddess, she sinks into a woman.

Age is likewise a great decayer of dol. The truth of it is, there is more unhappy being than a supererogatory Idol, especially when she has shed such airs and behaviour as is graceful when her worshippers court her.

Considering, therefore, that in these many other cases the Woman generates the Idol; I must return to

the moral of this paper, and desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

C

N<sup>o</sup> LXXIV. FRIDAY, MAY 25.

PENDENT OPERA INTERRUPTA

VIRG. ÆN. IV. 83.

THE WORKS UNFINISH'D AND NEGLECTED LIE.

My last Monday's paper I gave several instances of those beauties which please the reader in the song of Chevy-Chase: I shall according to my promise, be more particular, and shew that the sentiments of that ballad are extremely natural and full, and full of that majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest ancient poets: for which reason I quote several passages of it, in the thought is altogether the same that we meet in several passages of Æneid; not that I would infer from that the poet, whoever he was, copied to himself any imitation of passages, but that he was directed in general by the same kind of genius, and by the same copyist nature.

If this old song been filled with poetical turns and points of wit, it perhaps have pleased the wrong sort of readers; but it would never become the delight of the common sort, nor have warmed the heart of Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have effect, and please those tastes which are most unprejudiced or the most liberal. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Philip Sidney, in the judgment he has passed as to the rude stile and apparel of this antiquated song; there are several parts in it where the thought is but the language is poetic, and the numbers sonorous;

at least, the apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the poets made use of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza—

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Piercy took his way;  
The child may rue that was unborn  
The hunting of that day!

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

*Audiet pugnas, visio parentum*

*Rara juvenis.* HOR. OD. I. II. 23.

Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers crimes,  
Shall read, with grief, the story of their times.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas!

The stout earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summers days to take.

T 2

With

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well, in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take,  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

—*Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron  
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus  
equorum;  
Et vox offensa nemorum ingeminata remugit.*  
GEORG. III. 43.

Cithæron loudly calls me to my way;  
The hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue the  
prey:  
High Epidaurus urges on my speed,  
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses breed:  
From hills and dales the cheerful cries re-  
bound;  
For echo hunts along, and propagates the  
sound.

DRYDEN.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
All marching in our fight.

All men of pleasant Tivdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed, &c.

The country of the Scotch warriors,  
described in these two last verses, has a  
fine romantic situation, and affords a  
couple of smooth words for verse. If  
the reader compares the foregoing six  
lines of the song with the following  
Latin verses, he will see how much  
they are written in the spirit of Virgil.

*Adversus campo apparent, bassasque reduitis  
Procedunt longe dextris; et spicula vibrant—  
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Ga-*

*binæ  
Juvenis, gelidumque Anienem, et rosea rivis  
Hernicus saxa colunt:—qui rosea rura Ve-*

*lini;  
Qui Tetricæ borrentes rupes, montemque Se-*

*Casperiamque colunt, Forulesque et flumen  
Himæla:*

*Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt—*

ÆN. XI. 605—7. 682. 712.

Advancing in a line, they couch their spears—  
—Præneste sends a chosen band,  
With those who plow Saturnia's Gabine land;  
Besides the succours which cold Anien yields;  
The rocks of Hernicus—besides a band,  
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land—  
And mountaineers that from Severus came;  
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica;  
And where yellow Tiber takes his way,  
And where Himæla's wanton waters play:

Casperia sends her arms, with those that  
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli. DRYD

But to proceed.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

*Turnus ut antevolvans tardum præcesserat  
men, &c.*

*Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in a  
Aureus —*

Our English archers bent their bows,  
Their hearts were good and true;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full three-score Scots they slew.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,  
No slackness there was found;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the  
A deep and deadly blow.

Æneas was wounded after the  
manner by an unknown hand in  
midst of a parley.

*Has inter voces, media inter ista verba,  
Ecce viro stridens alis al'apso sagitta est,  
Incertum quâ pulsa manu —*

ÆN. XII.

Thus while he spake, unmindful of death  
A winged arrow struck the pious prince;  
But whether from an human hand it  
Or hostile God, is left unknown by fu  
DAY

But of all the descriptive parts of  
song, there are none more beautiful  
than the four following stanzas, which  
have a great force and spirit in them  
and are filled with very natural cir-  
cumstances. The thought in the  
stanza was never touched by any  
poet, and is such an one as would  
shined in Homer or Virgil.

So thus did both those nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree,  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Unto the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right his shaft he set,  
The gray-goose wing that was there  
In his heart-blood was wet.



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This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun;  
For when they rung the ev'ning bell  
The battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poet, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain  
Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field  
One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,  
His sister's son was he;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
Yet saved could not be.

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem but to shew the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil.

*—Cadit et Ripheus, justissimus unus  
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui.  
Dis aliter visum —*

ÆN. II. 426.

Then Ripheus fell in the unequal fight,  
Just of his word, observant of the right:  
Heav'n thought not so.

DRYDEN.

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers, who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras, will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then slept a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said—'I would not have it told  
'To Henry our king for shame,

'That e'er my captain fought on foot  
'And I stood looking on.'

We meet with the same heroic sentiments in Virgil:

*Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unum  
Obsecrare animam? numerone an viribus æqui  
Non sumus —?*

ÆN. XII. 229.

For shame, Rutilians, can you bear the sight  
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?  
Can we, before the face of Heav'n, confess  
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?

DRYDEN.

What can be more natural or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

Next day did many widows come  
Their husbands to bewail;  
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,  
They bore with them away;  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
When they were clad in clay.

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding; and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothick manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil.

C

N<sup>o</sup> LXXV. SATURDAY, MAY 26.

OMNIS ARISTIPPUM DECEIT COLOR, ET STATUS, ET RES.

HOR. EP. I. XVII. 23.

ALL FORTUNE FITTED ARISTIPPUS WELL.

CREECH.

**I**T was with some mortification that I suffered the raillery of a fine lady of my acquaintance, for calling, in one of my papers, Dorimant a clown. She was so unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible taciturnity, and on that occasion, with great freedom to consider the air, the height, the face, the gesture, of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of gallantry. She is full of motion, janty, and lively in her impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the ignorant, for persons who have a great deal of humour. She had the play of Sir Fopling in her hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a creature as Dorimant now living, she began with a theatrical air and tone of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, some of his speeches.—‘Tis she, that lovely air, that easy shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which Medley spoke of; I’ll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with my friend Bellair.

In love the victors from the vanquish’d fly;  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

Then turning over the leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks—

And you and Loveit to her cost shall find  
I satom all the depths of womankind.

‘Oh the fine gentleman! But here,’ continues she, ‘is the passage I admire most, where he begins to teize Loveit, and mimick Sir Fopling: Oh the pretty satire, in his resolving to be a coxcomb to please, since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms.

I that I may successful prove,  
Transform myself to what you love.

‘Then how like a man of the town, so wild and gay is that—

The wife will find a difference in our fate,  
You wed a woman, I a good estate.

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any opposition to so nimble a speaker as my fair enemy is; but her discourse gave me very many reflections, when I had left her company. Among others, I could not but consider, with some attention, the false impressions the generality, the fair-sex more especially, have of what should be intended, when they say a fine gentleman; and could not help revolving that subject in my thoughts, and settling, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world, for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail, as the standards of behaviour, in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense, must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this subject, when I called Dorimant a clown, and made it an instance of it, that he called ‘Orange Wench, Double Tripe.’ I should have shewed, that humanity obliges a gentleman to give no part of human-kind reproach, for what they, whom they reproach, may possibly have in common with the most virtuous and worthy among us. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose: the clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man’s talk a corrupted imagination, is a much greater offence against the conversation of a gentleman, than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition, that Vocifer passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious, by turns; just as a little understanding and gross impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part

ten for a man of wit, because rally in doubt. He contrains a shrug, and confutes with inefficiency, in professing such thing is above his capacity. As his character the pleasanter is a professed deluder of woe, because the empty coxcomb would to any thing that is of it, and inviolable, I have heard a lady of fortune say, it is a gentleman as Vocifer is so theist. The crowds of such ble creatures, that infest all assembling, every reader will see eye from his own observation would it not be worth consist of sort of figure a man who himself upon those principles which are agreeable to the honour and religion, would be familiar and ordinary of life?

I have observed any one fill duties of life better than I shall the under parts of his behind such as are exposed to observation, have their rise in great and noble motives. A shaken expectation of another makes him become this. Humbled good-nature, fortified by virtue, has the same effect as the neglect of all good upon many others. Being polished in all matters of imbecility certain inattention which his actions look easy appears a greater beauty: by a contempt of little excellences, he is master of them. This tempest leaves him under no necessity of his air, and he has this function, that his negligence does.

can work himself into a plea-

sure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern, and gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures, and great anxieties; but sees it in quite another light: his griefs are momentary, and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man whose fortune is plentiful, shews an ease in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlasting rules of reason and sense, must have something so inexpressibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumstance must become him. The change of persons or things around him do not alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much in constant good-humour, and shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all? R

## Nº LXXVI. MONDAY, MAY 28.

UT TU FORTUNAM, SIC NOS TE, CELSE, PEREMUS.

HOR. EP. I. VIII. 17.

AS YOU YOUR FORTUNE BEAR, WE WILL BEAR YOU. CREECH.

It is nothing so common, as to find a man whom in the general of his carriage you take to be of a good temper, subject to such little starts of humour and pas-

sion, that he is as much unlike himself, and differs as much from the man you at first thought him, as any two distinct persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming some  
law

law of life to ourselves, or fixing some notion of things in general, which may affect us in such manner as to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence of this leaves us exposed not only to an uncommon levity in our usual conversation, but also to the same instability in our friendships, interests, and alliances. A man who is but a mere spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any consideration, is but an ill judge of the secret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated to make such visible alterations in the same person: but at the same time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect of such inconsistencies in the behaviour of men of the world, the speculation must be in the utmost degree both diverting and instructive; yet to enjoy such observations in the highest relish, he ought to be placed in a post of direction, and have the dealing of their fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some pieces of secret history, which an antiquary, my very good friend, lent me as a curiosity. They are the memoirs of the private life of Pharamond of France. 'Pharamond,' says my author, 'was a prince of infinite humanity and generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious companion of his time. He had a peculiar taste in him, which would have been unlucky in any prince but himself; he thought there could be no exquisite pleasure in conversation but among equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a crowd, but was the only man in France that never could get into company. This turn of mind made him delight in midnight rambles, attended only with one person of his bed-chamber: he would in these excursions get acquainted with men, whose temper he had a mind to try, and recommend them privately to the particular observation of his first minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new acquaintance as soon as they had hopes of growing great; and used on such occasions to remark, that it was a great injustice to tax princes of forgetting themselves in their high fortunes, when there were so few that could with constancy bear the favour of their very creatures.'

*My author in these loose hints has one*

passage that gives us a very lively the uncommon genius of Pharamond. He met with one man whom he looked to all the usual proofs he made of him that he had a mind to know thoroughly found him for his purpose: in doing with him one day, he gave him opportunity of saying how much would all his wishes. The prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the sum he spoke to him in this manner. 'you have twice what you desire the favour of Pharamond; but to it, that you are satisfied for 'tis the last you shall ever see of me. I from this moment consider you mine; and to make you truly give you my royal word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not, I have concluded the prince, smiling, 'but the fortune I have put you in, is above my own condition; I have hereafter nothing to hope or fear.'

His majesty having thus well and bought a friend and companion enjoyed alternately all the pleasure an agreeable private man and powerful monarch: he gavel with his companion, the name merry tyrant; for he punished his subjects for their insolence and folly by any act of public disfavour, humourously practising upon the imaginations. If he observed a man intractable to his inferiors, he would an opportunity to take some favourable notice of him, and render him portable. He knew all his own words, and actions, had their intentions; and his friend Monsieur de la Roche, for so he was called, his great soul without ambition, he communicated all his thoughts to him and fear no artful use would be of that freedom. It was no slight light when they were in private together upon all which had passed in public.

Pharamond would often, to the vain fool of power in his countenance to him in a full court, and would whisper make him despise all friends and acquaintance. It came to that knowledge of men observation, that he would professing the whole mass of blood and tempers by thrice speaking to the fortune was in his power, he gave himself constant entertainment in the

followers of it with the treaty deserved. He would, by a lift of his eye and half a smile, see fellows who hated, embrace upon each other's neck with as gerness, as if they followed their inclinations, and intended to kiss each other. When he was in high humour, he would lay the scene on a crate, and on a public night the passions of his whole court pleased to see an haughty beauty in the looks of the man she had long seen, from observation of his being the notice of by Pharamond; and the man receive higher hopes, than to follow a woman he was dying for the more. In a court, where men in affection in the strongest terms, like in the faintest, it was a comixture of incidents to see disguises aside in one case and increased other, according as favour or attended the respective objects of approbation or disesteem. Pharamond, in his mirth upon the meanness and, used to say, as he could

take away a man's five senses, he could give him an hundred. The man in disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural endowments, and he that finds favour have the attributes of an angel. He would carry it so far as to say, it should not be only so in the opinion of the lower part of his court, but the men themselves shall think thus meanly or greatly of themselves, as they are out, or in, the good graces of a court.

A monarch, who had wit and humour like Pharamond, must have pleasures which no man else can ever have an opportunity of enjoying. He gave fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without transport: he made a noble and generous use of his observations; and did not regard his ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but at they were useful to his kingdom: by this means the king appeared in every officer of state; and no man had a participation of the power, who had not a similitude of the virtue of Pharamond.

R

N<sup>o</sup> LXXVII. TUESDAY, MAY 29.

NON CONVIVERE LICET, NEC URBE TOTA  
QUISQUAM EST TAM PROPE TAM PROCULQUE NOBIS.

MART. EPIC. LXXXVII. 1.

WHAT CORRESPONDENCE CAN I HOLD WITH YOU,  
WHO ARE SO NEAR, AND YET SO DISTANT TOO?

My friend Will. Honeycomb is one of those sort of men who are often absent in conversation, at the French call a *revueur* and c. A little before our club-time when we were walking together in the garden, where Will. had picked a small pebble of so odd a make, said he would present it to me for his, an eminent virtuoso. As I had walked some time, I made a bow with my face towards the west, Will. knowing to be my usual way of asking what's o'clock, in an instant, immediately pulled out his watch and told me we had seven minutes. We took a turn or two when to my great surprise, I saw it was away his watch a considerable way to the Thames, and with great ease in his looks put up the pebble, before found, in his sob. As I

have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on these little absences and distractions in mankind, and resolving to make them the subject of a future speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my design, when I considered that they were very often blemishes in the characters of men of excellent sense; and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb, which Mr. Dryden has translated in the following lines:

Great wit to madness sure is near ally'd,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

My reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a man who is absent, because he thinks of something else.

U

else, from one who is absent, because he thinks of nothing at all: the latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of; but the distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons.

Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case of mathematicians and other learned men; or are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or, lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager, that he is solving a proposition in Euclid; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being impossible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country-house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself.

The method I took to conquer it was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of thinking, if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those starts of good sense and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a Puppet-show or an Opera, as well as at Hamlet or Othello. I always make one of the company I am in; for though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently shew that I am among them. Whereas Will. Honeycomb, though a fellow of good sense, is every day doing and saying an hundred things which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred

frankness, were somewhat *malin* and undesigned.

I chanced the other day to coffee-house, where Will. was in the midst of several auditors had gathered round him, and them an account of the perfect rafter of Moll Hinton. My before him just put him in without making him reflect actually present. So that I eyes full upon me, to the great of his audience, he broke a harangue, and proceeded thus: 'now there's my friend,' me by name, 'he is a fellow that great deal, but never opens.' 'I warrant you he is now that short face into some coffee.' 'Change. I was his bail of the Popish-plot, when he up for a Jesuit.' If he had me a little longer, he had described me to particularly, considering what led him in the whole company must needs found me out; for which membering the old proverb 'sight out of mind,' I let and, upon meeting him afterwards, was asked by him, 'deal of good-humour, in the world I had lived, that seen me these three days.

Monsieur Bruyere has given character of an Absent Man great deal of humour, which led to an agreeable extravaganza the heads of it I shall consent paper.

'Menalcas,' says that author, 'comes down in a moment his door to go out, but shrinks because he perceives that night-cap on; and examines further finds that he is but that he has stuck his sword side, that his stockings are heels, and that his shirt breeches. When he is goes to court, comes in the room, and walking boldly der a branch of candlestick is caught up by one of hangs dangling in the courtiers fall a laughing, cas laughs louder than a and looks about for the jest of the company.'

down to the court-gate he finds a coach, which taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in, Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; 'tis his turn to throw, he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription: a nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: "I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter." His farmer receives the

other, and is amazed to see in it—  
 "My Lord, I received your Grace's commands with an entire submission to—" If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate: 'tis true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in an hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance: You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him; the truth on't is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else: he came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded: they held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particulars—"Ask my servants," says Menalcas, "for they were with me." X

## Nº LXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 30.

CUM TALIS ES, UTINAM NOSTER ESSES!

COULD WE BUT CALL SO GREAT A GENIUS OURS!

THE following letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this day's entertainment, but taking the sentence from the end of the Cambridge letter, and placing it at the front of my paper; to shew the author I wish him my companion with as much earnestness as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

I send you the inclosed, to be inserted, if you think them worthy of it, in your Spectators; in which so surprising

a genius appears, that it is no wonder if all mankind endeavours to get somewhat into a paper which will always live.

As to the Cambridge affair, the humour was really carried on in the way I describe it. However, you have a full commission to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the satisfaction of seeing you take that liberty with some things I have before sent you.

Go on, Sir, and prosper. You have the best wishes of, Sir,

Your very affectionate  
and obliged humble servant.

U 2

MR.



MR. SPECTATOR, CAMBRIDGE.

YOU well know it is of great consequence to clear titles, and it is of importance that it be done in the proper season: on which account this is to assure you, that the club of Ugly Faces was instituted originally at Cambridge in the merry reign of King Charles II. As in great bodies of men it is not difficult to find members enough for such a club, so, I remember, it was then feared, upon their intention of dining together, that the hall belonging to Clare Hall, the ugliest then in the town, though now the neatest, would not be large enough handsomely to hold the company. Invitations were made to great numbers, but very few accepted them without much difficulty. One pleaded that being at London in a bookseller's shop, a lady going by with a great belly longed to kiss him. He had certainly been excused, but that evidence appeared, that indeed one in London did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a Pickpocket, who during his kissing her stole away all his money. Another would have got off by a dimple in his chin; but it was proved upon him, that he had, by coming into a room, made a woman miscarry, and frightened two children into fits. A third alleged, that he was taken by a lady for another gentleman, who was one of the handsomest in the university; but upon enquiry it was found that the lady had actually lost one eye, and the other was very much upon the decline. A fourth produced letters out of the country in his vindication, in which a gentleman offered him his daughter, who had lately fallen in love with him, with a good fortune: but it was made appear that the young lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her father's coachman. So that it was supposed, that her pretence of falling in love with him was only in order to be well married. It was pleasant to hear the several excuses which were made, inasmuch that some made as much interest to be excused as they would from serving sheriff; however, at last the society was formed, and proper officers were appointed: and the day was fixed for the entertainment, which was in Venison Season. A pleasant fellow of King's College, commonly called Crab from his sour look, and the only man who did not pretend to get off, was

nominated for chaplain; and nothing was wanting, but some one to sit in the elbow-chair, by way of President, at the upper end of the table; and there the business stuck, for there was no contention for superiority there. This affair made so great a noise, that the King, who was then at Newmarket, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and graciously to say, He could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of bucks.

I would desire you, Sir, to set this affair in a true light, that posterity may not be misled in so important a point: for when 'the wise man who shall write 'your true history' shall acquaint the world, that you had a Diploma sent from the Ugly Club at Oxford, and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it, what a learned work will there be among future critics about the original of that club, which both universities will contend so warmly for! And perhaps some hardy Cantabrigian author may then boldly affirm, that the word Oxford was an interpolation of some Oxonian instead of Cambridge. This affair will be best adjusted in your lifetime; but I hope your affection to your Mother will not make you partial to your Aunt.

To tell you, Sir, my own opinion: though I cannot find any ancient records of any acts of the *Society of the Ugly Faces*, considered in a public capacity; yet in a private one they have certainly antiquity on their side. I am persuaded they will hardly give place to the *Lowngers*; and the *Lowngers* are of the same standing with the university itself.

Though we well know, Sir, you want no motives to do justice, yet I am commissioned to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge; and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the wish of our whole university.

TO MR. SPECTATOR.

THE HUMBLED PETITION OF WHO AND WHICH.

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners, being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly

man alive who hath not in-  
 Nay, we speak it with for-  
 you yourself, whom we should  
 such a practice the last of all  
 can hardly acquit yourself of  
 en us some cause of complaint.  
 descended of ancient families,  
 up our dignity and honour  
 rs, till the Jack-sprat *That*  
 us. How often have we  
 selves slighted by the clergy  
 lpsits, and the lawyers at the  
 , how often have we heard in  
 most polite and august assem-  
 e universe, to our great mor-  
 these words—' *That That*  
 le lord urged!' which, if one  
 had justice done, would have  
 nobler thus: ' *That Which*  
 le lord urged.' Senates them-  
 guardians of British liberty,  
 aded us, and preferred *That*  
 l yet no decree was ever given  
 . In the very acts of parlia-  
 which the utmost right should  
 to every Body, *Word*, and  
 e find ourselves often either  
 or used one instead of another.  
 t and best prayer children are  
 ey learn to misuse us. ' Our  
*Which* art in heaven,' should  
 ' Father *Who* art in Heaven;'  
 a *Convocation*, after long de-

bates, refused to consent to an altera-  
 tion of it. In our general confession  
 we say—' Spare thou them, O God,  
 ' *Which* confess their faults;' which  
 ought to be—' *Who* confess their faults.'  
 What hopes then have we of having jus-  
 tice done us, when the makers of our  
 very prayers and laws, and the most  
 learned in all faculties, seem to be in a  
 confederacy against us, and our enemies  
 themselves must be our judges.

The Spanish proverb says—' *El sabio*  
 ' *muda consejo, el necio no;* i. e. ' A  
 ' wise man changes his mind, a fool  
 ' never will.' So that we think you,  
 Sir, a very proper person to address to,  
 since we know you to be capable of be-  
 ing convinced, and changing your judg-  
 ment. You are well able to settle this  
 affair, and to you we submit our cause.  
 We desire you to assign the butts and  
 bounds of each of us; and that for the  
 future we may both enjoy our own.  
 We would desire to be heard by our  
 counsel, but that we fear in their very  
 pleadings they would betray our cause:  
 besides, we have been oppressed so many  
 years, that we can appear no other way,  
 but *in forma pauperis*. All which con-  
 sidered, we hope you will be pleased to  
 do that which to right and justice shall  
 appertain.

R

And your Petitioners, &amp;c.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 31.

ODERUNT PECCARE BONI VIRTUTIS AMORE.

HOR. EP. I. XVI. 51.

THE GOOD, FOR VIRTUE'S SAKE, ABHOR TO SIN.

CREECH.

received very many letters of  
 om my female correspondents,  
 hom are very angry with me  
 ing their pleasures, and look-  
 ly upon things in themselves  
 . But I think they are ex-  
 just to me in this imputation;  
 contend for is, that those ex-  
 which are to be regarded but  
 nd place, should not precede  
 lity considerations. The heart  
 ceives him in spite of the lec-  
 elf a life spent in discourses on  
 tion of passion; and I do not  
 one may not think the heart  
 as unfaithful to itself. If  
 in equality in the faculties of

both sexes, the minds of women are less  
 cultivated with precepts, and conse-  
 quently may, without disrespect to them,  
 be accounted more liable to illusion in  
 cases wherein natural inclination is out  
 of the interests of virtue. I shall take up  
 my present time in commenting upon a  
 billet or two which came from ladies,  
 and from thence leave the reader to  
 judge whether I am in the right or not,  
 in thinking it is possible fine women  
 may be mistaken.

The following address seems to have  
 no other design in it, but to tell me the  
 writer will do what she pleases for all  
 me.

...however, mutty Sir,  
 you may think of the matter, I design  
 to pass away in hearing music, going  
 to plays, visiting, and all other satis-  
 factions which fortune and youth, pro-  
 tected by innocence and virtue, can  
 procure for, Sir, your most humble  
 servant,

M. T.

My lover does not know I like him;  
 therefore, having no engagements upon  
 me, I think to stay and know whether  
 I may not like any one else better.

I have heard Will. Honeycomb say—  
 ‘A woman seldom writes her mind but  
 ‘in her postscript.’ I think this gen-  
 tlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers  
 in this. I’ll lay what wager she pleases  
 against her present favourite, and can tell  
 her that she will like ten more before she  
 is fixed, and then will take the worst  
 man she ever liked in her life. There  
 is no end of affection taken in at the  
 eyes only; and you may as well satisfy  
 those eyes with seeing, as control any  
 passion received by them only. It is  
 from loving by sight that coxcombs so  
 frequently succeed with women, and  
 very often a young lady is bestowed by  
 her parents to a man who weds her as  
 innocence itself, though she has in her

ing mistress I  
 the vanity of  
 the better judg-  
 mind.

MR. SPECTA

I Write this to  
 many ladies  
 many hours me  
 glass, for want  
 which you prom-  
 ise, Sir, in the  
 us, you will have  
 books of devotion  
 how many, must  
 upon the proprie-  
 ties a great  
 those among us  
 morning and eve-  
 ning closet, and  
 prayers in six or  
 seven, all equally  
 of warmth, that  
 by a glass of win-  
 they may all the  
 in whatever their  
 them to. The be-  
 is, in your langu-  
 these votaries; the  
 nished closet, to  
 appointed hours

to believe so many people take their heads to be fullen, cross, and under pretence of being abstracted from the affairs of this life, when at a time they betray their fondness for them by doing their duty as usual, pouting and reading good books a week together. Much of what take to proceed from the indifference of the books themselves, whose sales of Weekly Preparations, and invited godliness, lead people of various capacities into great errors, and form them a mechanical religion, infinitely from morality. I know to be given up to this sort of devotion though the employments fix ours of the twenty-four at cards, or misses one constant hour of leisure for which time another holds us, to which the returns with no anxiousness till two or three in the day. All these acts are but empty and, as it were, compliments to virtue; the mind is all the while

untouched with any true pleasure in the pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises that so many people call themselves virtuous from no other pretence to it but absence of ill. There is Dulciana is the most insolent of all creatures to her friends and domestics, upon no other pretence in nature but that, as her silly phrase is, no one can say black is her eye. She has no secrets, forthwith, which should make her afraid to speak her mind, and therefore she is impertinently blunt to all her acquaintance, and unseasonably imperious to all her family. Dear Sir, be pleased to put such books in our hands, as may make our virtue more inward, and convince some of us that in a mind truly virtuous the scorn of vice is always accompanied with the pity of it. This and other things are impatiently expected from you by our whole sex; among the rest by, Sir, your most humble servant,

R

B. D.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXX. FRIDAY, JUNE 1.

CORIUM NON ANIMUM MUTANT QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT.

HOR. EP. I. XI. 27.

THOSE THAT BEYOND-SEA GO, WILL SADLY FIND,  
THEY CHANGE THEIR CLIMATE ONLY, NOT THEIR MIND. CREECH.

In the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, two females of exquisite fea-  
ture; the one we shall call  
Phyllis, the other Phillis. A close  
friendship between their parents made  
them the first acquaintance the  
new in the world: they played  
together, and made curtsies, together.  
They were inseparable companions in  
little entertainments their tender  
parents were capable of: which innocent  
friendship continued till the beginning  
of the fifteenth year, when it happened  
that Phyllis had an head-dress on,  
which became her so very well, that in-  
stantly being beheld any more with  
pleasure for their amity to each other,  
some of the neighbourhood were  
to remark them with comparison  
of beauty. They now no longer  
in the ease of mind and pleasing  
each other in which they were formerly  
but all their words and actions  
interpreted by each other, and

every excellence in their speech and be-  
haviour was looked upon as an act of  
emulation to surpass the other. These  
beginnings of disinclination soon im-  
proved into a formality of behaviour, a  
general coldness, and by natural steps  
into an irreconcilable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation  
of beauty, were in their stature, coun-  
tenance, and mien, so very much alike,  
that if you were speaking of them in  
their absence, the words in which you  
described the one must give you an idea  
of the other. They were hardly dis-  
tinguishable, you would think, when  
they were apart, though extremely dif-  
ferent when together. What made their  
enmity the more entertaining to all the  
rest of their sex was, that in detraction  
from each other neither could fall upon  
terms which did not hit herself as much  
as her adversary. Their nights grew  
restless with meditation of new dresses  
to outvie each other, and inventing new  
devices to recal admirers, who observed  
the charms of the one rather than those  
of

of the other on the last meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of the daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expence which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle, it happened, that Phillis one day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West-Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American in a summer-land suit was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phillis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after, Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that shewed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phillis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes: Brunetta had the ill-nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive hands of them, and carried from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcilable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time it happened that a ship put into the island

consigned to a friend of Phillis had directions to give her the all goods for apparel, before could be alarmed of their arrival did so, and Phillis was dressed days in a brocade more gorgeous than had ever before at that latitude. Brunetta lost the sight, and could by no means up to the bravery of her rival. She communicated her anguish to a faithful friend, who, by being the wife of Phillis's merchant, cured a remnant of the same Brunetta. Phillis took pains in all public places where she met Brunetta; Brunetta prepared for the insult, and public ball in a plain black still attended by a beautiful negro petticoat of the same brocade which Phillis was attired. This detection of the whole company which the unhappy Phillis away, and was immediately to her house. As soon as she herself, she fled from her house, went on board a ship in and is now landed in inconspicuous spair at Plymouth.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholical, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruse the following relation.

#### TO MR. SPECTATOR

THE JUST REMONSTRANCE  
PRESENTED THAT.

THOUGH I deny not the of Mr. *Who* and *Which*, should not suffer them to be to call honest people names: bears very hard on some of the of decency, which you are justly for establishing. They may stir and correct speeches in the seat at the bar: but let them try to grieve so often, and with so much consequence repeated in a sentence, an orator doth frequently introduce 'My Lords,' says he, 'wonderful submission, That that I say 'that, That, that that gentle 'advanced, is not That that he 'have proved to your lordships those two questionary petitioners do thus with their *Whos* as *Whiches*.

at great advantages was I of to  
ryden in his Indian Emperor,  
ce me still to answer you in That,  
ish out a rhyme to Morat? And  
a poor figure would Mr. Bayes  
ade without his Egad and all

How can a judicious man dis-  
t one thing from another, with-  
ing, This here, or That there?  
w can a sober man, without using  
letives of oaths, in which indeed  
es and bullies have a great ad-  
over others, make a discourse  
tolerable length, without That  
if he be a very grave man in-  
thout That is to say? And how

instructive as well as entertaining are  
those usual expressions in the mouths of  
great men, Such things as That, and  
the like of That.

I am not against reforming the cor-  
ruptions of speech you mention, and  
own there are proper seasons for the  
introduction of other words besides  
*That*; but I scorn as much to supply  
the place of a *Who* or a *Which* at every  
turn, as they are unequal always to fill  
mine; and I expect good language and  
civil treatment, and hope to receive it  
for the future: That, that I shall only  
add is, that I am, your's,

THAT.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX.

MY LORD,

**S**IMILITUDE of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affection and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your Lordship, I think, flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which in the whole course of these papers I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no other than being a looker-on, you are conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters: while I am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you as the life and genius of the conversation. What an happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and force of reason, and adorned with all the graces and embellishments of wit? When learning irradiates common life, it is then in it's highest use and perfection; and it is to such as your Lordship, that the sciences owe the esteem which they have with the active part of mankind. Knowledge of books in reclusive men, is like that sort of lantern which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own; but in the possession of a man of business, it is as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to shew those, who were bewildered, the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a passion for every thing which is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions; and I hope you will forgive me that I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of so good a judge of what is valuable, in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you, and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most obedient, and most humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.





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THE  
P E C T A T O R.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Nº LXXXI. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1711.

QUALIS UBI AUDITO VENANTUM MURMURE TIGRIS  
HORRUIT IN MACULAS

STATUUS.

AS WHEN THE TIGRESS HEARS THE HUNTER'S DIN,  
A THOUSAND ANGRY SPOTS DEFILE HER SKIN.

OUT the middle of last winter went to see an opera at the theatre Haymarket, where I could not take notice of two parties of the women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and drawn up in a kind of battle line against another. After a short time, I found they were patched; the faces on one hand being on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I perceived that they cast hostile looks upon one another; and that their faces were placed in those different positions, as party-signals to distinguish from foes. In the middle boxes, these two opposite bodies, were ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to be with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found, that a body of Amazons on my right were Whigs, and those on my left Tories; and that those who had themselves in the middle boxes were of a neutral party, whose faces had declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, dimidated, and took their party with one or the other; inasmuch that I met in several of them, the patches, were before dispersed equally, are now gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. *The censorious say,*

that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that, whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to intimate, it is well known

known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has missed several coxcombs; and, like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigra-nilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this party,

—She swells with angry pride,  
And calls forth all her spots on every side.

When I was in the theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in to great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

This account of party patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world: but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair-sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

*When the Romans and Sabines were*

at war, and just upon the point of battle, the women, who were all both of them, interposed with tears and intreaties, that they prevent the mutual slaughter which three both parties, and united them in and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble plea to our British ladies, at a when their country is torn with so unnatural divisions, that if they sue, it will be a misfortune to be in it. The Greeks thought it proper for women to interest them in competitions and contentions for this reason among others, the bad them, under pain of death, present at the Olympic games, no standing these were the public divi of all Greece.

As our English women excel all other nations in beauty, they endeavour to outline them in all accomplishments proper to the sex to distinguish themselves as tenders, and faithful wives, rather than furious partisans. Female virtue of a domestic turn. The family proper province for private women shine in. If they must be showing zeal for the public, let it not be those who are perhaps of the family, or at least of the same religion, but against those who are open, professed, undoubted enemies their faith, liberty, and country. the Romans were pressed with a enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to the government under a public ex which appeared so laudable an act the eyes of their countrymen, thenceforth it was permitted by to public public orations, at t and women, in praise of t and nation, which until that tim peculiar to men. Would our E ladies, instead of sticking on a against those of their own country themselves to truly public-spirited sacrifice every one her necklace a the common enemy, what decrees not to be made in favour of them

Since I am recollecting upon this and such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I omit a sentence in the celebrated oration of Pericles, which he in honour of these brave Athenian were slain in a fight with the Li

After having addressed himself several ranks and orders of trymen, and shewn them how old behave themselves in the case, he turns to the female part audience; 'And as for you,'

says he, 'I shall advise you in very few words: aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'

C

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXII. MONDAY, JUNE 4.

CAPUT DOMINA VENALE SUB HASTA.

JUV. SAT. III. V. 33.

HIS FORTUNE'S RUIN'D, AND HIMSELF A SLAVE.

SING under Ludgate the other day, I heard a voice bawling for which I thought I had some-where before. Coming near to me, the prisoner called me by my name and desired I would throw something into the box: I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, giving him half a crown. I went on reflecting upon the strange condition of some men, and how meanly they have themselves in all sorts of conditions. The person who begged of me, as I take it, fifty: I was acquainted with him until about the year of twenty-five; at which time a state fell to him by the death of his father. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken disputes, broke men's heads, talked and swore loud, unmannerly to those above him, insolent to those below him. I did not but remark, that it was the madness of spirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: the little mind was insolent in riches, as much as in poverty. This accident made me muse upon the circumstance of being in debt in general, and in my mind what tempers were apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it must needs languish under such pressures. As myself, my natural aversion to that sort of conversation which makes acquaintance with the generality of mankind, keeps me from any temptations to run into it; and all my business lies within a narrow compass, which is only to be an honest man, who takes care of my estate, proper vouchers for his debts, payments to me, and observe when my laundress brings and away with her once a week: my wife brings his receipt ready for my

signing; and I have a pretty implement with the respective names of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, and stockings, with proper numbers to know how to reckon with my laundress. This being almost all the business I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leisure to observe upon what others do, with relation to their equipage and oeconomy.

When I walk the street, and observe the hurry about me in this town,

Where with like haste, through different ways they run;

Some to undo, and some to be undone.

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of Denham, I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible a man who is given to contract debts should know, that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to in his debtor's honour, liberty, and fortune. One would think he did not know that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable on him, to wit, 'that he is unjust,' without defamation; and can seize his person without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts;

by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like; but these instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general considerations: for one such case as one of these, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally speaking, in debt; and many families have put it into a kind of method of being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young; and the boy is to marry as soon as he is at age to redeem it, and find portions for his sisters. This forsooth is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a public table, or feed dogs like a worthy English gentleman, until he has outrun half his estate, and leave the same incumbrance upon his first-born, and so on, until one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man of sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say, liable to the demand or insult of any man living. There is my friend Sir Andrew, though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a law-suit, in all the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present: no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in it's pro-

portion as laudable in a citizen in a general never to have su- advantage in fight. How dif- this gentleman is Jack True; has been an old acquaintan- Andrew and myself from could never learn our cauti- has a whorish unrefisted go which makes him incapable a property in any thing. If his reputation, his time an- city, are at any man's service first. When he was at sch- whipped thrice a week for took upon him to excuse in of he came into the business of he has been arrested twice a year for debts he had not with, but as surety for oth- remember when a friend of t- fered in the vice of the tow- phytic his friend took was c- him by Jack, and inscribed— ' or an electuary for Mr T- Jack had a good estate left t- came to nothing; because t- all who pretended to demand- This easiness and credulity- the other merit he has; and his life been a sacrifice to o- out ever receiving thanks, or good action.

I will end this discourse w- which I heard Jack make to creditors, of whom he deserv- usage, after lying a whole ni- today at his suit.

' SIR,

' YOUR ingratitude for  
' kindnesses I have done you  
' make me unthankful for the  
' have done me; in letting m-  
' is such a man as you in-  
' I am obliged to you for the  
' I shall have all the rest of m-  
' shall hereafter trust no mai-  
' to be in his debt."

## Nº LXXXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 5.

— ANIMUM PICTURA PASCIT INANI.

Virg. Æn. I.

AND WITH AN EMPTY PICTURE FEEDS HIS MIND.

Dan.

**W**HEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions with- out doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to

visit any thing curious that is under covert. My principal ments of this nature are pict- much that when I have seen

in to be very bad, I have taken day's journey to see a gallery furnished by the hands of great . By this means, when the heaven filled with clouds, when the rains in rain, and all nature wears a countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes : visionary worlds of art; where with shining landscapes, gilded is, beautiful faces, and all those objects that fill the mind with gay and disperse that gloominess which hang upon it in those dark dis- e seasons.

Some weeks ago in a course of versions; which had taken such e possession of my imagination, y formed in it a short morning's which I shall communicate to ler, rather as the first sketch and of a vision, than as a finished

amed that I was admitted into a acious gallery, which had one ered with pieces of all the fa- inters who are now living, and r with the works of the greatest that are dead.

On the side of the living, I saw several busy in drawing, colouring, gning; on the side of the dead, I could not discover more than on at work, who was exceeding his motions, and wonderfully is touches.

I resolved to examine the several at stood before me, and accord- plied myself to the side of the

The first I observed at work art of the gallery was Vanity, hair tied behind him in a rib- dressed like a Frenchman. Faces he drew were very remark- heir smiles, and a certain smirk- which he bestowed indifferently age and degree of either sex. ours gai appeared even in his vishops, and privy-counsellors: d, all his men were Petits Mai- all his women Coquets. The of his figures was extremely d to his faces, and was made the glaring colours that could d together; every part of the in a flutter, and endeavoured with itself above the rest.

On the left-hand of Vanity stood a workman, who I found was le admirer, and copied after

him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name that sounded something like Stupidity.

The third artist that I looked over was Fantásque, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at a Chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined, was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture, which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity, faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was *Avarice*.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of *Industry*. His figures were wonderfully laboured: if he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to shew themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out—Fire.

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side the gal- lery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not for- bear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was *Envy*.

Having taken a cursory view of one

side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead: when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures stood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rhemi's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannibal Carrache, another by Corregio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and cloaths; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man, who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side

of the gallery, creeping up and from one picture to another, and touching all the fine pieces that before me, I could not but be attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it was imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated the same touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little agreeable gloss that hung upon a picture. He also added such a beautiful softness to the shades, and mellowed the colours, that he made every picture more perfect than when it came from the master's pencil. I could forbear looking upon the face of an ancient workman, and immediately the long lock of hair upon his forehead discovered him to be Time.

Whether it were because the same dream was at an end I cannot say, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left

## Nº LXXXIV. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6.

— QUIS TALIA FANDO  
MYRMIDONUM, DOLOPUNYAE, AUT DURI MILES ULYSSEI,  
TEMPLEET A LACHRYMIS? VIRG. ÆN. II.

WHO CAN SUCH WOES RELATE, WITHOUT A TEAR,  
AS STERN ULYSSES MUST HAVE WEPT TO HEAR?

**L**OOKING over the old manuscript wherein the private actions of Pharamond are set down by way of table-book, I found many things which gave me great delight; and as human life turns upon the same principles and passions in all ages, I thought it very proper to take minutes of what passed in that age, for the instruction of this. The antiquary, who lent me these papers, gave me a character of Eucrate, the favourite of Pharamond, extracted from an author who lived in that court. The account he gives both of the prince and this his faithful friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have occasion to mention many of their conversations, into which these memorials of them may give light.

Pharamond, when he had a mind to retire for an hour or two from the hurry

of business and fatigue of court, made a signal to Eucrate, by his hand to his face, placing his hand negligently on a window, or on a picture, as appeared indifferent to the rest of the company. Upon such notice, unobserved by others, secret intimacy was always a secret between them. Eucrate repaired to his own apartment to receive the king. There he met accords to this part of the court, which Eucrate used to admit of his whole mean appearance in the ordinary waiters and door-lads made them to be repulsed from the parts of the palace. Such as were let in here by order of Eucrate and had audiences of Pharamond. This entrance Pharamond called "The Gate of the Unhappy," at which tears of the afflicted who came







would say, were bribes re-  
 Eucrate; for Eucrate had  
 compassionate spirit of all  
 ing, except his generous ma-  
 was always kindled at the  
 tion which was communi-  
 m. In the regard for the  
 Eucrate took particular care,  
 mmon forms of distress, and  
 pretenders to sorrow, about  
 who wanted only supplies to  
 should never obtain favour  
 ans: but the distresses which  
 the many inexplicable oc-  
 that happen among men, the  
 table alienation of parents  
 r children, cruelty of hus-  
 wives, poverty occasioned  
 wreck or fire, the falling out  
 , or such other terrible dis-  
 which the life of man is ex-  
 cesses of this nature, Eucrate  
 atron; and enjoyed this part  
 al favour so much without  
 ied, that it was never in-  
 o by whose means, what no  
 ared for doing, was brought

ning when Pharamond came  
 apartment of Eucrate, he  
 n extremely dejected; upon  
 asked, with a smile which  
 al to him—"What, is there  
 too miserable to be relieved  
 und, that Eucrate is ne-  
 "—"I fear there is," an-  
 : favourite; "a person with-  
 a good air, well dressed, and  
 man in the strength of his  
 is to faint under some incon-  
 slamity: all his features seem  
 with agony of mind; but I  
 ve in him, that it is more in-  
 break away in tears than  
 asked him what he would  
 said he would speak to Pha-

I desired his business; he  
 rdly say to me—"Eucrate,  
 to the king, my story is not to  
 vice, I fear I shall not be able  
 it at all." Pharamond com-  
 munate to let him enter; he  
 d the gentleman approach-  
 ing with an air which spoke  
 er the greatest concern in  
 ner to demean himself. The  
 o had a quick-discerning, re-  
 from the oppression he was  
 id with the most beautiful  
 ey said to him—"Sir, do

"not add to that load of sorrow I see  
 "in your countenance the awe of my  
 "presence; think you are speaking to  
 "your friend; if the circumstances of  
 "your distress will admit of it, you  
 "shall find me so." To whom the  
 "stranger—"Oh, excellent Phara-  
 "mond! name not a friend to the un-  
 "fortunate Spinamont. I had one, but  
 "he is dead by my own hand; but,  
 "oh Pharamond! though it was by  
 "the hand of Spinamont, it was by the  
 "guilt of Pharamond. I come not,  
 "oh excellent prince! to implore your  
 "pardon; I come to relate my sorrow,  
 "a sorrow too great for human life to  
 "support: from henceforth shall all oc-  
 "currences appear dreams or short in-  
 "tervals of amusement, from this one  
 "affliction which has seized my very  
 "being: pardon me, oh Pharamond!  
 "if my griefs give me leave, that I lay  
 "before you, in the anguish of a  
 "wounded mind, that you, good as  
 "you are, are guilty of the generous  
 "blood spilt this day by this unhappy  
 "hand: oh that it had perished before  
 "that instant!" Here the stranger  
 "paused, and recoiling his mind, af-  
 "ter some little meditation, he went on  
 "in a calmer tone and gesture as fol-  
 "lows.

"There is an authority due to dis-  
 "tress, and as none of human race is  
 "above the reach of sorrow, none should  
 "be above the hearing the voice of it;  
 "I am sure Pharamond is not. Know  
 "then, that I have this morning unfor-  
 "tunately killed in a duel, the man  
 "whom of all men living I most loved.  
 "I command myself too much in your  
 "royal presence, to say, Pharamond,  
 "give me my friend! Pharamond has  
 "taken him from me! I will not say,  
 "shall the merciful Pharamond destroy  
 "his own subjects? Will the father of  
 "his country murder his people? But,  
 "the merciful Pharamond does de-  
 "stroy his subjects, the father of his  
 "country does murder his people. For-  
 "tune is so much the pursuit of man-  
 "kind, that all glory and honour is in  
 "the power of a prince, because he has  
 "the distribution of their fortunes. It  
 "is therefore the inadvertency, negli-  
 "gence, or guilt of princes, to let any  
 "thing grow into custom which is  
 "against their laws. A court can make  
 "fashion and duty walk together; it  
 "can never, without the guilt of a  
 "court,

“ court, happen, that it shall not be  
 “ unfashionable to do what is unlawful.  
 “ But, alas! in the dominions of Pharamond, by the force of a tyrant custom, which is mis-named a point of honour, the duellist kills his friend whom he loves; and the judge condemns the duellist, while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all evils; what avail laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and shame obedience to them? As for me, oh Pharamond! were it possible to describe the nameless kinds of compunctions and tendernesses I feel,

“ when I reflect upon the little  
 “ in our former familiarity,  
 “ swells into sorrow which  
 “ resisted enough to be silent  
 “ sence of Pharamond.”  
 “ he fell into a flood of tears,  
 “ aloud. “ Why should not I  
 “ hear the anguish he only  
 “ others from in time to come  
 “ hear from me, what they  
 “ have given death by the force  
 “ of his administration, and  
 “ himself the vengeance call  
 “ those who have perished by  
 “ gence.”

## Nº LXXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

INTERDUM SPECIOSA LOCIS, MORATAQUE RECTE  
 FABULA, NULLIUS VENERIS, SINE PONDERE ET ARTE,  
 VALDIUS OBLECTAT POPULUM, MELIUSQUE MORATUR,  
 QUAM VERSUS INOPES VERBUM, NUGÆQUE CANORÆ.

HOR. ART. POET.

SOMETIMES IN ROUGH AND UNDIGESTED PLAYS  
 WE MEET WITH SUCH A LUCKY CHARACTER,  
 AS, BEING HUMOUR'D RIGHT, AND WELL PURSU'D,  
 SUCCEEDS MUCH BETTER THAN THE SHALLOW VERSE,  
 AND CHIMING TRIFLES OF MORE STUDIOUS PENS.

ROSCOM

**I**T is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may, some time or other, be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a poem of an eminent author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double

capacity. I once met with Mr. Baxter under a Christmas. Whether or no the pastry made use of it through chancery, for the defence of the tious viande, I know not; but perusal of it, I conceived the idea of the author's piety, the whole book. I have often by these accidental readings sometimes found very curious that are either out of print, or met with in the shops of our booksellers. For this reason friends take a survey of them they are very much surprized upon the shelf of folios, band-boxes standing upright books, until I let them see the both of them lined with deep and abstruse literature. I remember mention a paper-kite, and I have received great improvement a hat-case, which I would not for all the beavers in Great Britain. This my inquisitive temper impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my





equacy, give me a good deal of payment when I enter any house or country; for I cannot for my money have a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are pasted upon them. The last time I met with upon this occasion was a most exquisite pleasure. My friend told me that the piece I am going to read was the old ballad of the Children in the Wood, which is the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of Englishmen in some part of their

deed a little poetical ornament; and to shew the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passion in Horace, where he describes himself when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulæ Vulture in Apulæ,  
Altriciæ extra lumen Apuliæ,  
Ludo fatigatumque somno  
Fronde novâ puerum palumbæ.*

*Textæ—* OD. IV. L. 3. v. 9.

song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. It is even a despicable simplicity in itself; and yet because the sentiments are genuine and unaffected, they are more the mind of the most polite and refined inward meltings of human compassion. The incidents of the subject, and are such as are most proper to excite pity; for the reason the whole narration has in it is very moving, notwithstanding the author of it, whoever he is, delivered it in such an affected and puerile expression, that nothing any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. Though the language is mean, the subject, as I have before said, from its own nature, are natural, and we cannot fail to please those who are judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of nature, have a true and unprejudiced nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with their innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a person of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the Robin-red-breast, it is in-

In lofty Vulture's rising grounds,  
Without my nurse Apulia's bound;  
When young, and tir'd with sport and play,  
And bound with pleasing sleep I lay,  
Doves cover'd me with myrtle boughs.

*CRICKET.*

I have heard that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my reader to Moliere's thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the Misanthrope; but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius can divest themselves of the images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only shew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art.

*L.*

men might see there were some noble spirits in the age, who are not at all displeased with themselves upon considerations which they had no choice in; so the discourse concerning Idols tended to lessen the value people put upon themselves from personal advantages and gifts of nature. As to the latter species of mankind, the Beauties, whether male or female, they are generally the most untractable people of all others. You are so excellently perplexed with the particularities in their behaviour, that, to be at ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such creatures. They expect great allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a man with a better person than ordinary, and a beautiful woman, might be very happily changed for such to whom nature has been less liberal. The handsome fellow is usually so much a gentleman, and the fine woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my choice to mix with cheerful ugly creatures, rather than gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or beauties who have charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and presumption, upon account of our persons, are equally faults; and both arise from the want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know, ourselves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed, I did not imagine these little considerations and coquerries could have the ill consequence as I find they have by the following letters of my correspondents, where it seems beauty is thrown into the account, in matters of sale, to those who receive no favour from the charmers.

MR. SPECTATOR,

JUNE 4.

AFTER I have assured you I am in every respect one of the handsomest young girls about town, I need be particular in nothing but the make of my face, which has the misfortune to be exactly oval. This I take to proceed from a temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and to hear.

With this account you may wonder how I can have the vanity to offer myself as a candidate, which I now do, to a Society, where the Spectator and He-

catisa have been admitted with so much applause. I do not want to be put in mind how very defective I am in every thing that is ugly: I am too sensible of my own unworthiness in this particular, and therefore I only propose myself as a foil to the club.

You see how honest I have been to confess all my imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the favour of your interest.

There can be no objection made on the side of the matchless Hecatisa, since it is certain I shall be in no danger of giving her the least occasion of jealousy; and then a joint-stool in the very lowest place at the table, is all the honour that is coveted by your most humble and obedient servant,

ROSALINDA.

P. S. I have sacrificed my necklace to put into the public lottery against the common enemy. And last Saturday, about three of the clock in the afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both sides of my face.

LONDON, JUNE 7, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

UPON reading your late dissertation concerning Idols, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or seven places of this city, coffee-houses kept by persons of that sisterhood. These Idols sit and receive all day long the adoration of the youth within such and such districts: I know in particular, goods are not entered as they ought to be at the Custom-house, nor law-reports perused at the Temple; by reason of one beauty who detains the young merchants too long near 'Change, and another fair-one who keeps the students at her house when they should be at study. It would be worth your while to see how the idolaters alternately offer incense to their Idols, and what heart-burnings arise in those who wait for their turn to receive kind aspects from those little thrones, which all the company, but these lovers, call the bars. I saw a gentleman turn as pale as ashes, because an Idol turned the sugar into a tea-dish for his rival, and carelessly called the boy to serve him, with a—'Sirrah! why do you not give the gentleman the box to please himself?' Certain it is, that a very hopeful young man was taken with leads in his pockets below.

below bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his Idol would wash the dirt in which she had but just drank tea, before she would let him use it.

I am, Sir, a person past being amorous, and do not give this information out of envy or jealousy, but I am a real sufferer by it. These lovers take any thing for tea and coffee; I saw one yesterday surfeit to make his court; and all his rivals, at the same time, loud in the commendation of liquors that went against every body in the room that was not in love. While these young fellows resign their stomachs with their hearts, and drink at the Idol in this manner, we who come to do business, or talk politics, are utterly poisoned. They

have also drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in constitution to ogle the Idol upon the strength of tea, to fluster themselves with warmer liquors: thus all pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a fever or a diabetes. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an evil eye upon the profit of the Idols, or the diversions of the lovers; what I hope from this remembrance, is only that we plain people may not be served as if we were idolaters; but that from the time of publishing this in your paper, the Idols would mix ratbane only for their admirers, and take more care of us who do not love them. I am, Sir, yours,  
R

T. T.

## N° LXXXVIII. MONDAY, JUNE II.

QUID DOMINI FACIENT, AUDENT CUM TALIA FURES?

VIRG. ECL. III. V. 16.

WHAT WILL NOT MASTERS DO, WHEN SERVANTS THUS PRESUME?

MR. SPECTATOR, MAY 30, 1711.

I Have no small value for your endeavours to lay before the world what may escape their observation, and yet highly conduces to their service. You have, I think, succeeded very well on many subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different scenes of life. But in the considerations of mankind, as a Spectator, you should not omit circumstances which relate to the inferior part of the world, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is the general corruption of manners in the servants of Great Britain. I am a man that have travelled and seen many nations, but have for seven years last past resided constantly in London, or within twenty miles of it: in this time I have contracted a numerous acquaintance among the best sort of people; and have hardly found one of them happy in their servants. This is matter of great astonishment to foreigners, and all such as have visited foreign countries; especially since we cannot but observe, that there is no part of the world where servants have those privileges and advantages as in England: they have no where else such plentiful

diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty; there is no place wherein they labour less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure, the frequent robberies and losses which we suffer on the high road and in our own houses. That indeed which gives me the present thought of this kind, is, that a careless groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest pad in the world with only riding him ten miles; and I assure you, if I were to make a register of all the horses I have known thus abused by negligence of servants, the number would mount a regiment. I wish you would give us your observation, that we may know how to treat these rogues, or that we masters may enter into measures to reform them. Pray give us a speculation in general about servants, and you make me yours,  
PHILO-BRITANNICUS.

P. S. Pray do not omit the mention of grooms in particular.

This honest gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a satire upon grooms, has a great deal of reason for his resentment; and I know no evil  
Z which



which touches all mankind so much as this of the misbehaviour of servants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon men-servants; and I can attribute the licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have ascribed it to, the custom of giving board-wages. This one instance of false oeconomy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs; or else, if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and reserve their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower degree what their masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have in liveries, beaux, fops, and coxcombs, in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels, that is, when they are out of their masters sight, to assume in a humorous way the names and titles of those whose liveries they wear. By which means characters and distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other causes, one may impute a certain insolence among our servants, that they take no notice of any gentleman though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintance of their masters.

My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty, without scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment. Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the House of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out at the window, if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; until of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away! The alehouse was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil

and vinegar to such an earl, three to my new lord for wetting his tipto forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servant and their insolence near the courts of and the stairs towards the supper-seemly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotousness and licentious confusion, that I would think the whole nation I jest, and there were no such thing rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, where servile world are let loose, is at the dance of Hyde Park, while the people are at the ring. Hither people send their lacquies out of state, and is that all they say at their table and act in their houses, is communicating the whole town. There are men in all conditions of life: and with these people at their diversions have heard coquettes and prudes rallied, and insolence and pride: allowing for their want of education with as much humour and good nature as in the politest companies. I make a general observation, that all depend upon in some measure into the nature and behaviour of those whom they you shall frequently meet with and men of intrigue among the ladies as well as at White's or in the boxes. I remember some years since an instance of this kind. A footman captain of the guard used frequently when his master was out of the way to carry on amours and make assidues in his master's cloaths. The fellow had a very good person, and did to very many women that think no more than the outside of a gentleman; which, he was almost as learned as the colonel himself; I say, the fellow, the fellow could scrawl as droll so well, and furnish a conversation on the common topics, that he himself they call it, a great deal of goodness on his hands. It happened one day, that coming down a tavern in his master's fine guard-coat, a well-dressed woman masked, he saw a colonel coming up with other company but with a ready assurance he saw his lady; came up to him, and said, 'Sir, I know you have too much to do to speak for yourself to come and see me in my honourable habit: but you see I am a lady in the case, and I thought that score also you will put off your anger until I have told you all.'

'time.' After a little pause the colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an air of familiarity whispered his men apart—'Sirrah, bring the lady with you to ask pardon for you;' then aloud—'Look to it, Will, I will never forgive you else.' The fellow went back to his mistress, and telling her with a loud voice and an oath, that was

the honestest fellow in the world, conveyed her to an hackney-coach.

But the many irregularities committed by servants in the places above-mentioned, as well as in the theatres, of which masters are generally the occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another occasion.

R

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 12.

—PETITE HINC, JUVENESQUE SENESQUE,  
FINEM ANIMO CERTUM, MISERISQUE VIATICA CANIS.  
CRAS HOC FIET. IDEM CRAS FIET. QUID? QUASI MAGNUM,  
NEMPE DIEM DONAS? SED CUM LUX ALTERA VENIT,  
JAM CRAS WESTERNUM CONSUMPSIMUS; ECCE ALIUD CRAS  
EGRESSIT HOS ANNOS, ET SEMPER PAULUM ERIT ULTRA.  
NAM QUAMVIS PROPE TE, QUAMVIS TEMONE SUR UNO,  
VERTENTEM SESE FRUSTRA SECTARE CANTHUM.

PERS. SAT. V. V. 64:

PERS. FROM THEE BOTH OLD AND YOUNG, WITH PROFIT, LEARN  
THE BOUNDS OF GOOD AND EVIL TO DISCERN.

CORN. UNHAPPY HE, WHO DOES THIS WORK ADJOURN,  
AND TO TO-MORROW WOULD THE SEARCH DELAY:  
HIS LAZY MORROW WILL BE LIKE TO-DAY.

PERS. BUT IS ONE DAY OF EASE TOO MUCH TO BORROW?

CORN. YES, SURE; FOR YESTERDAY WAS ONCE TO-MORROW;  
THAT YESTERDAY IS GONE, AND NOTHING GAIN'D;  
AND ALL THY FRUITLESS DAYS WILL THUS BE DRAIN'D:  
FOR THOU HAST MORE TO-MORROWS YET TO ASK;  
AND WILT BE EVER TO BEGIN THY TASK;  
WHO, LIKE THE HINDMOST CHARIOT-WHEELS, ART CURST,  
STILL TO BE NEAR, BUT NE'ER TO REACH THE FIRST.

DRYDEN.

AS my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range them under several heads, and address myself to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them no less a man than a brother of the coif tells me, that he began his *vicefimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a twelvemonth at the Temple; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the bar; and at present he is a serjeant at law; but notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought

to an issue, the fair-one still demurs. I am so well pleased with this gentleman's phrase, that I shall distinguish this sect of women by the title of Demurrers. I find by another letter from one that calls himself Thyrsis, that his mistress has been demurring above these seven years. But among all my plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate Philander, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute Sylvia has demurred until she is past child-bearing. Strephon appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion that she has huddled him out of his youth; that she drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age, if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest Sam.

Z 2

Hopewell,

Hopewell, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at last married a Demurrer. I must only premise, that Sam. who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends, upon account of his passion, ever since the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-one.

DEAR SIR,

YOU know very well my passion for Mrs. Martha, and what a dance she has led me: she took me out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her until she is grown as grey as a cat, and am with much ado become the master of her person, such as it is at present. She is however in my eye a very charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has nobody to blame for it but herself: you know very well that she would never think of me while she had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of my passion, *anno amoris trigesimo primo*, instead of a post, on my wedding-ring. I expect you should send me a congratulatory letter, or, if you please, an epithalamium, upon this occasion.

Mrs. Martha's and yours eternally,

SAM. HOPEWELL.

In order to banish an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the public, I shall endeavour to shew the folly of Demurrage from two or three reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

First of all, I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurrage. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female readers to consider, that as

the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wries in a few years, and loses the strength of its colourings so soon, that we scarce time to admire it. I might belabour this subject with roses and bows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve another opportunity.

There is a third consideration. I would likewise recommend to a murrer, and that is, the great danger of her falling in love when she is threescore, if she cannot satisfy doubts, and scruples before that. There is a kind of latter spring, sometimes gets into the blood of a woman, and turns her into a very sort of an animal. I would then have the Demurrer consider what strange figure she will make, if chances to get over all difficulties comes to a final resolution, in that seasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood by any thing I have here said, to courage that natural modesty in which renders a retreat from the approaches of a lover both fashious and graceful: all that I intend, advise them, when they are provoked by reason and inclination, to demure out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a man does that of a bishopric; would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what the other secretly approve. I would in this particular propose the example of Eve, her daughters, as Milton has represented her in the following passage, I cannot forbear transcribing, although only the twelve last lines of my present purpose.

The rib he form'd and fashion'd with hands;

Under his forming hands a creature  
Manlike, but different sex; so lovely  
That what seem'd fair in all the world,

now

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her con  
And in her looks which from that time  
Seem'd into my heart, unselt before  
And into all things from her air insp  
The spirit of love and amorous deligh  
Seem'd disappear'd, and left me dark: I  
To shut her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasure, all abjur

When out of hope, behold her, not fi

Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
With what all earth or heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable. On she came,  
Led by her heav'nly Maker; tho' unseen,  
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.  
I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud—

' This turn hath made amends; thou hast  
fulfill'd

' Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!

' Giver of all things fair! but fairest this

' Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see

' Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my-  
self . . . .

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely  
brought,

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be  
won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd  
The more desirable; or, to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd.  
I follow'd her: she what was honour knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the morn—

L

N<sup>o</sup> XC. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

—MAGNUS SINE VIRIBUS IGNIS  
INCASSUM FURIT—

VIRG. GEORG. III. v. 9.

IN VAIN HE BURNS, LIKE HASTY STUBBLE FIRES. DRYDEN.

**T**HERE is not, in my opinion, a consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate desires in the soul of man, than the notions of Plato and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the soul during her residence in the body, remains with her in a separate state; and that the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house, or in open air. Wherefore the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine they observe, that a lewd youth who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent, and, like all other habits, gathers strength by age, at the same time that it has no power of executing it's own purposes. If, say they, the soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when it has the least intigations from the body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is intirely divested of it. The very substance of the soul is fettered with them, the gangren is gone too far

to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this therefore, say the Platonists, consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death: he is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a passion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it: he lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason, says Plato, that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cemeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, so far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason. Plato indeed carries the thought very far, when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghosts appearing in places of burial. Though I must confess, if one did believe that the departed souls of men and women wandered up and down in these lower regions, and entertained themselves with the sight of their species, one could not devise a more proper hell for an impure spirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients seem to have drawn such  
a state

a state of torments in the description of Tantalus, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst, and set up to the chin in water, that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his *Æneid* gives us the punishment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of.

—*Lucent genialibus altis  
Aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae  
Regifico luxu: furiarum maxima juxta  
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensus;  
Exurgitque facem aitollens, atque intonat ore.*

*ÆN. VI. v. 604.*

They lie below on golden beds display'd,  
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made:  
The queen of furies by their side is set,  
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat;

Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,  
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their cars. DRYDEN.

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my speculation, which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers, I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is not foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will think it a lively representation of a person lying under the torments of such a kind of tantalism, or Platonic hell, as that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur Pontignan speaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it.

“When I was in the country last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, after my way, in love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber, with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into

p>my room, and told me, they  
very pleasant trick to put upon  
tleman that was in the same  
provided I would bear a part  
Upon this they told me such a  
ble story, that I laughed at the  
trivance, and agreed to do wh  
they should require of me.  
immediately began to swaddle  
in my night-gown with long  
of linen, which they folded  
me until they had wrapped  
above an hundred yards of s  
my arms were pressed to my  
and my legs closed together  
many wrappers one over anothe  
I looked like an Egyptian mu  
As I stood bolt upright upon o  
in this antique figure, one of t  
dies burst out a laughing.  
“now, Pontignan,” says she,  
“intend to perform the promisi  
“we find you have extorted fron  
“of us. You have often asked t  
“vour of us, and I dare say you  
“better bred cavalier than to rel  
“go to bed to two ladies, that desu  
“you.” After having stood a  
laughter, I begged them to unca  
and do with me what they pl  
“No, no,” said they, “we lik  
“very well as you are;” and upo  
ordered me to be carried to  
their houses, and put to bed in  
swaddles. The room was light  
on all sides; and I was laid ver  
cently between a pair of sheets,  
my head, which was indeed the  
part I could move, upon a very  
pillow: this was no sooner done  
my two female friends came int  
to me in their finest night-ck  
“You may easily guess at the con  
of a man that saw a couple of th  
beautiful women in the world  
dressed and in bed with him, wi  
being able to stir hand or foot  
begged them to release me, and I  
gled all I could to get loose, wh  
did with so much violence, that  
midnight they both leaped out  
bed, crying out they were un  
But seeing me safe, they took  
potts again, and renewed their rai  
Finding all my prayers and endea  
were lost, I composed myself as  
as I could, and told them, that i  
would not unbind me, I would  
asleep between them, and by  
means disgrace them for ever.”

this was impossible; could I have disposed to it, they would have pleased me by several little ill-natured jests and endearments which they used upon me. As much devoted am to woman-kind, I would not such another night to be master of the whole sex. My reader will surely be curious to know what me of me the next morning: why my bed-fellows left me about our before day, and told me, if I did be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up

as soon as it was time for me to rise accordingly about nine of the clock in the morning an old woman came to unsuath me. I bore all this very impatiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six before five of the clock in the morning.' L

## Nº XCI. THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

IN FURIAS IGNEQUE RUUNT, AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

VIRG. GEORG. III. V. 244.

THEY RUSH INTO THE FLAME;  
FOR LOVE IS LORD OF ALL, AND IS IN ALL THE SAME.

THOUGH the subject I am now going upon would be much more the foundation of a comedy, I forbear inserting the circumstances which pleased me in the account of a lady gave me of the loves of a young man in town, which shall be named rather for the better sound and of the history, instead of Mr. Mrs. Such-a-one, I shall call them by their own names. Without further delay, you are to know, that within the precincts of the city of Westminster a young lady Honoria, a widow about the age of forty, of a healthy constitution, a gay temper, and elegant person, resembles a little too much like a girl, a childish fondness in the tone of her voice, sometimes a pretty fullness in the leaning of her head, and now and then a down-cast of her eyes on her face, neither her imagination nor her reason would give her to know, she is turned of twenty; but that in the midst of these pretty softnesses, the force of delicacy and attraction, the tall daughter within a fortnight of sixteen, who impertinently comes into the room, and towers so much towards her, that her mother is always abashed by her presence, and every charm Honoria droops at the entrance of her. The agreeable Flavia would at first be not, as well as her mother Honoria; but all their beholders are partial to an affection of a person is growing up to, than

of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to Flavia to look forward, but not to Honoria to look back. Flavia is no way dependent on her mother with relation to her fortune, for which reason they live almost upon an equality in conversation; and as Honoria has given Flavia to understand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling mother, Flavia is as well pleased never to be called child. It happens by this means that these ladies are generally rivals in all places where they appear; and the words Mother and Daughter never pass between them but out of spite. Flavia one night at a play observing Honoria draw the eyes of several in the pit, called to a lady who sat by her, and bid her ask her mother to lend her her snuff-box for one moment. Another time, when a lover of Honoria was on his knees beseeching the favour to kiss her hand, Flavia rushing into the room, kneeled down by him and asked her blessing. Several of these contradictory acts of duty have raised between them such a coldness, that they generally converse when they are in mixed company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. Honoria is ever complaining of a certain sufficiency in the young women of this age, who assume to themselves an authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were possessors of the esteem of mankind, and all, who were but a year before them in the world, were

were neglected or deceased. Flavia, upon such a provocation, is sure to observe, that there are people who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are those who will not allow youth their toyes, not because they are themselves past them, but because they love to continue in them. These beauties treat each other on all occasions, as if they have always had the same lovers. But each has kept up a vanity to show the other the charms of her lover. Dick Craffin and Tom Tulip, among many others, have of late been pretenders in this family: Dick to Honoria, Tom to Flavia. Dick is the only surviving beau of the last age, and Tom about the only one that keeps up that order of men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little circumstances of a conversation of the four lovers with the spirit in which the young lady, I had my account from, represented it at a visit where I had the honour to be present; but it seems Dick Craffin, the admirer of Honoria, and Tom Tulip, the pretender to Flavia, were purposely admitted together by the ladies, that each might shew the other that her lover had the superiority in the accomplishments of that sort of creature whom the finer part of women call a fine gentleman. As this age has a much more good taste in courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these gentlemen are instances of it in their different manner of application. Tulip is ever making allusions to the vigour of his person, the sinewy force of his make; while Craffin professes a wary observation of the turns of his mistress's mind. Tulip gives himself the air of a restless ravisher, Craffin practices that of a skilful lover. Poetry is the inseparable property of every man in love; and as men of wit write verses on those occasions, the rest of the world repeat the verses of others. These servants of the ladies were used to imitate their manner of conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange discourse in what they said when they met. Tulip the other day seized his mistress's hand, and repeated out of Ovid's Art of Love—

'Tis I can in soft battles pass the night,  
Ye rise next morning vigorous for the fight,  
*Fresh as the day, and active as the light.*

Upon hearing this, Craffin, air of deference, played Honoria and repeated—

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art  
That can with a resistless charm in  
The loosest wishes to the chafest he  
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a  
Between declining virtue and desire  
Till the poor vanquish'd maid diffid  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tear

When Craffin had uttered these with a tenderness which at once passion and respect, Honoria cast a triumphant glance at Flavia, as if in the elegance of Craffin's conduct and upbraiding her with the honour of Tulip's. Tulip understood his proach, and in return began to show the wisdom of old amorous gentlemen who turned their mistress's image as far as possible from what they long themselves forgot, and ended his discourse with a fly commendation of the doctrine of Platonic Love; same time he ran over, with a laze eye, Craffin's thin legs, meagre and spare body. The old gentleman immediately left the room with disorder, and the conversation fell untimely passion, after-love, and sensible youth. Tulip sung, and moved before the glass, led his half a minuet, hummed—

Celia the fair, in the bloom of spring  
When there came a servant with  
to him, which was as follows.

SIR,  
I Understand very well what you  
by your mention of Platonic  
I shall be glad to meet you imme  
in Hyde Park, or behind Mo  
House, or attend you to Barn El  
any other fashionable place that is  
a gentleman to die in, that you sh  
point for, Sir, your most humble s  
RICHARD CRA

Tulip's colour changed at the  
of this epistle; for which reason h  
tress snatched it to read the co  
While she was doing so, Tulip  
away, and the ladies now agree  
common calamity, bewailed toget  
angers of their lovers. They  
diately undressed to go out, an  
hackneys to prevent mischief: bu  
alarming all parts of the town, I

found by his widow in his pumps  
yde Park, which appointment Tu-  
ever kept, but made his escape into  
country. Flavia tears her hair for

his inglorious safety, curses and despises  
her charmer, is fallen in love with Craft-  
tin: which is the first part of the history  
of the Rival Mother. R

## Nº XCII. FRIDAY, JUNE 15.

CONVIVÆ PROPE DISSENTIÆ VIDENTUR,  
PO:CENTES VARIO MULTUM DIVERSA PALATO;  
QUID DEM? QUID NON DEM?—

HOR. EP. II. L. II. V. 61.

## IMITATED.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO,  
WHEN OUT OF TWENTY I CAN PLEASE NOT TWO?—  
ONE LIKES THE PHEASANT'S WING, AND ONE THE LEG;  
THE VULGAR BOIL, THE EARNED ROAST AN FGG:  
HARD TASK, TO HIT THE PALATE OF SUCH GUESTS.

POPE:

OOKING over the late packets  
of letters which have been sent to  
I found the following.

SPECTATOR,

UR paper is a part of my tea-  
equipage; and my servant knows  
umour so well, that calling for my  
kfast this morning, it being past my  
hour, she answered, the Spectator  
not yet come in; but that the tea-  
e boiled, and she expected it every  
ent. Having thus in part signified  
u the esteem and veneration which  
e for you, I must put you in mind  
e catalogue of books which you  
promised to recommend to our sex;  
have deferred furnishing my closet  
authors, until I receive your ad-  
in this particular, being your daily  
le and humble servant,

LEONORA.

answer to my fair disciple, whom  
very proud of, I must acquaint her  
the rest of my readers, that since I  
called out for help in my catalogue  
lady's library, I have received  
y letters upon that head, some of  
h I shall give an account of.

the first class I shall take notice of  
which come to me from eminent  
sellers, who every one of them  
ion with respect the authors they  
printed, and consequently have an  
o their own advantage more than  
at of the ladies. One tells me,  
he thinks it absolutely necessary for  
en to have true notions of right  
equity, and that therefore they can-  
peruse a better book than Dalton's

Country Justice: another thinks they  
cannot be without The Compleat Jockey.  
A third observing the curiosity and de-  
sire of prying into secrets, which he tells  
me is natural to the fair-sex, is of opi-  
nion this female inclination, if well di-  
rected, might turn very much to their  
advantage, and therefore recommends  
to me Mr. Mede upon the Revelations.  
A fourth lays it down as an unquestio-  
nable truth, that a lady cannot be tho-  
roughly accomplished who has not read  
The Secret Treaties and Negotiations  
of Marshal D'Estrades. Mr. Jacob  
Tonson, jun. is of opinion, that Bayle's  
Dictionary might be of very great use  
to the ladies, in order to make them  
general scholars. Another, whose name  
I have forgotten, thinks it highly pro-  
per that every woman with child should  
read Mr. Wall's History of Infant Bap-  
tism; as another is very importunate  
to recommend to all my female readers  
The Finishing Stroke; being a Vindi-  
cation of the Patriarchal Scheme, &c.

In the second class I shall mention  
books which are recommended by hus-  
bands, if I may believe the writers of  
them. Whether or no they are real  
husbands or personated ones I cannot  
tell, but the books they recommend are  
as follow. A Paraphrase on the His-  
tory of Susannah. Rules to keep Lent.  
The Christian's Overthrow prevented.  
A Dissuasive from the Playhouse. The  
Virtues of Camphire, with Directions  
to make Camphire Tea. The Plea-  
sures of a Country Life. The Go-  
vernment of the Tongue. A letter  
dated from Cheapside desires me that I  
would advise all young wives to make  
2 A themselves



themselves mistresses of Wingate's Arithmetic, and concludes with a postscript, that he hopes I will not forget The Countess of Kent's Receipts.

I may reckon the ladies themselves as a third class among these my correspondents and privy-counsellors. In a letter from one of them, I am advised to place Pharamond at the head of my catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to Cassandra. Coquetilla begs me not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, nor of scorching their faces with books of housewifery. Florella desires to know if there are any books written against prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a place in my library. Plays of all sorts have their several advocates. All for Love is mentioned in above fifteen letters; Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow, in a dozen; the Innocent Adultery is likewise highly approved of; Mithridates King of Pontus has many friends; Alexander the Great and Aurengezebe have the same number of voices; but Theodosius, or the Force of Love, carries it from all the rest.

I should, in the last place, mention such books as have been proposed by men of learning, and those who appear competent judges of this matter; and must here take occasion to thank A. B. whoever it is that conceals himself under those two letters, for his advice upon this subject: but as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it until I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the several books they offer to me; being resolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greatest caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the ladies under my particular care,

I shall make it my business to put in the best authors ancient and modern such passages as may be so useful, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their taste, questioning but the valuable part sex will easily pardon me, if so to time I laugh at those little vanities and follies which appear in the vogue of some of them, and which are more proper for ridicule than a censure. Most books being calculated for male readers, and generally with an eye to men of learning, a work of this nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged because I flatter myself that I am daily improving by these my translations. My fair readers are deeper scholars than the beaux; I name some of them who talk more than several gentlemen that I figure at Will's; and as I frequently receive letters from the fine Ladies and pretty Fellows, I cannot but observe the former are superior to the other only in the sense but in the style. This cannot but have a good effect on the female world, and keep them from being charmed by those empty conceits that have hitherto been admired by the women, though laughed at by the men.

I am credibly informed that Tattle passes for an impertinent that Will Trippet begins to be sensible and that Frank Smoothly him within a month of a coxcomb, in which I think fit to continue this paper on my part, as it is my business to measure to detect such as would stray weak minds by their falterances to wit and judgment, and gallantry, I shall not fail to set the best lights I am able to the way for the continuation of these discoveries.

N<sup>o</sup> XCIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

SPATIO BREVI  
 SPREM LONGAM RESECES: DUM LOQUIMUR, FUGERIT INVIDA  
 ETAS: CARPE DIEM, QUAM MINIMUM CREDULA POSTERO.

HOR. OD. II. L. I. v. 6.

—BE WISE, CUT OFF LONG CARES  
 FROM THY CONTRACTED SPAN.

E'EN WHILST WE SPEAK, THE ENVIOUS TIME  
 DOth MAKE SWIFT HASTE AWAY:

THEN SEIZE THE PRESENT, USE THY PRIME,  
 NOR TRUST ANOTHER DAY.

CREECH.

WE all of us complain of the 'shortness of time,' saith Seneca, 'and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives,' says he, 'are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.' That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, as we wish away whole years; and tra-

vel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue in the most general acceptance of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and  
 2 A 2 conversation.

conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the Divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most inactive; he no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that ~~he~~ may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours

together in shuffling and dividing of cards, with no other conversation what is made up of a few game phrases and no other ideas but those of or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man in hear any one of this species complain that life is short?

The stage might be made a per source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends it agreeably as in the conversation well-chosen friend. There is indeed blessing of life that is any way capable to the enjoyment of a discreet virtuous friend. It eases and enlarges the mind, clears and improves understanding, engenders thought knowledge, animates virtue and resolution, soothes and allays passions, and finds employment for of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with particular person, one would end after a more general conversation such as are able to entertain and in those with whom they converse, are qualifications that seldom meet.

There are many other useful employments of life, which one would vour to multiply, that one might occasions have recourse to for rather than suffer the mind to lie or run adrift with any passing chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in painting, or architecture, is like that has another sense when conversing with such as have no relish of arts. The florist, the planter, the dener, the husbandman, when only as accomplishments to the fortune, are great reliefs to a life, and many ways useful to those are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life is none so proper to fill up its spaces, as the reading of useful entertaining authors. But this I only touch upon, because it is measure interferes with the method, which I shall propose in paper, for the employment of inactive bodies, and which I mention in general to be the greatest knowledge.

N<sup>o</sup> XCIV. MONDAY, JUNE 18.

—HOC EST

IVERE BIS, VITA POSSE PRIORE FRUI.

MART. EPIC. XXIII. L. 10.

WE PRESENT JOYS OF LIFE WE DOUBLY TASTE,  
Y LOOKING BACK WITH PLEASURE ON THE PAST.

last method which I proposed in Saturday's paper, for filling the empty spaces of life which are tedious and burdensome to idle men, by employing ourselves in the acquisition of knowledge. I remember Mr. Locke's saying of a certain mineral, that a man may consume his time in the study of it, without the knowledge of all it's

The truth of it is, there is no science, or any branch of it, which might not furnish a man with pleasure or life, though it were much more than it is.

It does not here engage on those beaten paths of the usefulness of knowledge, or the pleasure and perfection it brings to the mind, nor on the methods of it, nor recommend any particular branch of it, all which have been said of many other writers; but I will allege myself in a speculation which is uncommon, and may therefore be more entertaining.

It will be shewn how the unnumbered parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew those parts of life which are tedious in study, reading, and the acquisition of knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of our lives to our advantage.

Mr. Locke observes, that we get the measure of time, or duration, by reflecting on the succession of ideas which succeed one another in our minds: that for this reason we sleep soundly without waking, we have no perception of the length of it, whilst we think that the moment wherein we are to think, until the moment to think again, seems to have no duration. To which the author adds, so I doubt not but it would be waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one idea in his mind, without variation, and the

succession of others; and we see, that one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the succession of ideas that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is.

We might carry this thought further, and consider a man as, on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly Monsieur Mallebranche, in his Enquiry after Truth, which was published several years before Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, tells us, that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of Monsieur Mallebranche, is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. Locke; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with

with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel Gabriel carried him away, before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish Tales which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the sultan was directed to place himself by an huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again: the king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on a sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long until he had by her seven sons and seven daughters; he was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his cloaths with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, but he found himself standing on the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the ladies at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on a course of adventures, and brought him into so long a state of misfortune and servitude; but was wonderfully satisfied when he heard that the state he was in was only a dream and delusion; he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only put his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took occasion of instructing the sultan, that nothing was impossible with God: that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he please, make a single day, nay a single moment appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my reader to compare these Eastern fables with the notions of those two great philosophers who have quoted in this paper; and thus by way of application, desire to consider how we may extend life to its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuit of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool by his passions; the time of the long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the short, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts, or in other words, because he is always wishing it away, and thus always enjoying it.

How different is the view of property in the man who is grown old in wisdom and wisdom, from that of the man who is grown old in ignorance and folly. The latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, and produces nothing either profitable or pleasant; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape divided into lightful gardens, green meadows, and fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possession that is not covered with some beautiful flower.

N<sup>o</sup> XCV. TUESDAY, JUNE 19.

CURÆ LEVES LOQUUNTUR, INGENTES STUPENT.

LIGHT SORROWS SPEAK, GREAT GRIEF IS DUMB.

VING read the two following letters with much pleasure, I can think the good sense of them will be agreeable to the town as any thing I say either on the topics they treat of, or any other. They both alter the former papers of mine; and I question but the first, which is a warning mourning, will be thought a deduction of a man who is well acquainted with the generous yearnings of a manly temper, which is a relief of tears. A speculation upon that subject I shall defer to another occasion.

The second letter is from a lady of as great as her understanding. It says perhaps something in the behalf of it which I ought in modesty to say; but I have so much esteem for the correspondent, that I will not be little of what she writes, though we are scrupulous at the price of becoming so.

SPECTATOR,

I am very well pleased with your discourse upon general mourning, and am obliged to you if you would treat to the matter more deeply, and your thoughts upon the common opinion of ordinary people have of the reasonings of grief, who prescribe odd fashions to the most solemn and such as the loss of the nearest and dearest friends. You cannot visit a sick friend, but some silent waiter about him observes the looks of your face, as strictly as were prognostics of his death or recovery. If he happens to be taken ill, you are immediately furnished with numbers of these spectacles, who expect a melancholy shrug of the shoulders, a pathological shake of the head, and an expressive distortion of the face, to measure your affection due for the deceased: but there being, on these occasions, so much favour as immoderate weeping. Their passions are superficial, they are the sons of love and friendship

to be placed visibly in the eyes: they judge what stock of kindness you had for the living, by the quantity of tears you pour out for the dead; so that if one body wants that quantity of salt-water another abounds with, he is in great danger of being thought insensible or ill-natured: they are strangers to friendship, whose grief happens not to be moist enough to wet such a parcel of handkerchiefs. But experience has told us, nothing is so fallacious as this outward sign of sorrow; and the natural history of our bodies will teach us that this flux of the eyes, this faculty of weeping, is peculiar only to some constitutions. We observe in the tender bodies of children, when crossed in their little wills and expectations, how dissolvable they are into tears; if this were what grief is in men, nature would not be able to support them in the excess of it for one moment. Add to this observation, how quick is their transition from this passion to that of their joy! I will not say we see often, in the next tender things to children, tears shed without much grieving. Thus it is common to shed tears without much sorrow, and as common to suffer much sorrow without shedding tears. Grief and weeping are indeed frequent companions; but, I believe, never in their highest excesses. As laughter does not proceed from profound joy, so neither does weeping from profound sorrow. The sorrow which appears so easily at the eyes, cannot have pierced deeply into the heart. The heart defended with grief, stops all the passages for tears or lamentations.

Now, Sir, what I would incline you to in all this, is, that you would inform the shallow critics and observers upon sorrow, that true affliction labours to be invisible, that it is a stranger to ceremony, and that it bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumstances which are affected under the notion of decency. You must know, Sir, I have lately lost a dear friend, for whom I have not yet shed a tear, and

for

for that reason your animadversions on that subject would be the more acceptable to, Sir, your most humble servant,

B. D.

MR. SPECTATOR, JUNE THE 15th.

AS I hope there are but few that have so little gratitude as not to acknowledge the usefulness of your pen, and to esteem it a public benefit; so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must nevertheless find the secret and incomparable pleasure of doing good, and be a great sharer in the entertainment you give. I acknowledge our sex to be much obliged, and I hope improved by your labours, and even your intentions, more particularly for our service. If it be true, as it is sometimes said, that our sex have an influence on the other, your paper may be a yet more general good. Your directing us to reading is certainly the best means to our instruction; but I think, with you, caution in that particular very useful, since the improvement of our understandings may, or may not, be of service to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally so ignorant as ill-taught; or that our sex does so often want wit, judgment, or knowledge, as the right application of them; you are so well-bred, as to say your fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaux, and that you could name some of them that talk much better than several gentlemen that make a figure at Will's: this may possibly be, and no great compliment, in my opinion, even supposing your comparison to reach Tom's and the Grecian: sure you are too wise to think that a real commendation

of a woman. Were it not to be wished we improved in sphere, and approved ourselves daughters, wives, mothers, and

I cannot but agree with the trader in Cheapside, though I at all prejudiced in his favour, commending the study of art and must dissent even from the which you mention, when it ad making our sex scholars. I little more philosophy, in order subduing our passions to our might be sometimes serviceable treatise of that nature I should of, even in exchange for 'The or the Force of Love;' but I know you want not hints, I proceed no further than to recommend Bishop of Cambray's Education Daughter, as it is translated only language I have any knowledge though perhaps very much to advantage. I have heard it against that piece, that it's instructions are not of general use, but only for a great lady; but I confess of that opinion; for I do not remember that there are any rules laid down the expences of a woman, in which particular only I think a gentlewoman to differ from a lady of the best or highest quality, and not in the principles of justice, gratitude, frugality, prudence, or modesty. I ought to make an apology for this epistle; but as I rather believe friend to sincerity, than ceremony only assure you I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ANAL

Nº XCVI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20.

AMICUM

MANCIPIUM DOMINO, ET FRUGI

HOR. SAT. VII. L. 2. V. 1

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT, AND THE TRUE.

CREECH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have frequently read your discourse upon servants; and, as I am one myself, have been much offended, that in that variety of forms wherein you considered the bad, you found no place to mention the good. There is how-

ever one observation of yours I am which is, that there are men of good sense among all orders of and that servants report most of the or ill which is spoken of their That there are men of sense who servitude, I have the vanity to have felt to my woful experience

y justly the source of our duty to board-wages, and of living out of a domestic unnot give you my thoughts ect any way so well, as by ant of my own life to this h year of my age; that is my being first a footboy at my present station of a orte in the year of my age oned.

s, that my father was a poor family of Sir Stephen Rack-Stephen put me to school, de me follow his son Harry rom my ninth year; and h Sir Stephen paid some- learning, I was used like ad was forced to get what rning I could by my own he schoolmaster took very f me. My young master very sprightly parts; and onstantly about him, and was no small advantage to after loved me extremely, en been whipped for not it a distance. He used al-

that when he came to his d have a lease of my father's r nothing. I came up to e him to Westminster-school; e he taught me at night all d put me to find out words ary when he was about his was the will of Providence Larry was taken very ill of which he died within ten is first falling sick. Here t sorrow I ever knew; and , Mr. Spectator, I remem- atiful action of the sweet fever, as fresh as if it were If he wanted any thing, it n him by Tom: when I let ll through the grief I was ould cry—'Do not beat the give him some more julep obody else shall give me.' ive to hide his being so bad, I could not bear his being langer, and comforted me, Tom, Tom, have a good When I was holding up a month, he fell into convul- t this very time I hear my s last groan. I was quick- eat my head against the wall . *The grief I was in was*

inexpressible; and every body thought it would have cost me my life. In a few days my old lady, who was one of the house-wives of the world, thought of turning me out of doors, because I put her in mind of her son. Sir Stephen proposed putting me to prentice; but my lady being an excellent manager, would not let her husband throw away his money in acts of charity. I had sense enough to be under the utmost indignation, to see her discard with so little concern, one her son had loved so much; and went out of the house to ramble wherever my feet would carry me.

The third day after I left Sir Stephen's family, I was strolling up and down the walks in the Temple. A young gentleman of the house, who, as I heard him say afterwards, seeing me half-starved and well-dressed, thought me an equipage ready to his hand, after very little enquiry more than Did I want a master? bid me follow him; I did so, and in a very little while thought myself the happiest creature in this world. My time was taken up in carrying letters to wenches, or messages to young ladies of my master's acquaintance. We rambled from tavern to tavern, to the play-house, the mulberry-garden, and all places of resort; where my master engaged every night in some new amour, in which and drinking he spent all his time when he had money. During these extravagancies I had the pleasure of lying on the stairs of a tavern half a night, playing at dice with other servants, and the like idlenesses. When my master was moneyless, I was generally employed in transcribing amorous pieces of poetry, old songs, and new lampoons. This life held until my master married, and he had then the prudence to turn me off, because I was in the secret of his intrigues.

I was utterly at a loss what course to take next; when at last I applied myself to a fellow-sufferer, one of his mistresses, a woman of the town. She happening at that time to be pretty full of money, clothed me from head to foot; and knowing me to be a sharp fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad with her, and when she had pitched upon a young fellow, she thought for her turn, I was to be dropped as one she could not trust. She would often cheapen goods at the New Exchange; and when she had a mind



to be attacked, she would send me away on an errand. When an humble servant and she were beginning a parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir John was come home; then she would order another coach to prevent being dogged. The lover makes signs to me as I get behind the coach, I shake my head it was impossible: I leave my lady at the next turning, and follow the cully to know how to fall in his way on another occasion. Besides good offices of this nature, I writ all my mistress's love-letters; some from a lady that saw such a gentleman at such a place in such a coloured coat; some shewing the terror she was in of a jealous old husband; others explaining that the severity of her parents was such, though her fortune was settled, that she was willing to run away with such a one, though she knew he was but a younger brother. In a word, my half education and love of idle books made me outwrite all that made love to her by way of epistle; and as she was extremely cunning, she did well enough in company by a skilful affectation of the greatest modesty. In the midst of all this I was surprized with a letter from her and a ten pound note.

HONEST TOM,

**Y**OU will never see me more. I am married to a cunning country gentleman, who might possibly guess something if I kept you still; therefore farewell.

When this place was lost also in marriage, I was resolved to go among quite another people for the future; and got in butler to one of those families where there is a coach kept, three or four servants, a clean house, and a good general outside upon a small estate. Here I lived very comfortably for some time, until I unfortunately found my master, the very gravest man alive, in the garret with the chambermaid. I knew the

world too well to think of staying; and the next day pretended to have received a letter out of the country my father was dying, and got my charge with a bounty for my discharge.

The next I lived with was a poor single man, whom I stayed with a year and a half. Most part of the I passed very easily; for when I tried to know him, I minded no more he meant what he said; so that on in good humour he said, I was the man he ever had, by my want of respect to him.

These, Sir, are the chief occurrences of my life; and I will not dwell very many other places I have been where I have been the strangest fellow in the world, where no body in the world had such servants as they, I am sure they were the unluckiest people in the world in servants, and so forth. I mean by this representation, is, to you that we poor servants are not, you called us too generally, all robbers, but that we are what we are, according to the example of our superiors. In my family I am now in, I am guilty of one sin but lying; which I do with a grave face in my gown and staff all day I live, and almost all day long denying my Lord to impertinent suit and my Lady to unwelcome visit. But, Sir, I am to let you know, I am, when I can get abroad, a lord of the servants; I am he that keeps with beating my cudgel against the boards in the gallery at an opera; he that am touched so properly at a comedy, when the people of quality staring at one another during the important incidents: when you hear a crowd a cry in the right place, and where the point is touched in a speech or an huzza set up where it is the cry of the people; you may conclude begun, or joined by, Sir, your most humble servant,

T

THOMAS TRU.

N<sup>o</sup> XCVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 21.

PROJECERE ANIMAS——

VIRG. ÆN. VI. v. 4.

THEY PRODIGALLY THREW THEIR SOULS AWAY.

**A**MONG the loose papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a conversation between Pha-

ramond and Eucrate upon the subject of duels, and the copy of an edict issued in consequence of that discou-

Ex

e argued, That nothing but severe and vindictive punishments as placing the bodies of the in chains, and putting them by the most exquisite torments, sufficient to extirpate a crime so long prevailed, and was fixed in the opinion of the great and laudable: but the red, That indeed instances of were necessary in the cure of but considering that it prevail- among such as had a nicety in of honour, and that it often that a duel was fought to save ss to the world, when both re in their hearts in amity and ion to each other; it was evi- turning the mode another I effectually put a stop to what only as a mode. That to is poverty and shame were tor- cient: that he would not go punishing in others, crimes was satisfied he himself was y of, in that he might have them by speaking his displea- r. Besides which the king as in general averse to tor- ch was putting human nature er than the criminal, to dis- l that he would be sure not to ans where the crime was but et arising from a laudable fear of shame. The king, at me, spoke with much grace bject of mercy; and repent- acts of that kind which had ent aspect in the doing, but onsequences in the example. particulars, he observed, was the general: that though a d not revive a dead man by life of him who killed him, ld he make a reparation to at should die by the evil ex- nswer to himself for the par- or pardoning the next as well er offender. 'As for me,' mond, 'I have conquered and yet have given laws to es: the laws are my methods ey are not a diminution but n to my power. I am still to distinguish the innocent rtuous, to give honours to : and generous: I am abso- ly good-will; none can op- ounty, or prescribe rules for c. While I can, as I please,

'reward the good, I am under no pain  
'that I cannot pardon the wicked; for  
'which reason,' continued Pharamond,  
'I will effectually put a stop to this  
'evil, by exposing no more the tender-  
'ness of my nature to the importunity  
'of having the same respect to those  
'who are miserable by their fault, and  
'those who are so by their misfortune.  
'Flatterers,' conclude. I the king smil-  
ing, 'repeat to us princes, that we are  
'Heaven's viceregerents; let us be so,  
'and let the only thing out of our power  
'be to do ill.'

Soon after the evening wherein Phara-  
mond and Eucrate had this conversation,  
the following edict was published.

#### PHARAMOND'S EDICT AGAINST DUELS.

PHARAMOND, KING OF THE GAULS, TO  
ALL HIS LOVING SUBJECTS SENDETH  
GREETING.

WHEREAS it has come to our  
royal notice and observation, that  
in contempt of all laws divine and hu-  
man, it is of late become a custom  
among the nobility and gentry of this our  
kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as  
well as great and urgent provocations,  
to invite each other into the field, there  
by their own hands, and of their own  
authority, to decide their controversies  
by combat; we have thought fit to take  
the said custom into our royal considera-  
tion, and find, upon inquiry into the  
usual causes whereon such fatal decisions  
have arisen, that by this wicked custom:  
maugre all the precepts of our holy reli-  
gion, and the rules of right reason, the  
greatest act of the human mind, for-  
giveness of injuries, is become vile and  
shameful; that the rules of good society  
and virtuous conversation are hereby in-  
verted; that the loose, the vain, and the  
impudent, insult the careful, the dis-  
creet, and the modest; that all virtue is  
suppressed, and all vice supported, in the  
one act of being capable to dare to the  
death. We have also further, with great  
sorrow of mind, observed, that this  
dreadful action, by long impunity, (our  
royal attention being employed upon  
matters of more general concern) is be-  
come honourable, and the refusal to en-  
gage in it ignominious. In these our  
royal cares and inquiries we are yet far-  
ther made to understand, that the per-  
sons of most eminent worth, and most  
hopeful

hopeful abilities, accompanied with the strongest passion for true glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the dangers arising from this licence. Now taking the said premises into our serious consideration, and well weighing that all such emergencies (wherein the mind is incapable of commanding itself, and where the injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be borne) are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted; and that the qualities of less injuries, like those of ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under general rules; we do resolve to blot this fashion, or wantonness of anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by our royal resolutions declared in this edict as follows:

No person who either sends or accepts a challenge, or the posterity of either, though no death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in these our dominions.

The person who shall prove the send-

ing or receiving a challenge, shall r to his own use and property, the personal estate of both parties; and real estate shall be immediately vest the next heir of the offenders in a ple manner as if the said offender actually deceased.

In cases where the laws, which have already granted to our subjects mit of an appeal for blood; wh criminal is condemned, by the sa peal, he shall not only suffer deat his whole estate, real, mixed and sonal, shall from the hour of his be vested in the next heir of the whose blood he spilt.

That it shall not hereafter be royal power, or that of our succ to pardon the said offences, or rest offenders in their estates, hono blood for ever.

Given at our court at Blois, t of February 420, in the : year of our reign.

## Nº XCVIII. FRIDAY, JUNE 22.

— TANTA EST QUÆRENDI CURA DECORIS.

JUV. SAT. VI. V. 3

FOOTSTUDIOUSLY THEIR PERSONS THEY ADORN.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress: within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that 'we appear'd as grasshoppers before them:' at present, the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five: how they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to *make themselves appear sizeable*, is still

a secret; though I find most are in opinion, they are at present like trees lopped and pruned, that will ce sprout up and flourish with greater than before. For my own part do not love to be insulted by women are taller than myself, I admire much more in their present humi which has reduced them to their dimensions, than when they had ed their persons and lengthened selves out into formidable and g figures. I am not for adding beautiful edifices of nature, nor f ing any whimsical superstructure her plans: I must therefore say that I am highly pleased with th sure now in fashion, and think i the good sense which at present much reigns among the valuable the sex. One may observe that in all ages have taken more pain men to adorn the outside of their and indeed I very much admiri those female architects, who rai wonderful structures out of sil

wire, have not been recorded of effective inventions. It is certain, have been as many orders in the building, as in those that have been made of marble; some rise in the shape of a pyramid, some like a tower, and sometimes a temple. In Juvenal's time the head grew by several orders and stone he has very humorously described.

*ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus  
caput: Andromachen à fronte vi-  
est: aliam credas —*

JUV. SAT. VI. V. 501.  
son curls they build her head be-  
not it with a formidable tower:  
she seems; but look behind,  
she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

do not remember in any part of  
ing, that the head-dress aspired  
eat an extravagance as in the  
th century; when it was built  
couple of cones or spires, which  
excessively high on each side of  
, that a woman, who was but  
without her head-dress, ap-  
like a Colossus upon putting it  
onsieur Paradin says, that these  
ioned fontanges rose an ell above  
l; that they were pointed like  
and had long loose pieces of  
tened to the tops of them, which  
tiously fringed, and hung down  
like streams.

women might possibly have car-  
Gothic building much higher,  
a famous monk, Thomas Co-  
name, attacked it with great  
resolution. This holy man  
l from place to place to preach  
his monstrous comode; and  
d so well in it, that as the ma-  
sacrificed their books to the  
upon the preaching of an apostle,  
the women threw down their  
esses in the middle of his sermon,  
le a bonfire of them within sight  
alpit. He was so renowned as  
the sanctity of his life as his  
of preaching, that he had often  
gation of twenty thousand peo-  
men placing themselves on the  
: of his pulpit, and the women

on the other, that appeared, to use the  
similitude of an ingenious writer, like a  
forest of cedars with their heads reach-  
ing to the clouds. He so warmed and  
animated the people against this mon-  
strous ornament, that it lay under a  
kind of persecution; and whenever it ap-  
peared in public was pelted down by the  
rabble, who flung stones at the persons  
that wore it. But notwithstanding this  
prodigy vanished, while the preacher  
was among them, it began to appear  
again some months after his departure,  
or to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own  
words—'The women that, like snails  
' in a fright, had drawn in their horns,  
' shot them out again as soon as the  
' danger was over.' This extravagance  
of the women's head-dresses in that age  
is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Ar-  
gentré in the History of Bretagne, and  
by other historians as well as the person  
I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good  
reign is the only proper time for the  
making of laws against the exorbitance  
of power; in the same manner an exces-  
sive head-dress may be attacked the most  
effectually when the fashion is against  
it. I do therefore recommend this pa-  
per to my female readers by way of pre-  
vention.

I would desire the fair-sex to consider  
how impossible it is for them to add any  
thing that can be ornamental to what is  
already the master-piece of nature. The  
head has the most beautiful appearance,  
as well as the highest station, in a hu-  
man figure. Nature has laid out all her  
art in beautifying the face; she has  
touched it with vermilion, planted in it  
a double row of ivory, made it the seat  
of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and  
enlivened it with the brightness of the  
eyes, hung it on each side with curious  
organs of sense, given it airs and graces  
that cannot be described, and surround-  
ed it with such a flowing shade of hair  
as sets all it's beauties in the most agree-  
able light: in short, she seems to have de-  
signed the head as the cupola to the most  
glorious of her works; and when we load  
it with such a pile of supernumerary or-  
naments, we destroy the symmetry of  
the human figure, and foolishly contrive  
to call off the eye from great and real  
beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbands,  
and bone-lace.

L

N<sup>o</sup> XCIX. SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

— TERPI SECRERNIS HONESTUM.

HOR. SAT. VI. L. I. V. 6

YOU KNOW TO FIX THE BOUNDS OF RIGHT AND WRONGS.

THE club, of which I have often declared myself a member, were last night engaged in a discourse upon that which passes for the chief point of honour among men and women; and started a great many hints upon the subject, which I thought were entirely new. I shall therefore methodize the several reflections that arose upon this occasion, and present my reader with them for the speculation of this day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this paper which seems to differ with any passage of last Thursday's, the reader will consider this as the sentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather those of Pharamond.

The great point of honour in men is courage, and in women chastity. If a man loses his honour in one encounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a slip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reason for fixing the point of honour to these two qualities, unless it be that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualification which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves, without regard to the opinions of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on wisdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it against chastity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female sex than courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a terror to others fall like a slave at their feet, or that this quality supplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from insults, and avenging their quarrels, or that courage is a natural indication of a strong and sprightly constitution. On the other side, nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing be-

sides chastity with it's collateral virtues, truth, fidelity and constancy the man a property in the loves, and consequently endeared him above all things.

I am very much pleased with in the inscription on a monument erected in Westminster Abbey to Duke and Duchess of Newcastle name was Margaret Lucas, sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family, for all the were valiant, and all the virtuous.

In books of chivalry, where of honour is strained to make whole story runs on chastity. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of innocence; and, to avoid scandal, have a dwarf for her page. So to think of a man, until some tune has brought a knight some relief. The knight falls in love, did not gratitude restrain her from deriding her deliverer, would do so by her disdain. However, wait some years in the desert her virgin heart can think of no other. The knight goes off, every thing he meets that is his stronger than himself, seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after seven years rambling to his mistress, whose chastity attacked in the mean time by tyrants, and undergone as much as her lover's valour.

In Spain, where there are remains of this romantic humour, a transporting favour for a lady an accidental glance on her from a window, though it be two stories high; as it is usual for a knight to assert his passion for his lady in single combat with a dead bull. The great violation of chastity honour from man to man, to be lie. One may tell another the drinks, blasphemes, and is unrepresented, but to say in the

is an affront that nothing can expiate. The reason may be, because no other vice want of courage so much as of a lie; and therefore tell he lies, is touching him in sensible part of honour, and calling him a coward. I consider this head what Hero-us of the ancient Persians, he age of five years to twenty & their sons only in three manage the horse, to make now, and to speak truth.

Missing the point of honour in kind of courage, has given the very refuse of mankind, neither virtue nor common respect for men of honour. Another, who has not been long to tell a pleasant story of a gentleman that visited him early in the morning at Paris, and after great respect, let him know that in his power to oblige him; he thought, amounted to this, that he could tell his lordship the name who jostled him as he rode in the opera; but before he could, he begged his lordship would not deny him the honour of him his second. The Englishman avoid being drawn into a quarrel, told him that he was acquainted with his two next neighbours couple of particular friends. The gentleman immediately

withdrew, hoping his lordship would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himself was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this false notion of honour, in so vain and lively a people as those of France, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious parts of their present king's reign. It is pity but the punishment of these mischievous notions should have in it some particular circumstances of shame and infamy; that those who are slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their reputations, they lead them to ignominy and dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

When honour is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged; but when the dictates of honour are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society.

L

## Nº C. MONDAY, JUNE 25.

NIL EGO CONTULERIM JUCUNDO SANUS AMICO.

HOR. SAT. V. L. I. V. 44.

THE GREATEST BLESSING IS A PLEASANT FRIEND.

advanced in years that thinks to look back upon his former life, that only life which was full of satisfaction and enjoyment, all parts which were not pleasant, will find himself very sorry in his infancy. Sickness, and idleness, will have robbed him a great share of that space of time which he calls our life. It is therefore of every man that would improve himself, to obtain, if possible, to be pleased, and place a constant aptitude for the

satisfactions of his being. Instead of this, you hardly see a man who is not uneasy in proportion to his advancement in the arts of life. An affected delicacy is the common improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others: they do not aim at true pleasures themselves, but turn their thoughts upon observing the false pleasures of other men. Such people are valetudinarians in society, and they should no more come into company than a sick man should come into the air: if a man is too weak to bear what is a refreshment

freshment to men in health, he must still keep his chamber. When any one in Sir Roger's company complains he is out of order, he immediately calls for some posset-drink for him; for which reason that sort of people who are ever bewailing their constitution in other places, are the chearfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them the history of their pains and aches; and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is of all other the meanest help to discourse, and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his head-ach answered by another asking what news in the last mail? Mutual good-humour is a dress we ought to appear in wherever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns ourselves, without it be of matters wherein our friends ought to rejoice; but indeed there are crowds of people who put themselves in no method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of the nurse's arms. Such an aversion to labour creates a constant weariness, and one would think should make existence itself a burden. The indolent man descends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational merely vegetative; his life consists only in the mere increase and decay of a body, which, with relation to the rest of the world, might as well have been uninformed, as the habitation of a reasonable mind.

Of this kind is the life of that extraordinary couple, Harry Terfett and his lady. Harry was in the days of his obduracy one of those pert creatures who live much vivacity and little understanding; Mrs. Rebecca Quickly, whom he married, had all that the fire of youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable woman. These two people of seeming merit fell into each other's arms; and passion being sated, and no reason or good sense in either to succeed it, their life is now at a stand; their meals are insipid, and

their time tedious; their fort placed them above care, and of taste reduced them below d When we talk of these as instances of inexistence, we do not mean, order to live it is necessary w always be in jovial crews, or with chaplets of roses, as the m lows among the ancients are d but it is intended by consideri contraries to pleasure, indolence too much delicacy, to shew th prudence to preserve a dispo ourselves to receive a certain d all we hear and see.

This portable quality of g mour seasons all the parts an rences we meet with, in such a that there are no moments lost; all pass with so much satisfact the heaviest of loads, when it i that of time, is never felt by u rilas has this quality to the hig fection, and communicates it he appears: the sad, the merry; vere, the melancholy, shew a ne fulness when he comes among At the same time no one can re thing that Varilas has ever said serves repetition; but the man innate goodness of temper, th welcome to every body, beca man thinks he is so to him. not seem to contribute any thin mirth of the company; and reflection you find it all happ his being there. I thought it wa sically said of a gentleman, th rilas had wit, it would be the in the world. It is certain, well corrected lively imaginat good-breeding are added to a t position, they qualify it to be o. greatest blessings, as well as j of life.

Men would come into comp ten times the pleasure they do, were sure of hearing nothing should shock them, as well as what would please them. We know every person that is spok represented by one who has no and every thing that is menti scribed by one that is apt to set best light, the entertainment delicate, because the cook has brought to his hand but what is excellent in it's kind. Beauti res are the entertainments

miuds, and deformities of the corrupted. It is a degree towards the life of angels, when we enjoy conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in it's

excellence; and a degree towards that of dæmons, wherein nothing is shewn but in it's degeneracy.

T

## Nº CI. TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

ROMULUS, ET LIBER PATER, ET CUM CASTORE POLLUX,  
POST INGENITIA FACTA. DEORUM IN TEMPLA RECEPTI;  
DUM TERRAS HOMINUMQUE COLUNT GENUS, ASPERA BELLA  
COMPONUNT, AGROS ASSIGNANT, OPTIDA CONDUNT;  
FLORAVERE SUIS NON RESPONDERE FAVOREM  
SPERATUM MERITIS.

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. V. 5.

## IMITATED.

EDWARD AND HENRY, NOW THE BOAST OF FAME,  
AND VIRTUOUS ALFRED, A MORE SACRED NAME,  
AFTER A LIFE OF GEN'ROUS TOILS ENDUR'D,  
THE GAUL SUBDU'D, OR PROPERTY SECUR'D,  
AMBITION HUMBL'D, MIGHTY CITIES STORM'D,  
OR LAWS ESTABLISH'D, AND THE WORLD REFORM'D;  
CLOS'D THEIR LONG GLORIES WITH A SIGH, TO FIND  
TH' UNWILLING GRATITUDE OF BASE MANKIND.

POPE.

'CENSURE,' says a late ingenious author, 'is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.' It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the man in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy. For this reason persons in great stations have seldom their true characters drawn until several years after their deaths. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunity of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry

for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow Cæsar to be a great man, without derogating from Pompey; and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from those of Cæsar. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which whilst he lived his friends were too profuse and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, the last comet that made it's appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by it's approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered it's natural temper. In the like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intently it is heated in all it's parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent historian may then probably arise that will not write '*recentibus odiis*,' as Tacitus expresses it, with the passions and prejudices of a cotemporary author, but make an impartial



partial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myself very often with the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of Anne the First, and introducing it with a preface to his reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining part of the English story. The great rivals in fame will be then distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. 'Such an one,' says the historian, 'though variously represented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity: nor was such an one, though of an opposite party and interest, inferior to him in any of these respects.'

The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the same body of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole British nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future historian, as the person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the British nation. For my own part, I often flatter myself with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some page or other of this imaginary historian.

'It was under this reign,' says he, 'that the Spectator published those little diurnal essays which are still extant: We know very little of the name or person of this author, except only that he was a man of a very short face, extremely addicted to silence, and so great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reason but to take the measure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir Roger de Coverley, a whimsical country knight; and a Templar whose name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the house

of a widow-woman, and was a humourist in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with certainty of his person and character. As for his speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and secure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of an author, who has doubtless furnished many representations of things by the truth. For if we interpret words in their literal meaning, must suppose that women of that quality used to pass away whole evenings at a puppet-show: that they tested their principles by their practice: that an audience would sit out the evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which did not understand: that chair flower-pots were introduced as ornaments upon the British stage: that a peculiar assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight masques within the verge of the city, with many improbabilities of that nature. We must therefore, in such cases, and the like cases, suppose that remote hints and allusions aim at some certain follies which were in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of. We must guess by several passages in the speculations, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the reputation of this author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we must not guess at any objections that may be made to his paper. If we consider his style with that indulgence which we must shew to old writers, or if we look into the nature of his subjects, with those sceptical dissertations, moral reflections

The following part of the paper is so much to my advantage, that I hope my reader will excuse me from inserting it.

N<sup>o</sup> CII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.

—LUSUS ANIMO DEBENT ALIQUANDO DARI,  
COGITANDUM MELIOR UT REDEAT SIBI.

PHEDR. FAB. XIV. L. 3.

SHOULD SOMETIMES TO BE DIVERTED, THAT IT MAY RETURN THE  
BETTER TO THINKING.

know whether to call the fol-  
; letter a satire upon coquettes,  
sensation of their several fan-  
complishments, or what other  
re it; but as it is I shall com-  
it to the public. It will suffi-  
plain it's own intentions, so  
ll give it my reader at length,  
ther preface or postscript.

SPECTATOR,

EN are armed with fans as  
with swords, and sometimes  
xecution with them. To the  
ore that ladies may be entire  
of the weapons which they  
ive erected an academy for the  
up of young women in the  
of the fan,' according to the  
ionable airs and motions that  
racted at court. The ladies  
ry' fans under me are drawn  
a day in my great hall, where  
nstructed in the use of their  
I exercised by the following  
command:

undle your fans,  
isfurl your fans,  
ischarge your fans,  
ound your fans,  
cover your fans,  
utter your fans.

fit observation of these few  
ds of command, a woman of  
genius, who will apply her-  
ently to her exercise for the  
ut one half-year, shall be able  
er fan all the graces that can  
nter into that little modish

the end that my readers may  
emselves a right notion of this  
I beg leave to explain it to  
ll it's parts. When my fe-  
nent is drawn up in array,  
one her weapon in her hand,  
giving the word 'to handle  
s,' each of them shakes her fan  
a smile, then gives her right-  
in a tap upon the shoulder,  
her lips with the extremity

of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an  
easy motion, and stands in a readiness  
to receive the next word of command.  
All this is done with a close fan, and is  
generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of 'unfurl-  
'ing the fan,' in which are compre-  
hended several little flirts and vibrations,  
as also gradual and deliberate openings,  
with many voluntary fallings asunder  
in the fan itself, that are seldom learned  
under a month's practice. This part  
of the exercise pleases the spectators more  
than any other, as it discovers on a sud-  
den an infinite number of cupids, gar-  
lands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows,  
and the like agreeable figures, that dis-  
play themselves to view, whilst every  
one in the regiment holds a picture in  
her hand.

Upon my giving the word to 'dis-  
'charge their fans,' they give one gene-  
ral crack that may be heard at a consi-  
derable distance when the wind sits fair.  
This is one of the most difficult parts  
of the exercise; but I have several la-  
dies with me, who at their first entrance  
could not give a pop loud enough to be  
heard at the further end of a room, who  
can now 'discharge a fan' in such a man-  
ner, that it shall make a report like a  
pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken  
care, in order to hinder young women  
from letting off their fans in wrong  
places or unsuitable occasions, to shew  
upon what subject the crack of a fan  
may come in properly: I have likewise  
invented a fan with which a girl of six-  
teen, by the help of a little wind which  
is inclosed about one of the largest sticks,  
can make as loud a crack as a woman  
of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus 'discharged,'  
the word of command in course is to  
'ground their fans.' This teaches a  
lady to quit her fan gracefully when she  
throws it aside in order to take up a  
pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, re-  
place a falling pin, or apply herself to  
any other matter of importance. This  
part of the exercise, as it only consists  
in

in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table, (which stands by for that purpose) may be learned in two days time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden, like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit, they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out—'Recover your fans!' This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The 'fluttering of the fan' is the last, and indeed the master-piece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mispend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce—'Flutter your fans,' the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the 'flutter of a fan': there is the angry flutter, the modish flutter, the timorous flutter, the

confused flutter, the merry flutter the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious there is scarce any emotion in the which does not produce a suitable tation in the fan; inasmuch, that only see the fan of a disciplined I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen so very angry, that it would have dangerous for the absent lover who evoked it to have come within the of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the sake the lover was at a sufficient tance from it. I need not add, fan is either a prude or coquette cording to the nature of the performer bears it. To conclude my letter, I acquaint you that I have from my observations compiled a little treatise the use of my scholars, intitled 'Passions of the Fan,' which I will communicate to you, if you think it is of use to the public. I shall have general review on Thursday next which you shall be very welcome will honour it with your presence.

I am

P. S. I teach young gentlemen whole art of gallanting a fan.

N. B. I have several little plays made for this use, to avoid expen

## Nº CIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

—SIBI QUIVIS

SEPERET IDEM: SUDET MULTUM, FRUSTRAQUE LABORAT  
AUGUS IDEM —————

HOR. ART. POET. V. 1

ALL MEN WILL TRY, AND HOPE TO WRITE AS WELL,  
AND NOT (WITHOUT MUCH PAINS) BE UNDECEIV'D.

ROSCON

MY friend the divine having been used with words of complaisance, which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his absence, was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking civilities among us, that he made a discourse against it at the club, which he concluded with this remark, that he had not heard one compliment made in our society since it's commencement. Every one was pleased with his conclusion: and as each knew his good-will to the rest, he was convinced that the many professions of kindness and service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not nat-

tural where the heart is well-intended to mean any part of what express, never to mean all they say. Our reverend friend, upon this pointed out to us two or three parts on this subject in the first sermon of the first volume of the late archbishop's posthumous works. I do not that I ever read any thing that me more, and as it is the praise of genius, that he speaks of the public like suitable to it, so one may say author upon sincerity, that he any pomp of rhetoric on this occasion and treats it with more simplicity, at once to be

an example. With what command of himself does he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profession, a fault, which by the least liberty and warmth of expression would be the most lively wit and satire! But his heart was better disposed, and the good man chastised the great wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows.

—Amongst too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are hardly any signification of their thoughts; and if any man measure his words by his heart, and speaks as he thinks, and do not express more kindness to every man, than men usually have for any man, he can hardly escape the censure of want of breeding. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost amongst us: there hath been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our neighbors in some of the worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited, as I may say, of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance and a good conscience to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear what so many expressions of respect and kind-

ness will pass between men, almost upon no occasion; how great honour and esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his service and interest, for no reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him, for no benefit; and how extremely they will be concerned for him; yea and afflicted too, for no cause. I know it is said, in justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, nor real deceit in compliment, but the matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another; "*et verba valent ut nummi*—Words are like money:" and when the current value of them is generally understood, no man is cheated by them. This is something if such words were any thing; but being brought into the account, they are mere cyphers. However, it is still a just matter of complaint, that sincerity and plainness are out of fashion, and that our language is running into a lie; and that men have almost quite perverted the use of speech, and made words to signify nothing; that the greatest part of the conversation of mankind is little else but driving a trade of dissimulation; inasmuch that it would make a man heartily sick and weary of the world, to see the little sincerity that is in use and practice among men.

When the vice is placed in this contemptible light, he argues unanswerably against it, in words and thoughts so natural, that any man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the author of them.

If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissimble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissimble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it; and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it, is lost.

In another part of the same discourse he goes on to shew, that all artifice must naturally tend to the disappointment of him that practises it.

‘Whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falshood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting

‘jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means but honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn; neither truth nor falsehood.’

## Nº CIV. FRIDAY, JUNE 29.

—————QUALIS EQUOS THESSIA PATEBAT  
NARFALYCE—————

VIRG. ÆN. I. V. 320.

WITH SUCH ARRAY NARFALYCE BESTRODE  
HER THRACIAN COUSSER.

DRYDEN.

**I**T would be a nobler improvement, or rather a recovery of what we call good-breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least transgression against that rule of life called decorum, or a regard to decency. This would command the respect of mankind, because it carries in it deference to their good opinion, as humility lodged in a worthy mind is always attended with a certain homage, which no haughty soul, with all the arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. Tully says, virtue and decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our imagination. As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, so certainly is decency concomitant to virtue: as beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in that we observe all the parts with a certain elegance are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behaviour which appears in our lives obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions. This flows from the reverence we bear towards every good man, and to the world in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these considerations we are to distinguish how one virtue differs from another; as it is the part of justice never to do violence, it is of modesty never to commit offence. In this last particular lies the whole force of what is called decency; to this pur-

pose that excellent moralist above-mentioned talks of decency; but this quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary capacity, than expressed with all his eloquence. This decency of behaviour is generally transgressed among all orders of men: nay, the very women, though themselves created it as it were for ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental part of life. It would, methinks, be a short rule for behaviour, if every young lady in her dress, words and actions, were only to recommend herself as a sister, daughter, or wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those characters. The care of themselves, with regard to the families in which women are born, is the best motive for their being taught to come into the alliance of other houses. Nothing can promote this end more than a strict preservation of decency. I should be glad if a certain equestrian order of ladies, some of whom one meets in the evening at every outlet of the town, would take this subject into their serious consideration: in order thereto the following letter may not be wholly unworthy their perusal.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**G**OING lately to take the air in one of the most beautiful evenings this season has produced; as I was admiring the serenity of the sky, the lively colours of the fields, and the variety of the landscape every way around me, my eyes were suddenly called off from these inanimate objects by a little party of men I saw passing the road. They

em escaped my particular observation by reason that my whole attention was fixed on a very fair youth in the midst of them, and who had been dressed by some one in a romance. His features, countenance, and habit, had a remarkable softness, and a certain languishing expression appeared in his air; his hair, well powdered, hung to a considerable length on his shoulders, and was only tied, as if by the hands of a slave, in a scarlet ribbon, which he wore as a streamer behind him; he wore a coat and waistcoat of blue cambric and embroidered with silver; and the finest lace; and wore, in a word, a little beaver hat edged with red, and made more sprightly by

His horse too, which was as well adorned after the same airy and seemed to share in the vanity of the rider. As I was pitying the appearance of this young person, who appeared to have been educated only in the softest of life, I perceived on my approach, and as I turned my eyes to him, a part of the equipage I had seen before, which was a petticoat the same with the coat and waistcoat. After this discovery, I looked at the face of the fair Amazon, and thus deceived me, and thought of her as one which had before offended by its softness, were now strengthened by an improper boldness; and her eyes, nose, and mouth, were formed with perfect symmetry. I am not certain whether the appearance was a very handsome woman, or a very handsome man.

It is an objection which naturally presents itself against these occasional permutations and mixtures of dress, which they seem to break in upon that order and distinction of appearance which is the beauty of different charac-

ters is preserved; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our public assemblies into a general masquerade. The model of this Amazonian hunting-habit for ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from France, and well enough expresses the gaiety of a people who are taught to do any thing so it be with an assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our English modesty. The petticoat is a kind of incumbrance upon it, and if the Amazon should think fit to go on in this plunder of our sex's ornaments, they ought to add to their spoils, and compleat their triumph over us, by wearing the breeches.

If it be natural to contract insensibly the manners of those we imitate, the ladies who are pleased with assuming our dresses will do us more honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own expence. Why should the lovely Camilla deceive us in more shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her picture with a gun and a spaniel; while her elder brother, the heir of a worthy family, is drawn in silks like his sister? The dress and air of a man are not well to be divided; and those who would not be content with the latter, ought never to think of assuming the former. There is so large a portion of natural agreeableness among the fair sex of our island, that they seem betrayed into these romantic habits without having the same occasion for them with their inventors: all that needs to be desired of them is, that they would be themselves, that is, what nature designed them; and to see their mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a man who affects the softness and effeminacy of a woman, to learn how their sex must appear to us, when approaching to the resemblance of a man. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

N<sup>o</sup> CV. SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

—ID ARBITROR  
ADPRIME IN VITA ESSE UTILE, NE QUID NIMIS.

TER. ANDR. ACT. I. SC.

I TAKE IT TO BE A PRINCIPAL RULE OF LIFE, NOT TO BE TOO MUCH  
DICTED TO ANY ONE THING.

MY friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth; for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education, and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had not he broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the studying of mankind; and terms this knowledge of the town, the knowledge of the world. Will ingenuously confesses, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons Will shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will often insults us with the knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was last week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town; but, very unluckily, several of the words were wrong spelt. Will laughed this off at first as well as

he could; but finding himself put all sides, and especially by the Te he told us with a little passion, he never liked pedantry in spelling, as he spelt like a gentleman, and not scholar; upon this Will had recol his old topic of shewing the narrow mindedness, the pride and ignorant pedants; which he carried so far upon my retiring to my lodgings could not forbear throwing together reflections as occurred to me upon subject.

A man who has been brought among books, and is able to talk thing else, is a very indifferent c nion, and what we call a pedant. methinks, we should enlarge th and give it every one that does not how to think out of his professic particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than man of the town? Bar him the houses, a catalogue of the reigning ties, and an account of a few fa able distempers that have befallen and you strike him dumb. How a pretty gentleman's knowledge within the verge of the court? E tell you the names of the princij vourites, repeat the shrewd saying man of quality, whisper an intrig is not yet blown upon by custom or, if the sphere of his observati little larger than ordinary, will p enter into all the incidents, turn revolutions in a game of ombre. he has gone thus far, he has show the whole circle of his accomplish his parts are drained, and he is d from any farther conversation. are these but rank pedants? at these are the men who value the most on their exemption from t dantry of colleges.

I might here mention the pedant, who always talks in a clu is storming towns, making batt and fighting battles from a

other. Every thing he speaks in powder; if you take away from him, he has not a for himself. I might like the law-pedant, that is perusing cases, repeating the transcripts of Westminster Hall, wrangling on the most indifferent circle of life, and not to be considerable distance of a place, or of a vital point in conversation, or of a point of argument. The state is rapt up in news, and lost in it if you mention either of the main or Poland, he talks very much if you go out of the Gallop him. In short, a mere mere soldier, a mere scholar, a thing, is an insipid pedantic and equally ridiculous. A species of pedants, which is named, the book-pedant is the most supportable; he has a sufficient understanding, and is full though confused, so who converses with him may learn from him hints of things without knowing, and what he turns to his own advantage, are of little use to the owner.

The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

L

N<sup>o</sup> CVI. MONDAY, JULY 2.

—HINC TIBI COPIA  
MANIBUS AD PLENUM, BENIGNO  
RURIS HONORUM OPULENTA CORNU.

HOR. OD. XVII. L. I. V. 14.

—HERE TO THEE SHALL PLENTY FLOW,  
AND ALL HER RICHES SHOW,  
TO RAISE THE HONOUR OF THE QUIET PLAIN.

CREECH.

I often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Passaway a month with country, I last week accompanied thither, and am settled with some time at his country-house, and to form several of my observations. Sir Roger, who I am acquainted with my humble rise and go to bed when he is at his own table, or in my study I think fit, sit still and say nothing bidding me be merry. The gentlemen of the country, however, he only shows me at a time I have been walking in his

fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and stayed persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom



country-seat. Some of them could not re-  
 frain from tears at the sight of their old  
 master; every one of them pressed for-  
 ward to do something for him, and  
 seemed discouraged if they were not em-  
 ployed. At the same time the good old  
 knight, with a mixture of the father and  
 the master of the family, tempered the  
 enquiries after his own affairs with several  
 kind questions relating to themselves.  
 This humanity and good-nature en-  
 gages every body to him, so that when  
 he is pleasant upon any of them, all  
 his family are in good humour, and  
 none so much as the person whom he  
 diverts himself with: on the contrary,  
 if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity  
 of old age, it is easy for a stander-by  
 to observe a secret concern in the looks  
 of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under  
 the particular care of his butler, who is  
 a very prudent man, and, as well as the  
 rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully  
 desirous of pleasing me, because they  
 have often heard their master talk of me  
 as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger  
 is diverting himself in the woods or the  
 fields, is a very venerable man who is  
 ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at  
 his house in the nature of a chaplain  
 above thirty years. This gentleman is

and Greek  
 reason he  
 has at the  
 clergyman  
 much learn  
 voice, a fo  
 ble, a mar  
 backgam  
 Roger, 'fo  
 ' who, besi  
 ' of him, is  
 ' though h  
 ' given him  
 ' and beca  
 ' settled up  
 ' life. If I  
 ' that he wa  
 ' perhaps he  
 ' been with  
 ' he does n  
 ' tice of it, h  
 ' ed any thir  
 ' he is every  
 ' thing in bu  
 ' tenants hi  
 ' not been a  
 ' he has live  
 ' pute arise  
 ' him for th  
 ' acquiesce  
 ' think neve  
 ' twice at m  
 ' his first set  
 ' a present

South in the afternoon. He then us his list of preachers for the year, where I saw with a great pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. y, with several living authors ive published discourses of prac- vinity. I no sooner saw this ve- : man in the pulpit, but I very approved of my friend's insisting he qualifications of a good aspect : clear voice; for I was so charmed ie gracefulness of his figure and y, as well as with the discourses ounced, that I think I never

passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country-clergy would follow this exam- ple; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elo- cution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

L

## Nº CVII. TUESDAY, JULY 3.

ÆSOPD INGENTEM STATUAM POSUERE ATTICI,  
SERVUMQUE COLLOCARUNT ÆTERNA IN BASI,  
PATERE HONORIS SCIRENT UT CUNCTIS VIAM.

PHÆDR. EPILOG. L. 2.

THEMANS ERRECTED A LARGE STATUE TO ÆSOP, AND PLACED HIM, UGH A SLAVE, ON A LASTING PEDESTAL; TO SHew, THAT THE WAY TO OUR LIES OPEN INDIFFERENTLY TO ALL.

LE reception, manner of attend- ance, undisturbed freedom and which I meet with here in the y, has confirmed me in the opinion ys had, that the general corrup- manners in servants is owing to aduēt of masters. The aspect of one in the family carries so much tion, that it appears he knows ppy lot which has befallen him in a member of it. There is one par- which I have seldom seen but at rger's; it is usual in all other that servants fly from the parts house through which their master ing; on the contrary, here they ously place themselves in his way; is on both sides, as it were, und as a visit, when the servants without calling. This proceeds he humane and equal temper of a of the house, who also perfectly ews how to enjoy a great estate, ich oeconomy as ever to be much and. This makes his own mind bled, and consequently unapt to ervish expressions, or give pas- or inconsistent orders to those him. Thus respect and love go r; and a certain cheerfulness in nance of their duty is the partic- ination of the lower part of this

family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be strip- ped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know, what road he took that he came so readily back according to or- der; whether he passed by such a ground, if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect, found- ed on his benevolence to his dependents, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his manage- ment, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opi- nion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentle- man

choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood. I had

good servants be. Sir Roger their children morning he son to prentice paper with at his gallery, w will deserve m

At the very some structure two young me one naked, the person support still so much a exquisite joy as I thought the my friend Sir butler, who st count of it, h person in the li Roger's, who his master was him taken with sink under wat him. He told the dress he wa home, and by time, followed had made him which we saw in this house. I Roger said the gentleman, to

N<sup>o</sup> CVIII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.

GRATIS ANHELAN, MULTA AGENDO NIHIL AGENS.

PHÆDR. FAB. V. L. 2.

OUT OF BREATH TO NO PURPOSE, AND VERY BUSY ABOUT NOTHING.

**A**S I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

SIR ROGER,

I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely. I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
WILL WIMBLE.

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendant of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a

good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has 'made' himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazle-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned, but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of the pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of this discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of

dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentlemen that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

several citizen the world with by an honest i than those of is not improba ly tried at divi that finding h way, his paren to his own invi however impro for studies of 2 perfectly well ti of trade and c this is a point w inculcated, I sh compare what I what I have said culation.

## Nº CIX. THURSDAY, JU

ABNORMIS SAPIENS—

Ho

OF PLAIN GOOD SENSE, UNTUTOR'D IN THE SCI

I Was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverley's, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he

' It is,' said h  
' sider the force  
' persons of one  
' of another, me  
' may observe al  
' sion of one ag  
' one particular  
' and by them

' cheeks would be no larger than mine,  
 ' were he in a hat as I am. He was  
 ' the last man that won a prize in the  
 ' tilt-yard, which is now a common  
 ' street before Whitehall. You see the  
 ' broken lance that lies there by his  
 ' right foot; he shivered that lance of  
 ' his adversary all to pieces; and bearing  
 ' himself, look you, Sir, in this  
 ' manner, at the same time he came  
 ' within the target of the gentleman  
 ' who rode against him, and taking  
 ' him with incredible force before him  
 ' in the pommel of his saddle, he in  
 ' that manner rid the tournament over,  
 ' with an air that shewed he did it rather  
 ' to perform the rule of the lists, than  
 ' expose his enemy; however, it appeared  
 ' he knew how to make use of a victory,  
 ' and with a gentle trot he marched up  
 ' to a gallery where their mistress sat,  
 ' for they were rivals, and let him down  
 ' with laudable courtesy and pardonable  
 ' insolence. I do not know but it might  
 ' be exactly where the coffee-house is  
 ' now.

' You are to know this my ancestor  
 ' was not only of a military genius, but  
 ' fit also for the arts of peace, for he  
 ' played on the bass-viol as well as any  
 ' gentleman at court; you see where his  
 ' viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword.  
 ' The action at the tilt-yard you may  
 ' be sure won the fair lady, who was a  
 ' maid of honour, and the greatest beauty  
 ' of her time; here she stands the next  
 ' picture. You see, Sir, my great  
 ' great great grandmother has on the  
 ' new-fashioned petticoat, except that  
 ' the modern is gathered at the waist;  
 ' my grandmother appears as if she stood  
 ' in a large drum, whereas the ladies  
 ' now walk as if they were in a go-  
 ' cart. For all this lady was loved at  
 ' court, she became an excellent coun-  
 ' try-wife, she brought ten children,  
 ' and when I shew you the library, you  
 ' shall see in her own hand, allowing  
 ' for the difference of the language, the  
 ' best receipt now in England both for  
 ' an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

' If you please to fall back a little,  
 ' because it is necessary to look at the  
 ' three next pictures at one view, these  
 ' are three sisters. She on the right-  
 ' hand, who is so very beautiful, died a  
 ' maid; the next to her, still handsomer,  
 ' had the same fate, against her will;  
 ' this homely thing in the middle had  
 ' both their portions added to her own,

' and was stolen by a neighbouring  
 ' gentleman, a man of stratagem and  
 ' resolution, for he poisoned three ma-  
 ' stiffs to come at her, and knocked  
 ' down two deer-stealers in carrying  
 ' her off. Misfortunes happen in all  
 ' families: the theft of this romp and  
 ' so much money, was no great matter  
 ' to our estate. But the next heir that  
 ' possessed it was this soft gentleman,  
 ' whom you see there: observe the small  
 ' buttons, the little boots, the laces,  
 ' the slashes about his cloaths, and  
 ' above all the posture he is drawn in,  
 ' which to be sure was his own chusing;  
 ' you see he sits with one hand on a  
 ' desk writing, and looking as it were  
 ' another way, like an easy writer, or a  
 ' sonneteer: he was one of those that  
 ' had too much wit to know how to  
 ' live in the world; he was a man of no  
 ' justice, but great good-manners; he  
 ' ruined every body that had any thing  
 ' to do with him, but never said a rude  
 ' thing in his life; the most indolent  
 ' person in the world, he would sign a  
 ' deed that passed away half his estate  
 ' with his gloves on, but would not put  
 ' on his hat before a lady if it were to  
 ' save his country. He is said to be  
 ' the first that made love by squeezing  
 ' the hand. He left the estate with ten  
 ' thousand pounds debt upon it; but  
 ' however by all hands I have been in-  
 ' formed that he was every way the finest  
 ' gentleman in the world. That debt  
 ' lay heavy on our house for one gene-  
 ' ration, but it was retrieved by a gift  
 ' from that honest man you see there, a  
 ' citizen of our name, but nothing at  
 ' all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew  
 ' Freeport has said behind my back,  
 ' that this man was descended from one  
 ' of the ten children of the maid of ho-  
 ' nour I shewed you above; but it was  
 ' never made out. We winked at the  
 ' thing indeed, because money was  
 ' wanting at that time.'

Here I saw my friend a little embar-  
 rassed, and turned my face to the next  
 portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account  
 of the gallery in the following manner.  
 ' This man,' pointing to him I looked  
 at, ' I take to be the honour of our  
 ' house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley;  
 ' he was in his dealings as punctual as  
 ' a tradesman, and as generous as a gen-  
 ' tleman. He would have thought  
 ' himself as much undone by breaking

his

his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life; and therefore dreaded, though he had great talents, to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in

secret bounties many years; sum he aimed at for his own attained. Yet he did not flaunt industry, but to a decent old age the life and fortune which were due to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbours.

Here we were called to dinner. Sir Roger ended the discourse gentleman, by telling me, as I loved the servant, that this was a brave man, and narrowly being killed in the civil wars; said he, 'he was sent out of upon a private message, the day of the battle of Worcester.' T of narrowly escaping by having within a day of danger, with others above-mentioned, mixed with sense, left me at a loss whether more delighted with my friend's dom, or simplicity.

## Nº CX. FRIDAY, JULY 6.

HORROR UNIQUE ANIMOS, SIMUL IPSA SILENTIA TERRENT.

VIRG. ÆN. II. V.

ALL THINGS ARE FULL OF HORROR AND AFFRIGHT,  
AND DREADFUL EV'N THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.

DAYDEN.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, 'feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.' I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming

home late that way with a pall upon her head, heard such a noise among the bushes that she let it

I was taking a walk in this night between the hours of nine and could not but fancy it as most proper scenes in the way of a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and every side, and half covered with elder bushes, the harboural solitary birds which find their appearance until the evening. The place was fit for a church-yard, and has still some in it of graves and burials. There is such an echo upon the ruins and vaults, that if you speak a little louder than ordinary, the sound is repeated. As for the walk of elms, which are as the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of the trees, exceeding solemn and venerable objects naturally crying for attention; and when you are in the midst of them,

supernumerary horrors upon  
ing in it, I do not at all wonder  
k minds fill it with spectres and  
ons.

Locke, in his chapter of the as-  
of ideas, has very curious re-  
to shew how by the prejudice of  
one idea often introduces into  
d a whole set that bear no re-  
ce to one another in the nature  
s. Among several examples of  
d he produces the following in-

‘The ideas of goblins and  
s have really no more to do with  
ess than light: yet let but a  
maid inculcate these often on  
ind of a child, and raise them  
together, possibly he shall never  
le to separate them again so long  
s lives; but darkness shall ever  
wards bring with it those fright-  
eas, and they shall be so joined  
e can no more bear the one than  
ther.’

I was walking in this solitude,  
he dusk of the evening conspired  
many other occasions of terror,  
ved a cow grazing not far from  
hich an imagination that was apt  
the might easily have construed  
black horse without an head; and  
ay the poor footman lost his wits  
one such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me  
good deal of mirth, that at his first  
; to his estate he found three parts  
ouse altogether useless; that the  
m in it had the reputation of be-  
tuted, and by that means was  
up; that noises had been heard  
ong gallery, so that he could not  
ervant to enter it after eight of  
ck at night; that the door of one  
chambers was nailed up, because  
rent a story in the family that a  
had formerly hanged himself in  
that his mother, who lived to a  
ge, had shut up half the rooms in  
ise, in which either her husband,  
or daughter had died. The

seeing his habitation reduced to  
ll a compass, and himself in a  
r shut out of his own house, upon  
uth of his mother ordered all the  
ents to be flung open, and exor-  
y his chaplain, who lay in every  
one after another, and by that  
dispated the fears which had so  
igned in the family.

*did not have been thus particular*

upon these ridiculous horrors, did not  
I find, them so very much prevail in all  
parts of the country. At the same time  
I think a person who is thus terrified  
with the imagination of ghosts and  
spectres much more reasonable than one  
who, contrary to the reports of all his-  
torians sacred and profane, ancient and  
modern, and to the traditions of all na-  
tions, thinks the appearance of spirits  
fabulous and groundless. Could not I  
give myself up to this general testimony  
of mankind, I should to the relations  
of particular persons who are now living,  
and whom I cannot distrust in other mat-  
ters of fact. I might here add, that not  
only the historians, to whom we may  
join the poets, but likewise the philoso-  
phers of antiquity have favoured this  
opinion. Lucretius himself, though  
by the course of his philosophy he was  
obliged to maintain that the soul did  
not exist separate from the body, makes  
no doubt of the reality of apparitions,  
and that men have often appeared after  
their death. This I think very remark-  
able; he was so pressed with the matter  
of fact which he could not have the con-  
fidence to deny, that he was forced to  
account for it by one of the most absurd  
unphilosophical notions that ever was  
started. He tells us, that the surfaces  
of all bodies are perpetually flying off  
from their respective bodies, one after  
another; and that these surfaces or thin  
cases that included each other whilst  
they were joined in the body like the  
coats of an onion, are sometimes seen  
entire when they are separated from it;  
by which means we often behold the  
shapes and shadows of persons who are  
either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story  
out of Josephus, not so much for the  
sake of the story itself, as for the moral  
reflections with which the author con-  
cludes it, and which I shall here set  
down in his own words. ‘Glaphyra,  
‘the daughter of King Archelaus, after  
‘the death of her two first husbands,  
‘being married to a third, who was  
‘brother to her first husband, and so  
‘passionately in love with her that he  
‘turned off his former wife to make  
‘room for this marriage, had a very  
‘odd kind of dream. She fancied that  
‘she saw her first husband coming to-  
‘wards her, and that she embraced him  
‘with great tenderness; when in the  
‘midst of the pleasure which she ex-  
‘perienced



“...of our pained loves, I shall free  
 “ thee from thy present reproach, and  
 “ make thee mine for ever.” Glaphyra

## Nº CXI. SATURDAY, JU

—INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRERE  
 HOR. EP

TO SEARCH FOR TRUTH IN ACADEMIC GRO

**T**HE course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn—

First, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly it's immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of it's duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From it's passions and sentiments, as particularly from it's love

petual progress  
 section without  
 riving at it; wh  
 not remember to  
 improved by oth  
 on this subject,  
 to carry a great  
 can it enter into  
 that the soul, wh  
 immense perfecti  
 new improvement  
 fall away into n  
 as it is created!  
 for no purpose?  
 point of perfectio  
 pass; in a few ye  
 dowments he is  
 he to live ten tho  
 the same thing h  
 a human soul th  
 accomplishments,

sent into the world to pro-  
kind. He provides himself  
for, and immediately quits  
take room for him.

— *Hæres*  
*rius, velut unda supervenit un-*  
HOR. EP. II. L. 2. V. 175.  
ruds heir, as in a rolling flood  
wave. CREECH.

seem born to enjoy life, but  
down to others. This is  
ng to consider in animals,  
ormed for our use, and can  
usiness in a short life. The  
after having spun her task,  
s and dies. But a man can  
taken in his full measure of  
has not time to subdue his  
stablish his soul in virtue,  
up to the perfection of his  
ore he is hurried off the stage.

infinitely wise Being make  
ous creatures for so mean a  
Can he delight in the pro-  
such abortive intelligences,  
-lived reasonable beings?  
give us talents that are not  
ed? Capacities that are never  
ied? How can we find that  
ich shines through all his  
the formation of man, with-  
g on this world as only a  
the next, and believing that  
generations of rational crea-  
ch rise up and disappear in  
successions, are only to re-  
first rudiments of existence  
afterwards to be transplanted  
re friendly climate, where  
pread and flourish to all eter-

not, in my opinion, a more  
nd triumphant consideration  
than this of the perpetual  
hich the soul makes towards  
tion of it's nature, without  
ng at a period in it. To look  
soul as going on from strength

to strength; to consider that she is to  
shine for ever with new accessions of  
glory, and brighten to all eternity; that  
she will be still adding virtue to virtue,  
and knowledge to knowledge; carries  
in it something wonderfully agreeable  
to that ambition which is natural to the  
mind of man. Nay, it must be a pro-  
spect pleasing to God himself, to see his  
creation forever beautifying in his eyes,  
and drawing nearer to him, by greater  
degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of  
the progress of a finite spirit to perfec-  
tion, will be sufficient to extinguish all  
envy in inferior natures, and all con-  
tempt in superior. That cherubim,  
which now appears as a god to a human  
soul, knows very well that the period  
will come about in eternity, when the  
human soul shall be as perfect as he  
himself now is: nay, when she shall  
look down upon that degree of perfec-  
tion, as much as the now falls short of  
it. It is true the higher nature still ad-  
vances, and by that means preserves his  
distance and superiority in the scale of  
being; but he knows that, how high  
soever the station is of which he stands  
possessed at present, the inferior nature  
will at length mount up to it, and shine  
forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration  
may we look into our own souls,  
where there are such hidden stores of  
virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted  
sources of perfection? We know not yet  
what we shall be, nor will it ever enter  
into the heart of man to conceive the  
glory that will be always in reserve for  
him. The soul, considered with it's  
Creator, is like one of those mathema-  
tical lines that may draw nearer to an-  
other for all eternity without a possibi-  
lity of touching it: and can there be a  
thought so transporting, as to consider  
ourselves in these perpetual approaches  
to Him, who is not only the standard  
of perfection but of happiness!

L

ing, may the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own chusing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed-in the communion-table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at

good order, sleep in it by chance he has nap at sermon it he stands up and if he see either wakes servant to the old knight's upon these occasions be lengthening-psalms, he of the congregation sometimes, w matter of his 'Amen' three prayer; and so every body else count the congregation his tenants are

I was yesterday to hear my old the service, c Matthews to n and not disturb John Matthew for being an time was kicking. This a though exerted which accompaniments of life, upon the parish enough to see

or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising-day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him the next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a slice of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire

to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it. L

## Nº CXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 10.

—HÆRENT INFIXI PECTORE VULTUS.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. v. 4.

HER LOOKS WERE DEEP IMPRINTED IN HIS HEART.

**I**N my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it—'It is,' quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, 'very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beau-

tiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passions by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.'

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows.

'I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow  
' the

to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for the destruction of all who behold her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court, with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murmur to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was—"Make way for the defendant's witnesses." This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also.

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of knowledge.

But then again, she is such a scholar, that no countryman can approach her without awe. As I was going to tell her I came to her house, I was to her presence with great awe. At the same time she placed herself before me in such a manner, as I think you call the face of a picture, that she discovered charms, and I at last came near with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner perceived but she made her advantage of, and began a discourse to me of love and honour, as they are followed by pretenders, and remedies to them. When she came to these points in a discourse, I easily believe was as learned as any philosopher in Europe could make, she asked me whether I was happy as to fall in with her sentiments on these important par-

Her confident sat by her, my being in the last confusion, this malicious aid of her, she says—"I am very sorry Sir Roger pauses upon me, and seems resolved to fill his sentiments upon the subject when he pleases to speak." She kept their countenances, I had sat half an hour meditating to behave before such prodigies, I rose up and took my leave. Since that time she has been very often in her way, and she has directed a discourse to me I do not understand. This she has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object ever beheld. It is thus also with all mankind, and you see how she loves her, as you would the sphinx, by posing her. She like other women, and were any talking to her, how must the pleasure of that man could converse with a creature, after all, you may be sure is fixed on some one or other; have been credibly informed who can believe half what is

said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my being holding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansey in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English—"Dum tacet *banc loquitur*." I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition.

*Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufus,  
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, banc loquitur:  
Cænat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est  
Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.  
Scriberet besternâ patri cum luce salutem,  
Nævia lux inquit, Nævia nomen, ave.*

EPIC. LXIX. L. I.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,  
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;  
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,  
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.  
He writ to his father, ending with this line,  
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

R.

which good-breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretended behaviour in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him; and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not take it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniencies, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of a fortune.

of service in all

This gentler very common, as ridiculous as who had but fe mand, and thou extent of countr pals. To pay t in a man's hand he really has, is unpardonable va end reduce the n to dishonour. Y in any county of t see many in this f be called by so so ceeds from a false what they really a behaviour would i them to the condi tend to.

Laertes has fifteen year, which is more than a thousand pounds; but I convince him that if he would pay off that four shillings in, it gives for the vanity master of it. Yet he would, perhaps, fortune; but then yesterday, who has been a year, would be his this shall be

to unnecessary equipage, vain and lavish entertainments; fear makes Irus allow himself necessities, appear without a cell his own corn, attend his, and be himself a labourer. Poverty makes Laertes go a step nearer to it; and fear stirs up Irus to make every further progress from it.

different motives produce the which men are guilty of in the of and provision for them- ury, stock-jobbing, extortion, sion, have their seed in the want; and vanity, riot, and , from the shame of its but excesses are infinitely below it of a reasonable creature. have taken care to command s is necessary for maintaining n the order of men suitable to ter, the care of superfluities to less extravagant, than the necessities would have been

it is, that they are both out when she is followed with good sense. It is from this hat I always read Mr. Cowley reatest pleasure: his magnani- much above that of other le men, as his understanding; true distinguishing spirit in t author who published his dwell so much upon the tem- mind and the moderation of : by this means he has ren- iend as amiable as famous. of life which bears the face with Mr. Cowley's great admirably described; and it satisfaction to those of the of desire, that he produces the

authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if according to that ancestor of Sir Roger, whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be failing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armour against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for it's direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration and unworthy our esteem. It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world; but as I am now in a pleasing arbour surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley—

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,  
With any wish so mean as to be great;  
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove  
The humble blessings of that life I love.

T

## Nº CXV. THURSDAY, JULY 12.

—UT SIT MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

JUV. SAT. X. V. 356.

A HEALTHY BODY AND A MIND AT EASE.

Y labour is of two kinds, that which a man submits to ihood, or that which he un- his pleasure. The latter of dly changes the name of la- of exercise, but differs only

from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoy- ment

2 F



table glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in it's niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in it's vigour, nor the soul act with chearfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so

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, and old age came on, he hunting; but a hare is not fit within ten miles of his

no kind of exercise which I commend to my readers of as this of riding, as there is so much conduces to health, way accommodated to the riding to the idea which I of it. Doctor Sydenham is in it's praises; and if the der will see the mechanical described at length, he may n a book published not many under the title of *Medicina*

1. For my own part, when vn, for want of these oppor- exercise myself an hour every on a dumb bell that is placed of my room, and pleases me because it does every thing of it in the most profound ly landlady and her daugh- well acquainted with my exercise, that they never come on to disturb me whilst I am

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises, that is written with great erudition: it is there called the *σκιμαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

L

## Nº CXVI. FRIDAY, JULY 13.

—VOCAT INGENTI CLAMORE CITHÆRON,  
AYGETIQUE CANES—

VIRG. GEORG. III. v. 43.

THE ECHOING HILLS AND CHIDING HOUNDS INVITE.

He who have searched into an nature observe, that no-uch shews the nobleness of s that it's felicity consists in very man has such an active him, that he will find out to employ himself upon, in lace or state of life he is post- e heard of a gentleman who close confinement in the Ba- years; during which time he nself in scattering a few small his chamber, gathering them and placing them in different the arm of a great chair. He his friends afterwards, that had found out this piece of e verily believed he should is senses.

hat has been said, I need not readers, that Sir Roger, with after I hope they are at pre- well acquainted, has in his

youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits; he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he

make amends for by the deepness of  
 their mouths and the variety of their  
 notes, which are suited in such manner  
 to each other, that the whole cry makes  
 up a compleat consort. He is so nice in  
 this particular, that a gentleman having  
 made him a present of a very fine hound  
 the other day, the knight returned it  
 by the servant with a great many ex-  
 pressions of civility; but desired him to  
 tell his master, that the dog he had sent  
 was indeed a most excellent bass, but  
 that at present he only wanted a counter-  
 tenor. Could I believe my friend had  
 ever read Shakespeare, I should certain-  
 ly conclude he had taken the hint from  
 Theseus in the Midsummer Night's  
 Dream.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
 So flu'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew.  
 Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian

bulls,  
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like

bells,  
 Each under each; a cry more tuneable  
 Was never hallow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that  
 he has been out almost every day since  
 I came down; and upon the chaplain's  
 offering to lend me his easy pad, I was  
 prevailed on yesterday morning to make

put them upon  
 going off, I  
 fellows mutt  
 ' that it was  
 ' all their spe  
 ' gentleman's

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cause the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsman, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged, because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion,

As we were returning home, I remembered that Montieur Paschal, in his most excellent discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us, that 'all our endeavours after greatness, proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear.' He afterwards goes on to shew that our love of sports comes

from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon Hunting. 'What,' says he, 'unless it be to drown thought, can make them throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?' The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end for this exercise, I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life until that time, is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden.

The first physicians by debauch were made;  
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.  
By chance our long liv'd fathers earn'd their food;  
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;  
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,  
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.  
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend;  
God never made his work for man to mend.

X

which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief until I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two

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Cold palsy shook  
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And on her crook  
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was not a maid  
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his servants to see if Moll had been out that morning. account raised my curiosity so I begged my friend Sir Roger to bring me into her hovel, which was a solitary corner under the side wall. Upon our first entering he winked to me, and pointed to that stood behind the door, on looking that way, I found an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take a tabby cat that sat in the corner, which, as the old woman told me, lay under as bad a reputation as Moll White herself; for besides being said often to accompany some strange shape, the cat is reported to have been taken twice or thrice in her life, and she played several pranks above the way of an ordinary cat.

I was extremely concerned to see human nature so much wretchedness and distress at the same time could not be willing to hear Sir Roger, who was puzzled about the old woman, or as a justice of peace to avoid communication with the devil, and hurt any of her neighbour's feelings. We concluded our visit with a which was very acceptable. On my return home Sir Roger told me Moll had been often brought in for making children spit pins,

and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon enquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county-sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepid parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

## Nº CXVIII. MONDAY, JULY 16.

HERET LATERI LETHALIS ARUNDO.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. v. 73.

THE FATAL DART

STICKS IN HIS SIDE, AND KANKLES IN HIS HEART.

DRYDEN.

agreeable seat is surrounded by so many pleasing walks, struck out of a wood, in the which the house stands, that one never be weary of rambling in a labyrinth of delight to another. To live in a city the charms of country are so exquisite, that the life in a certain transport which above ordinary life, and is yet enough to be inconsistent with it. This state of mind was I lived with the murmur of waters, and of breezes, the singing of whether I looked up to the

heavens, down on the earth, or turned on the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. 'This woman,' says he, 'is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit, she per-

'proach her without awe, that my heart  
 'is checked by too much esteem; I am  
 'angry that her charms are not more  
 'accessible, that I am more inclined to  
 'worship than salute her: how often  
 'have I wished her unhappy, that I  
 'might have an opportunity of serving  
 'her! and how often troubled in that  
 'very imagination, at giving her the  
 'pain of being obliged! Well, I have  
 'led a miserable life in secret upon her  
 'account; but fancy she would have  
 'condescended to have some regard for  
 'me, if it had not been for that watch-  
 'ful animal her confidant.

'Of all persons under the sun,' con-  
 'tinued he, calling me by my name, 'be  
 'sure to set a mark upon confidants:  
 'they are of all people the most imper-  
 'tinent. What is most pleasant to ob-  
 'serve in them, is, that they assume to  
 'themselves the merit of the persons  
 'whom they have in their custody.  
 'Orestilla is a great fortune, and in  
 'wonderful danger of surprises, there-  
 'fore full of suspicions of the least in-  
 'different thing, particularly careful of  
 'new acquaintance, and of growing  
 'too familiar with the old. Themista,  
 'her favourite woman, is every whit as  
 'careful of whom she speaks to, and  
 'what she says. Let the ward be a  
 'beauty, her confidant shall treat you  
 'with an air of distance.

'side of which  
 'sitting as it we  
 'ness just over  
 'Opposite to her  
 'Roger's matter  
 'whispered me—  
 'The huntman  
 'shadow of the  
 'stream—' Oh,  
 'thou couldst r  
 'sence of that f  
 'represent in th  
 'could I stand i  
 'without troubl  
 'self with any m  
 'nate William,  
 'with: but alas  
 'be gone, thou v  
 'let me talk to  
 'stay. Tell my c  
 'not more depend  
 'her William: h  
 'away with me as  
 'offers to remove  
 'into these waves  
 'herself, her own  
 'never embrace a  
 'hear me without  
 'much to bear—  
 'spoke these words,  
 'of throwing himsel  
 'which his mistress  
 'next instant he jum  
 'tain and met her

quoth Sir Roger, 'do you see  
 mischief comes from confi-  
 But let us not interrupt them;  
 is honest, and the man dares  
 herwise, for he knows I loved  
 er; I will interpose in this  
 and hasten the wedding. Kate  
 is a witty mischievous wench  
 neighbourhood, who was a  
 and makes me hope I shall  
 perverse widow in her condi-  
 he was so flippant with her  
 to all the honest fellows that  
 ar her, and so very vain of  
 ty, that she has valued herself  
 charms until they are ceased.  
 efore now makes it her busi-  
 prevent other young women  
 ing more discreet than she was  
 however, the saucy thing said  
 er day well enough—"Sir  
 and I must make a match, for  
 both despised by those we  
 the huffy has a great deal of  
 herever she comes, and has  
 e of cunning.

ver, when I reflect upon this  
 I do not know whether in  
 n I am the worse for having  
 r: whenever she is recalled to  
 gination my youth returns,  
 el a forgotten warmth in my  
 This affliction in my life has

' streaked all my conduct with a soft-  
 ' nefs, of which I should otherwise have  
 ' been incapable. It is owing, perhaps,  
 ' to this dear image in my heart, that I  
 ' am apt to relent, that I easily forgive,  
 ' and that many desirable things are  
 ' grown into my temper, which I should  
 ' not have arrived at by better motives  
 ' than the thought of being one day  
 ' hers. I am pretty well satisfied such  
 ' a passion as I have had is never well  
 ' cured; and between you and me, I  
 ' am often apt to imagine it has had  
 ' some whimsical effect upon my brain;  
 ' for I frequently find, that in my most  
 ' serious discourse I let fall some comical  
 ' familiarity of speech or odd phrase  
 ' that makes the company laugh: how-  
 ' ever, I cannot but allow she is a most  
 ' excellent woman. When she is in the  
 ' country I warrant she does not run  
 ' into dairies, but reads upon the na-  
 ' ture of plants; she has a glass bee-  
 ' hive, and comes into the garden out  
 ' of books to see them work, and ob-  
 ' serve the policies of their common-  
 ' wealth. She understands every thing.  
 ' I would give ten pounds to hear her  
 ' argue with my friend Sir Andrew  
 ' Freeport about trade. No, no, for  
 ' all she looks so innocent as it were,  
 ' take my word for it she is no fool.'

T.

## Nº CXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 17.

URBEM QUAM DICUNT ROMAM, MELIBROE, PUTAVI  
 STULTUS EGO HUIUS NOSTRÆ SIMILEM

VIRG. ECL. I. V. 29.

FOOL THAT I WAS, I THOUGHT IMPERIAL ROME  
 LIKE MANTUA.

DRYDEN.

first and most obvious reflec-  
 s which arise in a man who  
 be city for the country, are  
 different manners of the people  
 meets with in those two differ-  
 s of life. By manners I do not  
 als, but behaviour and good-  
 as they shew themselves in the  
 in the country.

re, in the first place, I must  
 very great revolution that has  
 in this article of good-breed-  
 eral obliging deferences, con-  
 s, and submissions, with many  
 orms and ceremonies that ac-  
 them, were first of all brought

up among the politer part of mankind;  
 who lived in courts and cities, and dis-  
 tinguished themselves from the rustic  
 part of the species, who on all occasions  
 acted bluntly and naturally, by such a  
 mutual complaisance and intercourse of  
 civilities. These forms of conversation  
 by degrees multiplied and grew trouble-  
 some; the modish world found too great  
 a constraint in them, and have therefore  
 thrown most of them aside. Conversa-  
 tion, like the Romish religion, was so  
 encumbered with shew and ceremony,  
 that it stood in need of a reformation to  
 retrench it's superfluities, and restore it  
 to it's natural good sense and beauty.

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At



At present, therefore, an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the height of good-breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us: nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding shews itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of good-breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour, as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedence in a meeting of justices wives, than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been sitting all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner until I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile until I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but

look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express thing that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest and distant phrases; whilst the country who had no such delicacy of concealment and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain homely terms that are most obvious and natural. This of good-manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise; for reason, as hypocrisy in one age is usually followed by atheism in another, conversation is in a great measure lapsed into the first extreme; so that present several of our men of the world and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of most coarse uncivilized words in language, and utter themselves in such a manner as a clown would be ashamed to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the cockneys of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is improper for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people who make any profession of religion, and of modesty, if the country gentlemen fall into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will be too late to them, and they will be but a parcel of lewd clowns, while they themselves talking together like clowns for wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good-breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this too the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaux have yet got out of the fashion that too late at the time of the Revolution, but about the country in red coats and black hats, while the women in many places still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine who is now on the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several fashions and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging on this last topic until I have received from him, which I expect ere

N<sup>o</sup> CXX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.

—EQUIDEM CREDO, QUIA SIT DIVINITUS ILLIS

GENIUM—

VIRG. GEORG. I. V. 451.

NINE THEIR BREASTS WITH HEAV'NLY SOULS INSPIR'D.

DRAWDEN.

nd Sir Roger is very often with me upon my passing ay time among his poultry. At me twice or thrice look-ard's nest, and several times or two together near an- kens. He tells me he be- personally acquainted with out his house; calls such a k my favourite; and fre- clains that his ducks and ore of my company than

efs I am infinitely delight- se speculations of nature e made in a country-life; eading has very much lain of natural history, I can- collecting upon this oc- al remarks which I have authors, and comparing at falls under my own ob- arguments for Providence he natural history of ani- my opinion demonstrative. of every kind of animal is that of every other kind; is not the least turn in the ist in the fibres of any one, t render them more pro- articular animal's way of other cast or texture of ave been.

olent appetites in all crea- and hunger: the first is a upon them to propagate e latter to preserve them-

ing to consider the differ- care that descend from he young, so far as is ab- ury for the leaving a po- creatures cast their eggs ests them, and think of r, as insects and several others, of a nicer frame, eds to deposit them in, e them; as the serpent, and ostrich; others hatch

their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of it's nest, and direct all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of it's own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals endowed with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings wuld be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. 'A person ' who was well skilled in dissections ' opened a bitch, and as she lay in the ' most exquisite tortures, offered her one ' of her young puppies, which she im- ' mediately fell a licking; and for the ' time seemed insensible of her own pain; ' on the removal she kept her eye fixed ' on it, and began a wailing sort of ' cry, which seemed rather to proceed

2 G 2

' from

in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond it's usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they were tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species; nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of man.

approaches, attention do it's prison? vering it further, providing and teaching mention her the usual tin one does not chymical open with greater seen in the h there are man infinitely great mentioned pain

But at the has all this see indeed absolute pagation of t other respects, merings of th She mistakes a and sits upon i is insensible of tion in the nur she does not dis and those of at the birth appear bird, will cher these circumsta an immediate r herself or her l

There is no thing --

N<sup>o</sup> CXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 19.

——— JOVIS OMNIA PLENA.

VIRG. ECL. III. v. 50.

——— ALL IS FULL OF JOVE.

Walking this morning in a great yard that belongs to a country-house, I was astonished to see the different work-  
 ing in a hen followed by a  
 cks. The young, upon the  
 pond, immediately ran into  
 step-mother, with all im-  
 agery, hovered about the bor-  
 o call them out of an ele-  
 appeared to her so dangerous  
 ive. As the different prin-  
 ciples in these different ani-  
 mals be termed reason, so when  
 instinct, we mean something  
 knowledge of. To me, as  
 my last paper, it seems the  
 direction of Providence, and  
 creation of the supreme Being,  
 which determines all the portions  
 to their proper centres. A  
 philosopher, quoted by Monsieur  
 in a learned Dissertation on the  
 virtues, delivers the same opi-  
 nion in a bolder form of words,  
 saying—*Deus est anima bruto-*  
*rum*—Who can tell what to call  
 sagacity in animals, which  
 is to such food as is proper  
 and makes them naturally  
 never is noxious or unwhol-  
 y has observed, that a lamb  
 calls from its mother, but  
 and of his own accord ap-  
 proaches the teat. Dampier, in his  
 says us, that when seamen are  
 on any of the unknown coasts  
 they never venture upon the  
 of a tree, how tempting soever  
 it may appear, unless they observe that  
 it is with the pecking of birds;  
 without any fear or appre-  
 hension the birds have been be-

Withstanding animals have no  
 use of reason, we find in  
 the lower parts of our nature,  
 and senses in their greatest  
 perfection.  
 It is worth our observation,

that all beasts and birds of prey are won-  
 derfully subject to anger, malice, re-  
 venge, and all the other violent passions  
 that may animate them in search of their  
 proper food; as those that are incapable  
 of defending themselves, or annoying  
 others, or whose safety lies chiefly in  
 their flight, are suspicious, fearful, and  
 apprehensive of every thing they see or  
 hear; whilst others that are of assistance  
 and use to man, have their natures soft-  
 ened with something mild and tractable,  
 and by that means are qualified for a do-  
 mestic life. In this case the passions  
 generally correspond with the make of  
 the body. We do not find the fury of  
 a lion in so weak and defenceless an ani-  
 mal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a  
 lamb in a creature so armed for battle  
 and assault as the lion. In the same  
 manner, we find that particular animals  
 have a more or less exquisite sharpness  
 and sagacity in those particular senses  
 which most turn to their advantage, and  
 in which their safety and welfare is the  
 most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great va-  
 riety of arms with which nature has  
 differently fortified the bodies of several  
 kind of animals, such as claws, hoofs  
 and horns, teeth and tusks, a tail, a sting,  
 a trunk, or a proboscis. It is likewise  
 observed by naturalists, that it must be  
 some hidden principle distinct from what  
 we call reason, which instructs animals  
 in the use of these their arms, and  
 teaches them to manage them to the  
 best advantage; because they naturally  
 defend themselves with that part in which  
 their strength lies, before the weapon be  
 formed in it; as is remarkable in lambs,  
 which though they are bred within  
 doors, and never saw the actions of  
 their own species, push at those who ap-  
 proach them with their foreheads, be-  
 fore the first budding of a horn ap-  
 pears.

I shall add to these general observa-  
 tions an instance, which Mr. Locke has  
 given us of Providence even in the im-  
 perfections of a creature which seems  
 the

the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world. 'We may,' says he, 'from the make of an oyster, or cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals: nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to, or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it.'

I shall add to this instance out of Mr. Locke another out of the learned Dr. More, who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the same time has shewn it's wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. 'What is more obvious and ordinary than a mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? The members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being under ground where nothing is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any sight at all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad forefeet armed with sharp claws, we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body; and her forefeet are broad, that she may scoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses not on the ground, like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is, but lives under the earth; and is fain to dig herself a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which

'will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out, before she had completed or got full possession of her works.'

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who I remember somewhere in his works observes, that though the mole be not totally blind, as is commonly thought, she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shews itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and completed, in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posed.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a body of natural history, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. If the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of it's original, birth, and education; it's policies, hostilities, and alliances, with the frame, and texture of it's inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a natural history, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumera-

es and stratagems are acted in  
ng wildernels and in the great  
t can never come to our know-  
besides that there are infinitely  
ies of creatures which are not  
without, nor indeed with, the  
he finest glasses, than of such  
ilky enough for the naked eye  
old of. However, from the  
tion of such animals as lie with-  
mpass of our knowledge, we  
sily form a conclusion of the  
the same variety of wisdom

and goodness runs through the whole  
creation, and puts every creature in a  
condition to provide for it's safety and  
subsistence in it's proper station.

Tully has given us an admirable  
sketch of natural history, in his second  
book concerning the nature of the gods;  
and that in a stile so raised by meta-  
phors and descriptions, that it lifts the  
subject above raillery and ridicule, which  
frequently fall on such nice observations  
when they pass through the hands of an  
ordinary writer. L

## N<sup>o</sup> CXXII. FRIDAY, JULY 20.

JAMES JUCUNDUS IN VIA PRO VEHICULO EST.

PUBL. SYR. FRAG.

AGREEABLE COMPANION UPON THE ROAD IS AS GOOD AS A COACH.

an's first care should be to avoid  
reproaches of his own heart;  
to escape the censures of the  
if the last interferes with the for-  
ought to be intirely neglected;  
wise there cannot be a greater  
ion to an honest mind, than to  
approbations which it gives it-  
ended by the applauses of the  
a man is more sure of his con-  
hen the verdict which he passes  
is own behaviour is thus war-  
und confirmed by the opinion of  
know him.

worthy friend Sir Roger is one  
who is not only at peace within  
but beloved and esteemed by  
it him. He receives a suitable  
for his universal benevolence to  
d, in the returns of affection and  
ill, which are paid him by every  
lives within his neighbourhood.

met with two or three odd in-  
of that general respect which is  
to the good old knight. He  
needs carry Will Wimble and  
with him to the county assizes:  
were upon the road, Will Wim-  
ed a couple of plain men who rid  
us, and conversed with them for  
me; during which my friend Sir  
acquainted me with their cha-

he first of them,' says he, 'that  
spaniel by his side, is a yeoman  
bout an hundred pounds a year,  
oneft man: he is just within the  
-net, and qualified to kill an

'hare or a pheasant; he knocks down a  
'dinner with his gun twice or thrice a  
'week; and by that means lives much  
'cheaper than those who have not so  
'good an estate as himself. He would  
'be a good neighbour if he did not de-  
'stroy so many partridges: in short, he  
'is a very sensible man; shoots flying;  
'and has been several times foreman  
'of the petty-jury.

'The other that rides along with  
'him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous  
'for taking the law of every body.  
'There is not one in the town where  
'he lives that he has not sued at a quar-  
'ter-sessions. The rogue had once the  
'impudence to go to law with the wi-  
'dow. His head is full of costs, da-  
'mages, and ejectments; he plagued a  
'couple of honest gentlemen so long  
'for a trespass in breaking one of his  
'hedges, until he was forced to sell the  
'ground it inclosed to defray the charges  
'of the prosecution: his father left him  
'four-score pounds a year; but he has  
'cast" and been cast so often, that he  
'is not now worth thirty. I suppose  
'he is going upon the old business of  
'the willow-tree.'

As Sir Roger was giving me this ac-  
count of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble  
and his two companions stopped short  
until we came up to them. After hav-  
ing paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will  
told him that Mr. Touchy and he must  
appeal to him upon a dispute that arose  
between them. Will it seems had been  
giving his fellow-traveller an account  
of

of the continuation, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, 'that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.' I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger 'was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself as in-  
ter.

As soon as I was acquainted with the knight's indifference from affection, I told him that he had made a compliment; seemed to think I had added with a man was too great a under a duke; I time, that it must very few touches would be at the ingly they got a directions to add the face, and by the features to children's-head. I thought this story had not Sir Roger's alight hearing, that his brought back last tions that he had it. Upon this my cheerfulness, related above-mentioned, to be brought into not forbear disclosures of mirth the appearance of this der which, notwithstanding which, notwithstanding to frown and stare nary manner: I

N<sup>o</sup> CXXIII. SATURDAY, JULY 21.

DOCTRINA SED VIM PROMOVET INSITAM,  
RECTIQUE CULTUS PECTORA ROBORANT;  
UTCUNQUE DEFECERE MÔRES,  
DEDECORANT BENE NATA CULPÆ.

HOR. OD. IV. L. IV. 7. 33.

YET THE BEST BLOOD BY LEARNING IS REFIN'D,  
AND VIRTUE ARMS THE SOLID MIND;  
WHILST VICE WILL STAIN THE NOBLEST RACE,  
AND THE PATERNAL STAMP DEFACE.

ANON.

was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy couple of servants behind him. In inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that had sent him many miles from the place where he was. 'She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she made him good for nothing. She found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made him lach. He was let loose among his friends as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun on his shoulder.' To be brief, I told my friend's account of him, and he got a great stock of health, and was well; and that if it were a fine day only to live, there would be no more accomplished young fellows in the whole county. I told him that of it is, since my residing in the city, I have seen and heard in many instances of young heirs and daughters, who either from their idleness upon the estates they are in, and therefore thinking all other improvements unnecessary, or from these notions frequently inculcated upon them by the flattery of their servants, domestics, or from the same notions prevailing in those who are the care of their education, are of no use but to keep up their estates and transmit their lands and a line to posterity. I told him that it makes me often think on a story of two friends, which I told my reader at large, under the name of a tale. The moral of it may be, that it is not so useful, though there are some

circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, until at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of it's princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty, an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, 'there is no dallying with life,' they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm



... comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate; they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, until they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his friends.

... studies of ...  
shall arrive at ...  
This was no ...  
that three ...  
poor estate to ...  
live upon, so ...  
termillion un ...  
insight into th ...  
his country.

I should ha ...  
whilst Florio ...  
foster-father, ...  
able guest in ...  
where he beca ...  
nilla from her ...  
ance with her b ...  
which in a mi ...  
sentiments of ...  
came a very u ...  
spaired of gaini ...  
a fortune, and ...  
than attempted ...  
thods. Leonill ...  
the greatest be ...  
greatest modesty ...  
time a secret pas ...  
dusted herself ...  
that she never ...  
mation of it. ...  
in all those arts ...  
are proper to ra ...  
tune, and give h ...  
try, but secret

his neighbourhood, but Euk him by the hand, after the es were over, and conducted his closet. He there opened whole secret of his parentage ation, concluding after this ' I have no other way left of ledging my gratitude to Leon-an by marrying you to his r. He shall not lose the plea-being your father by the dis-I have made to you. Leonilla ll be still my daughter; her ety, though misplaced, has been plary that it deserves the greatest I can confer upon it. You ve the pleasure of seeing a great ll to you, which you would t the relish of had you known ' born to it. Continue only ve it in the same manner you re you were possessed of it. I

' have left your mother in the next room. ' Her heart yearns towards you. She ' is making the same discoveries to Leo- ' nilla which I have made to yourself.' Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just recompence, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education. L

## Nº CXXIV. MONDAY, JULY 23.

Μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν.

A GREAT BOOK IS A GREAT EVIL.

n who publishes his works in volume, has an infinite advantage: one who communicates his to the world in loose tracts and ces. We do not expect to meet thing in a bulky volume, until e heavy preamble, and several course, to prepare the reader

follows: nay, authors have d it as a kind of rule, that a ht to be dull sometimes; as the re reader makes allowances for ls and nodding-places in a vo- s writer. This gave occasion mous Greek proverb which I sen for my motto, that ' a great s a great evil.'

e contrary, those who publish ights in distinct sheets, and as y piece-meal, have none of these y. We must immediately fall subject, and treat every part of vely manner, or our papers are yas dull and insipid: our matter close together, and either be ew in itself, or in the turn it re- om, our expressions. Were the our best authors thus to be re- the public, and every page sub- the taste of forty or fifty thou- ers, I am afraid we should

complain of many flat expressions, tri- vial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all it's parts; and a sub- ject touched upon in it's most essential articles, without the repetitions, tauto- logies, and enlargements, that are in- dulg'd to longer labours. The ordi- nary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay-writer must prac- tise in the chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky au- thor would make his appearance in a penny-paper: there would be scarce such a thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of vo- lumes, that would be utterly annihi- lated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing

...and statelimen. Had the philosophers and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the art of printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the public. Our common prints would be of great use were they thus calculated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from it's more severe employments with innocent amusements. When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books, and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public; when it is canvassed in every assembly, and exposed upon every table; I cannot forbear reflecting upon that passage in the proverbs—*Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying—*“How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning? and fools hate knowledge?”

The many letters which came

...which is to break through  
be enlighten

— *Nex a*

Dark night su  
shade.

To these I mole, that af oculists for t was at last pro spectacles; bu to make use c him very pru though they n man, could be is not therefore that I publish t

But besides ignorance, the moles through the Latin prove wolf to another one author is a It is impossibl beauties in one have eyes only they can indee said of the anim fakes, but the

N<sup>o</sup> CXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 24.

NE, PUERI, NE TANTA ANIMIS ASSUESCITE BELLAS  
 NEU PATRIÆ VALIDAS IN VISCERA VERTITE VIRES.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. v. 332.

EMBRACE AGAIN, MY SONS, BE FOES NO MORE,  
 NOR STAIN YOUR COUNTRY WITH HER CHILDREN'S GORE.

DRYDEN.

Y worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of a very frequently tells us an account that happened to him when he school-boy, which was at a time the feuds ran high between the heads and cavaliers. This fortnight, being then but a stripling, occasion to enquire which was the o St. Anne's Lane; upon which rson whom he spoke to, instead of ring his question, called him a ; popish cur, and asked him who Anne a saint? The boy, being e confusion, enquired of the next t, which was the way to Anne's but was called a prick-eared cur pains, and instead of being shewn ay, was told that she had been a before he was born, and would be ter he was hanged. 'Upon this,' Sir Roger, 'I did not think fit to at the former question, but going every lane in the neighbourhood, d what they called the name of : lane.' By which ingenious arti- e found out the place he enquired without giving offence to any

Sir Roger generally clothes this ive with reflections on the mischief arties do in the country; how they good neighbourhood, and make gentlemen hate one another; be- hat they manifestly tend to the pre- of the land-tax, and the destruc- f the game.

ere cannot a greater judgment be- country than such a dreadful spirit ision as rends a government into listin& people, and makes them r strangers and more averse to one er, than if they were actually two nt nations. The effects of such sion are pernicious to the last de- not only with regard to those ad- ges which they give the common , but to those private evils which reduce in the heart of almost every

particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party-spirit, when it rages in it's full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under it's greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falshood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies: 'Because,' says he, 'if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.' I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality, which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from it's object, answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear sour- ed with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betray- ed them.

If this party-spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamph- let

...age by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations; an abusive scurrilous stile passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party-notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulata of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameful practice of the present age endures much longer,

...public good! V  
rages would the  
men of an adve  
would honour ar  
considering them  
they knew them  
persons of the gr  
into shameful erre  
made bad men ev  
principles, the le  
I cannot here fo  
famous Spanish pr  
neither fools nor  
all people would

For my own pa  
wish that all hom  
into an association,  
one another again  
those whom they o  
their common ene  
they may belong to  
an honest body of  
should never see t  
great figures of li  
useful to a party; a  
ed, because they s  
those methods whic  
to their faction. V  
every criminal out  
him down, howev  
overgrown he mig  
contrary, we shoul  
innocence, and defen

N<sup>o</sup>. CXXVI. WEDNESDAY, JULY 25.

TROJ RUTULUSVE FUAT, NULLO DISCRIMINE HABEBO.

VIRG. ÆN. X. V. 108.

RUTULIANS, TROJANS, ARE THE SAME TO ME.

DRYDEN.

yesterday's paper I proposed, he honest men of all parties ter into a kind of association fence of one another, and the of their common enemies. As ned this neutral body should a regard to nothing but truth y, and divest themselves of the s and prepossessions that cleave of all kinds, I have prepared for following form of an associa- ch may express their intentions & plain and simple manner.

whose names are hereunto sub- do solemnly declare, that we do onsciences believe two and two our; and that we shall adjudge n whatsoever to be our enemy deavours to persuade us to the y. We are likewise ready to n with the hazard of all that and dear to us, that six is less ven in all times and all places; a ten will not be more three ence than it is at present. We , firmly declare, that it is our on as long as we live to call black, and white white. And l upon all occasions oppose such that upon any day of the year ll black white, or white black, e utmost peril of our lives and s.

there such a combination of ho- , who without any regard to ould endeavour to extirpate all ous zealots as would sacrifice of their country to the passion est of the other; as also such hypocrites, that are for pro- eir own advantage, under co- the public good; with all the immoral retainers to each side, e nothing to recommend them plicit submission to their lead- should soon see that furious it extinguished, which may in se us to the derision and con- all the nations about us.

A member of this society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes ad- vanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the Ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the Ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. 'Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, 'Egypt,' says the historian, 'would be over-run with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.'

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal, and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice, which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers.

...nowas, and whispers, it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friend Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles; the first of them inclined to the landed, and the other to the monied interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig-inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow being

...and g  
dinary; but notwithstanding, nobody upon enquiry who had given former parli- there was no ing-green wh response d w ney of him.

Among ot  
ture, I must  
cerns myself.  
other day relat  
that he had pi  
where of a cert  
my staring at h  
prised to hear  
try, which had  
whispered in t  
short in the thre  
after dinner ask  
in his ear if he  
a fanatic.

It gives me  
such a spirit of  
not only as it d  
mon sense, and  
barbarians tow  
it perpetuates  
our breaches, a  
passions and pre  
For my own use

N<sup>o</sup> CXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 26.

—QUANTUM EST IN REBUS INANE?

PERS. SAT. I. V. I.

HOW MUCH OF EMPTINESS WE FIND IN THINGS!

custom at Sir Roger's upon  
ing in of the post, to sit about  
ffee, and hear the old knight  
s letter; which he does with  
les upon his nose, and in an  
ce, smiling very often at those  
s of satire, which are so fre-  
e writings of that author. I  
communicate to the knight  
as I receive under the qua-  
tator. The following letter  
please him more than ordi-  
nally publish it at his request.

SPECTATOR,

ve diverted the town almost  
e month at the expence of  
, it is now high time that  
give the country their re-  
nce your withdrawing from  
he fair-sex are run into great  
ies. Their petticoats, which  
ave and swell before you left  
blown up into a most enor-  
ve, and rise every day more  
in short, Sir, since our wo-  
themselves to be out of the  
spectator, they will be kept  
mpass. You praised them  
oon, for the modesty of their  
, for as the humour of a  
s often driven out of one  
nother, their superfluity of  
instead of being entirely ban-  
ns only fallen from their  
their lower parts. What  
lost in height they make  
h, and contrary to all rules  
re widen the foundations at  
e that they shorten the su-

Were they, like Spanish  
impregnate by the wind,  
not have thought on a more  
tion. But as we do not  
particular use in this petti-  
it contains any thing more  
as supposed to be in those  
ake, we are wonderfully at  
it.

men give out, in defence  
bottoms, that they are

airy, and very proper for the season;  
but this I look upon to be only a pre-  
tence, and a piece of art, for it is well  
known we have not had a more moderate  
summer these many years, so that it is  
certain the heat they complain of cannot  
be in the weather: besides, I would fain  
ask these tender-constitutioned ladies,  
why they should require more cooling  
than their mothers before them?

I find several speculative persons are  
of opinion that our sex has of late years  
been very saucy, and that the hoop-pet-  
ticoat is made use of to keep us at a dis-  
tance. It is most certain that a wo-  
man's honour cannot be better intrench-  
ed than after this manner, in circle  
within circle, amidst such a variety of  
out-works and lines of circumvallation.  
A female who is thus invested in whale-  
bone is sufficiently secured against the  
approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who  
might as well think of Sir George Ethel-  
rege's way of making love in a tub, as  
in the midst of so many hoops.

Among these various conjectures,  
there are men of superstitious tempers,  
who look upon the hoop-petticoat as a  
kind of prodigy. Some will have it  
that it portends the downfall of the  
French King, and observe that the far-  
thingal appeared in England a little be-  
fore the ruin of the Spanish monarchy.  
Others are of opinion that it foretels  
battle and bloodshed, and believe it of  
the same prognostication as the tail of  
a blazing star. For my part, I am  
apt to think it is a sign that multitudes  
are coming into the world rather than  
going out of it.

The first time I saw a lady dressed in  
one of these petticoats, I could not for-  
bear blaming her in my own thoughts  
for walking abroad when she was so near  
her time, but soon recovered myself out  
of my error, when I found all the modish  
part of the sex as far gone as herself. It  
is generally thought some crafty women  
have thus betrayed their companions  
into hoops, that they might make them  
necessary to their own concealments,  
and



mean while, I cannot but be troubled to see so many well-shaped innocent virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bellied women.

Should this fashion get among the ordinary people, our public ways would be so crowded that we should want street-room. Several congregations of the best fashion find themselves already very much straitened, and if the mode increases I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our sex at the same time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches, as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to, a man and his wife would fill a whole pew.

You know, Sir, it is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his Indian expedition he buried several suits of armour, which by his direction were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I

rotunda in think of the having enter and looked the place, a black monk it, upon we crying out, 'worshippers-  
' palace is he  
' habitant!'

Though ye in one of you ing to particu you will not t extraordinary the fair-sex, i tympany that i apt to think tl it's own accor town; at least make it contra plant, and by who are either this portentous rest, your hum C

N° CXXVIII. FRIDAY, JU

—CONCORDIA DISCORD—

men and women are made as arts to one another, that the anxieties of the husband might be by the sprightliness and good of the wife. When these are tempered, care and cheerfulness and hand; and the family, like it is duly trimmed, wants neither ballast.

Historians observe, for whilst in the country I must fetch my all from thence, that only the male voices; that their songs be before breeding-time, and after; that whilst the hen is her eggs, the male generally stand upon a neighbouring thorn her hearing; and by that ruses and diverts her with his singing the whole time of her sitting. Contract among birds lasts no more till a brood of young ones in it; so that in the feathered darts and fatigues of the marriage if I may so call it, lie principally the female. On the contrary, species the man and the woman joined together for life, and the man rests upon the former, nagging all the little arts of and blandishment to the female, may cheer and animate her in a constant and assiduous manner to the making a provision for the family, and the educating of their children. This however be taken so strictly, as if the sexes were not often reciprocal, content on both parties; but set forth what seems to have general intention of nature, in their inclinations and endowments which are bestowed on the different sexes.

Whatever was the reason that man and woman were made with this variety, if we observe the conduct of the sexes, we find that they choose to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and humour which is natural to them to such as are qualified to counter-balance it. It is an old complaint, that the coxcombs are it with them before the world. When we see a fellow talkative, full of insipid life, we may venture to promise a female favourite; noise and such accomplishments as

they cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object: she would have the lover a woman in every thing but the sex. I do not know a finer piece of satire on this part of womankind, than those lines of Mr. Dryden.

Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form  
And empty noise, and loves itself in man.

This is a source of infinite calamities to the sex, as it frequently joins them to men, who in their own thoughts are as fine creatures as themselves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiscretions.

The same female levity is no less fatal to them after marriage than before: it represents to their imaginations the faithful prudent husband as an honest tractable and domestic animal; and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses, so much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads astray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers and the treatment of their husbands, it operates with the same pernicious influence towards their children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires in her son what she loved in her gallant; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless progeny.

The younger Faustina was a lively instance of this sort of women. Notwithstanding she was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Roman emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman; and had taken such care to accomplish her son Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that when he ascended the throne of his father, he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signaling himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out mens brains. As he had no taste of true glory, we see him in several medals and statues which are still extant of him, equipped like an Hercules with a club and a lion's skin.

... hates your tedious summer days, and is sick at the sight of shady woods and purling streams; the husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at effenced fops and tawdry courtiers: The children are educated in these different notions of their parents. The sons follow the father about his grounds,

husband, as moved by th Aristus would it not for h much esteeme stus. Their children, and family a perpe complacency,

## Nº CXXIX. SATURDAY, J

VERTENTEM SÆPE FRUSTRA SECTABERE CANI  
CUM BOTA POSTERIOR CURRAS ET IN AXE SEC

THOU, LIKE THE HINDMOST CHARIOT-WHEELS,  
STILL TO BE NEAR, BUT NE’ER TO BE THE FILL

**G**REAT masters in painting never care for drawing people in the fashion; as very well knowing that the head-dress, or periwig, that now prevails, and gives a grace to their portraitures at present, will make a very odd figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the eyes of posterity. For this reason they often represent an illustrious person in a Roman habit, or in some other dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my country friends, that there was such a kind of

they would continue in the same habit, the mode of dress, that other overtake. I stands still is for twelve hours: I would advise the whole town after you follow him but if you plant of any one street not be long before





ons that escape the notice of my avellers.

f the most fashionable women I in all the circuit was my land-Staines, where I chanced to be today. Her commode was not so high, and her petticoat with-yards of a modish circumference. In the same pace I observed a fellow with a tolerable periwig, not been covered with a hat that sed in the Ramilie cock. As I d in my journey I observed the grew scantier and scantier, and hreefoore miles from London ry unfashionable, that a woman alk in it without any manner venience.

ar from Salisbury I took notice ice of peace's lady, who was at years behind-hand in her dress, the same time as fine as hands ake her. She was flounced and red from head to foot; every was wrinkled, and every part garments in curl, so that she like one of those animals which untry we call Friesland hen.

any miles beyond this place I rned that one of the last year's ffs had by some means or other I into those parts, and that all en of fashion were cutting their is in two, or retrenching them, g to the little model which was ng them. I cannot believe the ey have there, that it was sent ank by a parliament-man in packer, but probably by next his fashion will be at the height untry, when it is quite out at

greatest beau at our next county was dressed in a most monstrous eriwig, that was made in King i's reign. The wearer of it goes, in his own hair, when he is, and lets his wig lie in buckle ole half year, that he may put it occasion to meet the judges in it. It not here omit an adventure happened to us in a country upon the frontiers of Cornwall. were in the midst of the service, who is the chief woman of the ad had passed the winter at Lon- ber husband, entered the con- in a little head-dress, and a

hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled at such a sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious bottom, and some at the little top of this strange dress. In the mean time the lady of the manor filled the area of the church, and walked up to her pew with an unspeakable satisfaction, amidst the whispers, conjectures, and astonishments of the whole congregation.

Upon our way from hence we saw a young fellow riding towards us full gallop, with a bob wig and a black silken bag tied to it. He stopt short at the coach, to ask us how far the judges were behind us. His stay was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new silk waistcoat, which was unbuttoned in several places to let us see that he had a clean shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

From this place, during our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's reign, the people having made very little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires appear still in the Monmouth-cock, and when they go a wooing, whether they have any post in the militia or not, they generally put on a red coat. We were, indeed, very much surprised, at the place we lay at last night, to meet with a gentleman that had accoutered himself in a night-cap wig, a coat with long pockets, and slit sleeves, and a pair of shoes with high scollop tops; but we soon found by his conversation that he was a person who laughed at the ignorance and rusticity of the country people, and was resolved to live and die in the mode.

Sir, if you think this account of my travels may be of any advantage to the public, I will next year trouble you with such occurrences as I shall meet with in other parts of England. For I am informed, there are greater curiosities in the northern circuit than in the western; and that a fashion makes it's progress much slower into Cumberland than into Cornwall. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk arrived but two months ago at Newcastle, and that there are several commodes in those parts which are worth taking a journey thither to see.

— heads with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of Gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. 'If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge,' says Sir Roger, 'they are sure to have it; if the dog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it; they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the husband of the

with great people who told me, told us our for ple did with rid up and them. A having ex- gently, told maid in a woman's me- culars which relate. My from his hor- to two or th- crumpled it gently scanne be made in it was older and rest, told him his line of life cried—'Go, 'gage;' and upon me. I not displeased after a farther that his true-li she should dre old friend cri- on. The gip batchelor, bu and that he wa he thought: she was

scound than ordinary. In the of his good-humour, meeting a beggar upon the road who was uror, as he went to relieve him d his pocket was picked: that kind of palmistry at which this vermin are very dextrous.

ht here entertain my reader with il remarks on this idle profligate who infest all the countries of and live in the midst of go-nts in a kind of commonwealth selves. But instead of entering servations of this nature, I shall remaining part of my paper with which is still fresh in Holland, s printed in one of our monthly s about twenty years ago. 'As kschuyt, or hackney-boat, which s passengers from Leyden to Am- m, was putting off, a boy run- along the side of the canal de- to be taken in; which the master e boat refused, because the lad ot quite money enough to pay al fare. An eminent merchant ; pleased with the looks of the and secretly touched with com- n towards him, paid the money m, and ordered him to be taken ard. Upon talking with him vards, he found that he could eadily in three or four lan- s, and learned upon farther exa- ion that he had been stolen away he was a child by a gipsy, and ambled ever since with a gang of strollers up and down several of Europe. It happened that merchant, whose heart seems to

' have inclined towards the boy by a ' secret kind of instinct, had himself ' lost a child some years before. The ' parents, after a long search for him, ' gave him for drowned in one of the ca- ' nals with which that country abounds; ' and the mother was so afflicted at the ' loss of a fine boy, who was her only ' son, that she died for grief of it. Upon ' laying together all particulars, and ' examining the several moles and marks ' by which the mother used to describe ' the child when he was first missing, ' the boy proved to be the son of the ' merchant whose heart had so unac- ' countably melted at the sight of him. ' The lad was very well pleased to find ' a father who was so rich, and likely ' to leave him a good estate; the father ' on the other hand was not a little de- ' lighted to see a son return to him, ' whom he had given for lost, with such ' a strength of constitution, sharpness ' of understanding, and skill in lan- ' guages.' Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentle- man; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations: nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself, and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

C

N<sup>o</sup> CXXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 31.

—IPSE RURSUM CONCEDITE SYLVÆ.

VIRG. ECL. X. v. 63.

ONCE MORE, YE WOODS, ADIEU.

usual for a man who loves coun-ports to preserve the game in his ounds, and divert himself upon at belong to his neighbour. My sir Roger generally goes two or iles from his house, and gets into etiers of his estate, before he out in search of a hare or par- on purpose to spare his own here he is always sure of find- ion, when the worst comes to

the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable, where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which



another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character: my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjuror; and some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning-man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they have

halloo and my friend is my way, sopher; but they think discovers, a tongue for n

For these out for London found by experience not a place who does not they call good that is out of pected guest but does not care noon to every be the master of pursuer of his but a very unkind of life. I sh the town, if I phrase, and get fast as I can, can there raise upon others myself, and at the advantages privileges of while, to finish these my rural insert a letter from neycomb, who

Thy speculations begin to  
 unfoundedly of woods and mea-  
 If thou dost not come up quick-  
 shall conclude that thou art in  
 in one of Sir Roger's dairy-  
 Service to the knight. Sir

Andrew is grown the cock of the club  
 since he left us, and if he does not re-  
 turn quickly, will make every mother's  
 son of us commonwealth's men. Dear  
 Spec, thine eternally,

WILL HONEYCOMB.

° CXXXII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST I.

AUT TEMPUS QUID POSTULET NON VIDET, AUT FLURA LOQUITUR,  
 E OSTENTAT, AUT EORUM QUIBUSCUM EST RATIONEM NON HABET,  
 PTUS ESSE DICITUR. TULL.

AN IS GUILTY OF IMPERTINENCE, WHO CONSIDERS NOT THE CIRCUM-  
 STANCES OF TIME, OR ENGROSSES THE CONVERSATION, OR MAKES HIMSELF  
 SUBJECT OF HIS DISCOURSE, OR PAYS NO REGARD TO THE COMPANY HE

ING notified to my good friend  
 Roger that I should set out for  
 the next day, his horses were  
 the appointed hour in the even-  
 attended by one of his grooms,  
 at the county town at twilight,  
 to be ready for the stage-coach  
 following. As soon as we ar-  
 the inn, the servant, who waited  
 e, inquired of the chamberlain  
 saring what company he had for  
 ch? The fellow answered—  
 Betty Arable the great fortune,  
 ie widow her mother; a recruit-  
 fier, who took a place because  
 ere to go; young Squire Quick-  
 cousin, that her mother wished  
 be married to; Ephraim the  
 er, her guardian; and a gentle-  
 hat had studied himself dumb  
 Sir Roger de Coverley's. I  
 by what he said of myself that  
 g to his office he dealt much in  
 nce; and doubted not but there  
 e foundation for his reports of  
 of the company, as well as for  
 ical account he gave of me.  
 t morning at day-break we were  
 d; and I, who know my own  
 byness, and endeavour to be as  
 ble to be disputed with as possi-  
 led immediately, that I might  
 one wait. The first prepara-  
 our setting out was, that the  
 half-pike was placed near the  
 n, and a drum behind the  
 In the mean time the drum-  
 captain's equipage, was very  
 t none of the captain's things  
 e placed so as to be spoiled;  
 ch his *clake-bag* was fixed in

the seat of the coach; and the captain  
 himself, according to a frequent, though  
 invidious behaviour of military men,  
 ordered his man to look sharp, that none  
 but one of the ladies should have the  
 place he had taken fronting the coach-  
 box.

We were in some little time fixed in  
 our seats, and sat with that dislike which  
 people not too good-natured usually  
 conceive of each other at first sight. The  
 coach jumbled us insensibly into some  
 sort of familiarity: and we had not  
 moved above two miles, when the wi-  
 dow asked the captain what success he  
 had in his recruiting? The officer,  
 with a frankness he believed very grace-  
 ful, told her, that indeed he had but  
 very little luck, and had suffered much  
 by desertion, therefore should be glad to  
 end his warfare in the service of her or  
 her fair daughter. 'In a word,' con-  
 tinued he, 'I am a soldier, and to be  
 plain is my character: you see me,  
 Madam, young, sound, and impu-  
 dent; take me yourself, widow, or  
 give me to her; I will be wholly at  
 your disposal. I am a soldier of for-  
 tune, ha!' This was followed by a  
 vain laugh of his own, and a deep  
 silence of all the rest of the company. I  
 had nothing left for it but to fall fast  
 asleep, which I did with all speed.  
 'Come,' said he, 'resolve upon it, we  
 will make a wedding at the next town;  
 we will awake this pleasant compa-  
 nion who is fallen asleep, to be the  
 brideman, and,' giving the Quaker a  
 clap on the knee, he concluded—'This  
 sly saint, who, I will warrant, under-  
 stands what is what as well as you or  
 I, widow,

'fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou  
 'hast spoken this day. Friend, friend,  
 'we have hired this coach in partner-  
 'ship with thee, to carry us to the great  
 'city; we cannot go any other way.  
 'This worthy mother must hear thee  
 'if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we  
 'cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou  
 'wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou  
 'wert a man of understanding, thou  
 'wouldst not take advantage of thy cou-  
 'rageous countenance to abash us chil-  
 'dren of peace. Thou art, thou sayest,  
 'a soldier; give quarter to us, who  
 'cannot resist thee. Why didst thou  
 'flee at our friend, who feigned him-  
 'self asleep? He said nothing; but how  
 'dost thou know what he containeth?  
 'If thou speakest improper things in the  
 'hearing of this virtuous young virgin,  
 'consider it as an outrage against a  
 'distressed person that cannot get from  
 'thee: to speak indiscreetly what we  
 'are obliged to hear, by being hasped  
 'up with thee in this public vehicle, is  
 'in some degree assaulting on the high  
 'road.'

Here Ephraim paused, and the cap-  
 tain with an happy and uncommon im-  
 pudence, which can be convicted and  
 support itself at the same time, cries—  
 'Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should  
 'have been a little impertinent if thou

and very I  
 entertain b  
 when I cont  
 in, I took it  
 that the who  
 impertinence  
 us might bea  
 a suffering.  
 said when v  
 London, had  
 good underli  
 Upon the yo  
 satisfaction in  
 ing how deli  
 Ephraim deli  
 'There is no  
 'life which e  
 'mind, and a  
 'behaviour u  
 'gers, especia  
 'most unsuita  
 'such a man,  
 'with persons  
 'cence, howev  
 'the ways of n  
 'thereof; but  
 'superiority to  
 'be painful  
 'friend,' cont  
 officer, 'thee  
 'by, and per  
 'meet again:  
 'man; modes

## CXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 2.

QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR, AUT MODUS  
TAM CHARO CAPITIS?

HOR. OD. XXIV. L. I. V. 1.

—WHO CAN GRIEVE TOO MUCH, WHAT TIME SHALL END  
OUR MOURNING FOR SO DEAR A FRIEND?

CREECH.

It is a sort of delight, which extremely mixed with terror, in the contemplation of the soul has its curiosity more rily awakened, when it turns upon the subject of such behaved themselves with an ignominious, a cheerful, a generous temper in that extremity. affected with these respective behaviour, as we secretly part of the dying person ourselves, or such as we ourselves more particularly call Men of exalted minds march like princes, and are, to the eye of mankind, rather sublimely admiration than example. There are no ideas strike more upon our imaginations, than are raised from reflections of great and excellent men who have suffered death, though they were benevolent human society, seem to be the highest distinction, among the greater number of human kind. When the iniquity of the rough Socrates to his execution great and wonderful is it him, unsupported by any testimony of his own conduct conjectures of hereafter, poison with an air of mirth and honour, and as if going on the journey, bespeak some like it fortunate. Phocion's good actions had like reward from his country was led to death with many his friends, they bewailing him walking composedly to the place of execution, how gracefully support his illustrious character very last instant! One of sitting at him as he passed, with authority he called to one was ready to teach this to behave himself. When the creature that died at the

same time for his crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this question: 'Is it no consolation to such a man as thou art to die with Phocion?' At the instant when he was to die, they asked what commands he had for his son, he answered—'To forget this injury of the Athenians.' Niocles, his friend, under the same sentence, desired he might drink the potion before him; Phocion said, because he never had denied him any thing, he would not even this, the most difficult request he had ever made.

These instances were very noble and great, and the reflections of those sublime spirits had made death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of nature, a relief from a various being ever subject to sorrows and difficulties.

Epaminondas the Theban general, having received in fight a mortal stab with a sword, which was left in his body, lay in that posture until he had intelligence that his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which instant he expressed himself in this manner; 'This is not the end of my life, my fellow-soldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in so much glory.'

It were an endless labour to collect the accounts with which all ages have filled the world of noble and heroic minds that have resigned this being, as if the termination of life were but an ordinary occurrence of it.

This common-place way of thinking I fell into from an awkward endeavour to throw off a real and fresh affliction, by turning over books in a melancholy mood; but it is not easy to remove griefs which touch the heart, by applying remedies which only entertain the imagination. As therefore this paper is to consist of any thing which concerns human life, I cannot help letting the present subject regard what has been the last object of my eyes, though an entertainment of sorrow.

I went this evening to visit a friend with a design to railly him, upon a story I had heard of his intending to steal a marriage without the privacy of us his intimate friends and acquaintance. I came into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend in the agonies of death. What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least knowledge of my sorrow, or any pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my soliloquy, as I stood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a son who was her honour and her comfort, and never until that hour since his birth had been an occasion of a moment's sorrow to her.

**H**OW surprising is this change! from the possession of vigorous life and strength, to be reduced in a few hours to this fatal extremity! Those lips which look so pale and livid, within these few days gave delight to all who heard their utterance: it was the business, the purpose of his being, next to obeying Him to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and that for no other end than to please and instruct. Kindness was the motive of his actions, and with all the capacity requisite for making a figure in a contentious world, moderation, good-nature, affability, temperance, and chastity, were the arts of his excellent life. There as he lies in helpless agony, no wise man who knew him

so well as I, but would resign world can bestow to be so near to of such a life. Why does my little obey any reason as to lazier thou excellent man—Heaven him, or restore him—Thy beloved, thy obliged friends, thy servants, stand around thee with the tinction. How much wouldst hadst thou thy senses, say to us!

But now that good heart bursts he is at rest—with that breath ex soul who never indulged a passion for the place he is gone to: who now thy plans of justice, of tri honour? Of what use the voluminous collated, the arguments thou invented, the examples thou allowed? Poor were the expectations the studious, the modest and the if the reward of their labours were to be expected from man. A friend, thy intended pleadings, tended good offices to thy friend intended services to thy country already performed, as to thy country, in his sight before who past, present, and future, appear view. While others with thy were tormented with ambition vain-glory, with envy, with em how well didst thou turn thy own it's own improvement in things the power of fortune; in probity integrity, in the practice and study tice; how silent thy passage, how vate thy journey, how glorious th Many have I known more famous more knowing, not one so innoc

## Nº CXXXIV. FRIDAY, AUGUST 3.

—OPISERQUE PER ORBEM  
DICOR—

OVID. MET. L. I. V. 521.

AND AM THE GREAT PHYSICIAN CALL'D BELOW.

DRYDEN,

**D**URING my absence in the country, several packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, because I was expected every day in town. The author of the following letter, dated from Tower Hill, having sometimes been entertained with some learned gentlemen in plush doublets,

who have vended their wares stage in that place, has pleasantly addressed to me, as no less a morality, than those are in physic comply with his kind inclination make my cures famous, I shall give his testimonial of my great ability large in his own words.

saying the other day there is thing wonderful in the narrow-  
 those minds which can be pleas-  
 be barren of bounty to those  
 se them, makes me in pain that  
 a man of power. If I were,  
 ld soon see how much I approve  
 culations. In the mean time  
 ve to supply that inability with  
 y tribute of an honest mind, by  
 ou plainly I love and thank you  
 daily refreshments. I con-  
 eruse your paper as I smoke my  
 's pipe, though I cannot for-  
 ling the motto before I fill and  
 d really it gives a grateful relish  
 whiff; each paragraph is freight-  
 with useful or delightful no-  
 nd I never fail of being highly  
 or improved. The variety of  
 jects surprises me as much as a  
 ictures did formerly, in which  
 only one face, that by pulling  
 ces of iinglafs over it, was  
 into a grave senator or a Merry-  
 , a patched lady or a nun, a  
 a black-a-moor, a prude or a  
 , a country squire or a conjurer,  
 ny other different representa-  
 ery entertaining, as you are,  
 still the same at the bottom.  
 s a childish amusement when I  
 ied away with outward appear-  
 it you make a deeper impresson,  
 t the secret springs of the mind;  
 rm the fancy, soothe the pas-  
 id insensibly lead the reader to  
 etness of temper that you so  
 ribe; you rouse generosity with  
 it, and inculcate humanity with  
 e, that he must be miserably  
 at is not affected by you. I  
 ay, indeed, that you have put  
 ence to silence, or vanity out of  
 unce; but methinks you have  
 ur for it, as any man that ever  
 l upon a public stage; and offer  
 ible cure of vice and folly, for  
 of one penny. And since it is  
 r those who receive benefit by  
 nous operators, to publish an  
 ment, that others may reap the  
 vantage, I think myself obliged  
 e to all the world, that having  
 ng time been splenetic, ill-na-  
 rward, suspicious and unsoci-

able, by the application of your medi-  
 cines, taken only with half an ounce of  
 right Virginia tobacco, for six successive  
 mornings, I am become open, obliging,  
 officious, frank, and hospitable. I am  
 your humble servant, and great ad-  
 mirer,

TOWER-HILL,      GEORGE TRUSTY.  
 JULY 5, 1711.

The careful father and humble peti-  
 tioner hereafter mentioned, who are un-  
 der difficulties about the just manage-  
 ment of fans, will soon receive proper  
 advertisements relating to the professors  
 in that behalf, with their places of abode  
 and methods of teaching.

SIR,      JULY THE 5th, 1711.

I N your Spectator of June the 7th,  
 you transcribe a letter sent to you  
 from a new sort of muster-master, who  
 teaches ladies the whole exercise of the  
 fan; I have a daughter just come to  
 town, who though she has always held  
 a fan in her hand at proper times, yet  
 she knows no more how to use it ac-  
 cording to true discipline, than an auk-  
 ward school-boy does to make use of his  
 new sword: I have sent for her on pur-  
 pose to learn the exercise, she being al-  
 ready very well accomplished in all other  
 arts which are necessary for a young  
 lady to understand; my request is, that  
 you will speak to your correspondent on  
 my behalf, and in your next paper let  
 me know what he expects, either by the  
 month, or the quarter, for teaching;  
 and where he keeps his place of rendez-  
 vous. I have a son too, whom I would  
 fain have taught to gallant fans, and  
 should be glad to know what the gen-  
 tleman will have for teaching them both,  
 I finding fans for practice at my own  
 expence. This information will in the  
 highest manner oblige, Sir, your most  
 humble servant,

WILLIAM WISEACRE.

As soon as my son is perfect in this  
 art, which I hope will be in a year's  
 time, for the boy is pretty apt, I design  
 he shall learn to ride the great horse, al-  
 though he is not yet above twenty years  
 old, if his mother, whose darling he is,  
 will venture him,

... well-managed  
ancestors of yours has, to my knowledge,  
been the ruin of above five young gen-

equal match  
And your p  
R

## N<sup>o</sup> CXXXV. SATURDAY, A

EST BREVIATE OPUS, UT CURAT SEN  
Hoi

EXPRESS YOUR SENTIMENTS WITH BREVI

**I** Have somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven, that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is spring of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation.

it's abounding gives us an opportunity of our thoughts in deed takes off its tongue, but at our ideas in the consequently and speech better than tables, which in languages more The sounds of commonly like short and transie upon a single tongue are like elements, sweet and ened out into va

In the next that where the w lables, we often in line in

perfect tense, as in these  
rown'd, Walk'd, Arriv'd;  
ed, Walked, Arrived; which  
much disfigured the tongue,  
a tenth part of our smoothest  
to many clusters of conso-  
nis is the more remarkable,  
want of vowels in our lan-  
been the general complaint of  
t authors, who nevertheless  
in that have made these re-  
ts, and consequently very  
eased our former scarcity.

lection on the words that end  
ve heard in conversation from  
greatest geniuses this age has

I think we may add to the  
observation, the change which  
ed in our language, by the  
on of several words that are  
in eth, by substituting an s  
m of the last syllable, as in  
Walks, Arrives, and in-  
other words, which in the  
tion of our forefathers were  
Walketh, Arriveth. This  
terribly multiplied a letter  
before too frequent in the  
ngue, and added to that hiss-  
language which is taken so  
ice of by foreigners; but at  
ime humours our taciturnity,  
us of many superfluous syl-

here observe, that the same  
on many occasions does the  
whole word, and represents  
her of our forefathers. There  
bt but the ear of a foreigner,  
the best judge in this case,  
y much disapprove of such in-  
which indeed we do ourselves  
reasure by retaining the old  
in writing, and in all the  
ices of our religion.

he instances I have given we  
mized many of our particular  
he detriment of our tongue,  
er occasions we have drawn  
into one, which has likewise  
untuned our language, and  
with consonants, as Mayn't,  
in't, Won't, and the like, for  
, Can Not, Shall Not, Will

haps this humour of speaking  
an we needs must, which has  
y curtailed some of our words,  
niliar writings and conversa-  
often lose all but their first

syllables, as in *Moh. Rep. Pos. Incoq.*  
and the like; and as all ridiculous words  
make their first entry into a language  
by familiar phrases, I dare not answer  
for these that they will not in time be  
looked upon as a part of our tongue.  
We see some of our poets have been so  
indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras's* dog-  
grel expressions in their serious compo-  
sitions, by throwing out the signs of our  
substantives, which are essential to the  
English language. Nay, this humour  
of shortening our language had once  
run so far, that some of our celebrated  
authors, among whom we may reckon  
*Sir Roger L'Estrange* in particular, be-  
gan to prune their words of all super-  
fluous letters, as they termed them, in  
order to adjust the spelling to the pro-  
nunciation; which would have con-  
founded all our etymologies, and have  
quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe, that  
our proper names, when familiarized in  
English, generally dwindle to mono-  
syllables; whereas in other modern lan-  
guages they receive a softer turn on this  
occasion, by the addition of a new syl-  
lable. Nick in Italian is *Nicolini*, Jack  
in French *Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our  
language which is a great instance of  
our frugality of words, and that is the  
suppressing of several particles which  
must be produced in other tongues to  
make a sentence intelligible: this often  
perplexes the best writers, when they  
find the relatives *Whom, Which, or*  
*They*, at their mercy whether they may  
have admission or not; and will never  
be decided until we have something like  
an academy, that by the best authorities  
and rules drawn from the analogy of  
languages shall settle all controversies  
between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language  
as it shews the genius and natural tem-  
per of the English, which is modest,  
thoughtful, and sincere, and which per-  
haps may recommend the people, though  
it has spoiled the tongue. We might  
perhaps carry the same thought into  
other languages, and deduce a great  
part of what is peculiar to them from  
the genius of the people who speak them.  
It is certain, the light talkative humour  
of the French has not a little infected  
their tongue, which might be shewn by  
many instances; as the genius of the  
Italians, which is so much addicted to  
music



**A**CCORDING to the request of this strange fellow, I shall print the following letter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Shall without any manner of preface or apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my youth upward, one of the greatest liars this island has produced. I have read all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falshood in this kind, there does not live an honest man or a sincerer friend; but my imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started, I have such a scene of adventures appears in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though, to my immediate confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.

Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa, I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant who was bred at Mus-

cousin to be world. He ment shew had an exce every other him, here I actly spoke t I knew perfe I knew perfe I knew perfe Imperial Ma all the while What is wor possible to spe some occasion lye or other, mour, prosper motive that I The other da mending an en what occasion i —‘ Methinks ‘ nerable if he I remember t have teen the g coal-black. I day in my life yet I am never ing something friend at Wil made no manne that an ac

advantage. I never directly  
 ut I do what is as bad in the  
 ce, for I have often made a  
 ch and such a lively expres-  
 vas born a mere elder brother,  
 has said in my hearing, such  
 wiser than he should be, I  
 ly have replied—'Now 'faith,  
 see that, he said a very good  
 my lord such a one, upon  
 occasion,' and the like. Such  
 lolt as this has been watched  
 pression he uttered, upon my  
 sation of him, and confe-  
 sion subject to the more ridi-  
 ce endeavoured to cure my-  
 impertinent quality, and re-  
 old my tongue for seven days  
 I did so, but then I had so  
 s and unnecessary distortions  
 : upon what any body else  
 I found I only forbore the ex-  
 ad that I still lyed in my heart  
 an I met with. You are to  
 thing, which I believe you  
 a pity, considering the use I  
 e made of it, I never travel-  
 ife; but I do not know whe-  
 d have spoken of any foreign  
 th more familiarity than I do  
 in company who are strangers  
 have cursed the inns in Ger-  
 nmended the brothels in Ve-  
 freedom of conversation in  
 id though I never was out of  
 own, and fifty miles about it,  
 three nights together dogged  
 for an intrigue with a cardi-  
 ss at Rome.

ndless to give you particulars  
 l, but I can assure you, Mr.  
 there are about twenty or  
 is in this town, I mean by  
 ie cities of London and West-  
 say there are in town a suffi-  
 xer of us to make a society  
 selves; and since we cannot  
 any longer, I beg of you to  
 ny letter, that we may meet  
 nd be under such regulation  
 ay be no occasion for belief  
 ce among us. If you think  
 ht be called The Historians,  
 become a very harsh word.  
 member of) the society may  
 er be ill received by the rest  
 rld, I desire you would ex-  
 e this sort of men, and not let  
 as be ranked, as we are in the  
 s of ordinary people, among

common liars, make-bates, impostors,  
 and incendiaries. For your instruction  
 herein, you are to know that an Histo-  
 rian in conversation is only a person of  
 so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be  
 contented with ordinary occurrences. I  
 know a man of quality of our order,  
 who is of the wrong side of forty-three,  
 and has been of that age, according to  
 Tully's jest, for some years since, whose  
 vein is upon the romantic. 'Give him  
 the least occasion, and he will tell you  
 something so very particular that hap-  
 pened in such a year, and in such com-  
 pany, where by the by was present such  
 a one, who was afterwards made such  
 a thing. Out of all these circumstances,  
 in the best language in the world, he  
 will join together with such probable in-  
 cidents an account that shews a person  
 of the deepest penetration, the honestest  
 mind, and withal something so humble  
 when he speaks of himself, that you  
 would admire. Dear Sir, why should  
 this be lying? There is nothing so in-  
 structive. He has withal the gravest  
 aspect; something so very venerable and  
 great. Another of these Historians is  
 a young man whom we would take in,  
 though he extremely wants parts; as  
 people send children, before they can  
 learn any thing, to school to keep them  
 out of harm's way. He tells things  
 which have nothing at all in them, and  
 can neither please nor displease, but  
 merely take up your time to no manner  
 of purpose, no manner of delight; but  
 he is good-natured, and does it because  
 he loves to be saying something to you,  
 and entertain you.

I could name you a soldier that hath  
 done very great things without slaughter;  
 he is prodigiously dull and slow of head,  
 but what he can say is for ever false, so  
 that we must have him.

Give me leave to tell you of one more  
 who is a lover; he is the most afflicted  
 creature in the world, lest what hap-  
 pened between him and a great beauty  
 should ever be known. Yet again he  
 comforts himself—'Hang the jade her  
 woman. If money can keep the slut  
 trusty I will do it, though I mortgage  
 every acre: Anthony and Cleopatra  
 for that; All for Love and the World  
 well lost.'

Then, Sir, there is my little mer-  
 chant, honest Indigo of the 'Change,  
 there is my man for loss and gain; there  
 is tare and tret, there is lying all round

AT NEC ETIAM SERVIS SEMPER LIBERA FUTURUM  
DOLERENT, SUO POTIUS QUAM ALTFRIUS ARBIT

EVEN SLAVES WERE ALWAYS AT LIBERTY TO BE  
AT THEIR OWN RATHER THAN ANOTHER'S

IT is no small concern to me, that I find so many complaints from that part of mankind whose portion it is to live in servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy correspondents inform me, masters who are offended at a cheerful countenance, and think a servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost awe in their presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his master asks him what makes him so pert this morning; if a little sour—'Hark ye, fellow, are not you paid your wages?' The poor creatures live in the most extreme misery together: the master knows not how to preserve respect, nor the servant how to give it. It seems this person is of so sullen a nature, that he knows but little satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful fortune, and secretly frets to see any appearance of content, in one that lives upon the hundredth part of his income, who is unhappy in the possession of the whole.

what any thing  
a peculiar  
'to forget  
back—' Do  
'be sure to  
'of your c  
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any thing t  
necessarily t  
ten times i  
know whet  
is his man  
ness runs th  
cording as t  
sides all thi  
he submits h  
spy. He is  
makes his  
watching us  
pleasure and  
a prisoner,  
and no soon  
falls into su  
ashamed of  
for being di  
is a short sk

I should be very glad to see them after. My lady herself is of no the world, and for that reason an is of twenty minds in a mo-ly lady is one that never knows do with herself; she pulls on off every thing she wears twenty ore she resolves upon it for that stand at one end of the room, a things to her woman. When asks for a thing, I hear and brought it, when the woman in the middle of the room to, and at that instant she says, will not have it. Then I go d her woman comes up to her, is time she will have that and ree things more in an instant: in and I run to each oter; I d and delivering the things to n my lady says she wants none se things, and we are the dullest in the world, and she the un- woman living, for she shall not l in any time. Thus we stand ing what to do, when our good l all the patience in the world l plain as she can speak, that have temper because we have r of understanding; and begins fress, and see if we can find out res what we are to do. When sed she goes to dinner, and after liked every thing there, she calls ach, then commands it in again, he will not go out at all, and then, and orders the chariot. Now, . Specter, I desire you would iall of all who serve froward ve out in your paper, that no- a be done without allowing r, and that one cannot be back h what one was sent for, if one back before one can go a step key want. And if you please, know that all mistresses are as servants. I am your loving  
PATIENCE GIDDY.

These are great calamities; but I met the other day in the Five Fields towards Chelsea, a pleasanter tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat fellow was passing on in his open waistcoat; a boy of fourteen in a livery, carrying after him his cloke, upper coat, hat, wig, and sword. The poor lad was ready to sink with the weight, and could not keep up with his master, who turned back every half furlong, and wondered what made the lazy young dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that people cannot put themselves in the condition of the persons below them, when they consider the commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a fellow, who, if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any man living, lament that he is troubled with the most worthless dogs in nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common life to urge, that he who is not master of himself and his own passions cannot be a proper master of another. Equanimity in a man's own words and actions, will easily diffuse itself through his whole family. Pamphilio has the happiest household of any man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private persons, as well as in respect that they are his servants. If there be any occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their master's concerns, by reason of any attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at dinner the other day he made an apology for want of more attendants. He said—'One of my foot-  
'men is gone to the wedding of his sister,  
'and the other I do not expect to wait,  
'because his father died but two days  
'ago.'

## CXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8.

ITUR IN RE NON DUBIA TESTIBUS NON NECESSARIIS.

TULL.

USES UNNECESSARY PROOFS IN AN INDISPUTABLE POINT.

meets now and then with per-  
s who are extremely learned  
in expounding clear cases.

Tully tells us of an author that spent some  
pages to prove that generals could not  
perform the great enterprises which have  
made

on to see such persons contend without opponents, and triumph without victory.

The author above-mentioned by the orator is placed for ever in a very ridiculous light, and we meet every day in conversation such as deserve the same kind of renown, for troubling those with whom they converse with the like certainties. The persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest admiration in this kind are your ordinary story-tellers, who are the most religiously careful of keeping to the truth in every particular circumstance of a narration, whether it concern the main end or not. A gentleman whom I had the honour to be in company with the other day, upon some occasion that he was pleased to take, said, he remembered a very pretty repartee made by a very witty man in King Charles's time upon the like occasion. 'I remember,' said he, upon entering into the tale, 'much about the time of Oates's plot, that a cousin-german of mine and I were at the Bear in Holbourn: no, I am out; it was at the Cross-Keys; but Jack Thomson was there, for he was very great with the gentleman who made the answer. But I am sure it was spoken somewhere thereabouts, for we drank a bottle in that neighbourhood every evening: but

the very p  
it in his l  
Dr. Tillot  
failed of p  
thors thing  
have denied  
authority.  
to the point  
to the  
' upon the  
his fifteenth  
page 160.

'I shall br  
' then consid  
' them.'

This hone  
one would thi  
far as to alte  
' upon the ma  
' explaining.'  
would not eve  
authority, but  
vine to strengt  
us, with the pi  
veridge, page 4  
' I shall endeav  
' as I can from  
' now read, w  
' we shall confu  
was reckoned b  
understand him,  
er; but that he n  
so humble than

'saw him at St. James's.' When men of this genius are pretty far gone in learning, they will put you to prove that snow is white, and when you are upon that topic can say that there is really no such thing as colour in nature; in a word, they can turn what little knowledge they have into a ready capacity of raising doubts; into a capacity of being always frivolous and always unanswerable. It was of two disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the cynic said—'One of these fellows is milking a ram, and the other holds the pail.'

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE exercise of the snuff-box, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the exercise of the fan, will be taught with the best plain or perfumed snuff, at Charles

Lillie's, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings in the Strand, and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a toy-shop near Garraway's coffee-house. There will be likewise taught the ceremony of the snuff-box, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance; with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, the politic, and the surly pinch, and the gestures proper to each of them.

N. B. The undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a body of regular snuff-boxes ready to meet and make head against all the regiment of fans which have been lately disciplined, and are now in motion. T

## N° CXXXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9.

VERA GLORIA RADICES AGIT, ATQUE ETIAM PROPAGATUR: FICTA OMNIA CESSANT, TANQUAM FLOSCULI, DECIDUNT, NEC SIMULATUM POTEST QUID, QUAM ESSE DIUTURNUM.

TULL.

TRUE GLORY TAKES ROOT, AND EVEN SPREADS: ALL FALSE PRETENCES, LIKE FLOWERS, FALL TO THE GROUND; NOR CAN ANY COUNTERFEIT LAST LONG.

OF all the affections which attend human life, the love of glory is the most ardent. According as this is cultivated in princes, it produces the greatest good or the greatest evil. Where sovereigns have it by impressions received from education only, it creates an ambitious rather than a noble mind; where it is the natural bent of the prince's inclination, it prompts him to the pursuit of things truly glorious. The two greatest men now in Europe, according to the common acceptance of the word Great, are Lewis King of France, and Peter Emperor of Russia. As it is certain that all fame does not arise from the practice of virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing amusement to examine the glory of these potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing, and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting, and important. Lewis of France had his infancy attended by crafty and worldly men, who made extent of territory the most glorious instance of power, and mistook the spreading of fame for the acquisition of he-

nour. The young monarch's heart was by such conversation easily deluded into a fondness for vain-glory, and upon these unjust principles to form or fall in with suitable projects of invasion, rapine, murder, and all the guilts that attend war when it is unjust. At the same time this tyranny was laid, sciences and arts were encouraged in the most generous manner, as if men of higher faculties were to be bribed to permit the massacre of the rest of the world. Every superstructure which the court of France built upon their first designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to it's false foundation. The ostentation of riches, the vanity of equipage, shame of poverty, and ignorance of modesty, were the common arts of life; the generous love of one woman was changed into gallantry for all the sex, and friendships among men turned into commerces of interest, or mere professions. 'While these were the rules of life, perjuries in the prince, and a general corruption of manners in the subject, were the sinners in which France has

Peter Alexovitz of Russia, when he came to years of manhood, though he found himself emperor of a vast and numerous people, master of an endless territory, absolute commander of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, in the midst of this unbounded power and greatness turned his thoughts upon himself and people with sorrow. Sordid ignorance and a brute manner of life this generous prince beheld and condemned from the light of his own genius. His judgment suggested this to him, and his courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this, he did not send to the nation from whence the rest of the world has borrowed it's politeness, but himself left his diadem to learn the true way to glory and honour, and application to useful arts, wherein to employ the laborious, the simple, the honest part of his people. Mechanic employments and operations were very justly the first objects of his favour and observation. With this glorious intention he travelled into foreign nations in an obscure manner, above receiving little honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more consequence, their arts of peace and of war. By this means has this great prince laid the foundation of a great and lasting fame, by personal labour, personal knowledge

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tain necessar

ry of giving jealousy, he would glorious without possibility of disgrace. This humility and mortance must make his glory l.

thoughts are apt to draw me the usual length of this paper, could suppose such rhapsodies

could outlive the common fate of ordinary things, I would say these sketches and faint images of glory were drawn in August 1711, when John Duke of Marlborough made that memorable march wherein he took the French lines without bloodshed.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CXL. FRIDAY, AUGUST 10.

ANIMUM NUNC HUC CELEREM, NUNC DIVIDIT ILLUC.

VIRG. *ÆN.* IV. v. 285.

THIS WAY AND THAT HE TURNS HIS ANXIOUS MIND.

DRYDEN.

WHEN I acquaint my reader, that I have many other letters not acknowledged, I believe he will own, have a mind he should believe, have no small charge upon me, a person of some consequence in the world. I shall therefore employ my time not only in reading petitions but in the order as follows.

SPECTATOR,

lost so much time already, that re, upon the receipt hereof, you it down immediately and give answer. And I would know whether a pretender of mine vex me. As well as I can I ribe his manners. When he he is always talking of con-but vouchsafes to visit me but or night, and then is always in be gone. When I am sick, I says he is mightily concerned, ner comes nor sends, because, as his acquaintance with a sigh, not care to let me know all the have over him, and how impos-s for him to live without me. e leaves the town he writes once eks, desires to hear from me, is of the torment of absence, flames, tortures, languishings, uses. He has the cant of an lover, but keeps the pace of a n one. You know I must not than he does, and to move at is as tedious as counting a ck. But you are to know he und my mother says, as he is s sure; he will love me long, if me little: but I appeal to you he loves at all. Your neglected servant,

LYDIA NOVELL.

All these fellows who have money are extremely saucy and cold; pray, Sir, tell them of it.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have been delighted with nothing more through the whole course of your writings than the substantial account you lately gave of Wit, and I could wish you would take some other opportunity to express further the corrupt taste the age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to attribute to the prevalence of a few popular authors, whose merit in some respects has given a sanction to their faults in others. Thus the imitators of Milton seem to place all the excellency of that sort of writing either in the uncouth or antique words, or something else which was highly vicious, though pardonable, in that great man. The admirers of what we call point, or turn, look upon it as the particular happiness to which Cowley, Ovid, and others, owe their reputation, and therefore imitate them only in such instances; what is just, proper, and natural, does not seem to be the question with them, but by what means a quaint antithesis may be brought about, how one word may be made to look two ways, and what will be the consequence of a forced allusion. Now, though such authors appear to me to resemble those who make themselves fine, instead of being well-dressed, or graceful; yet the mischief is, that these beauties in them, which I call blemishes, are thought to proceed from luxuriance of fancy, and overflowing of good sense: in one word, they have the character of being witty; but if you would acquaint the world they are not witty at all, you would.



very numble servant,  
BETTY SANTER.  
Pray, Sir, direct thus: 'To the Kind  
'Querrit,' and leave it at Mr. Lillie's,  
for I do not care to be known in the  
thing at all. I am, Sir, again your  
humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,  
I Must needs tell you there are several  
of your papers I do not much like.  
You are often so nice there is no endur-  
ing you, and so learned there is no un-  
derstanding you. What have you to do  
with our petticoats? Your humble  
servant,  
PARTHENOPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,  
LAST night as I was walking in the  
Park, I met a couple of friends;  
'Pr'ythee, Jack,' says one of them, 'let  
us go drink a glass of wine, for I am  
'fit for nothing else.' This put me  
upon reflecting on the many miscar-  
riages which happen in conversations  
over wine, when men go to the bottle to  
remove such humours as it only stirs  
up and awakens. This I could not  
attribute more to any thing than to the  
humour of putting company upon others  
which men do not like themselves.  
Pray, Sir, declare in your papers, that  
he who is a troublesome companion to  
himself

and set do  
mediately  
wasps in r  
You m  
and win t  
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so very un  
to instruct  
grace, and

MR. SPEC  
YOUR k  
of your  
couragemen  
writing to y  
have so often  
tion and imp  
I hope, in yo  
ly excuse me  
for the imper  
great desire I  
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uneasy until I  
attaining them  
think myself in  
to recommend  
to my perusal.  
I thought inc  
eye on Eleonor  
have had no

ment, you may look upon your shall bestow in answering this at thrown away to no purpose. not but add, that unless you particular and more than ordinary for Eleonora, I have a beto your favour than she; since I content myself with tea-table of your papers, but it is my content very often when alone in my To shew you I am capable of ment, and hate flattery, I ac- I do not like some of your

papers; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow understanding than Mr. Spectator's profound judgment. I am, Sir, your already, and in hopes of being more your, obliged servant,

PARTHENIA.

This last letter is written with so urgent and serious an air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply with her commands, which I shall do very suddenly.

T

## NO CXL SATURDAY, AUGUST II.

—MIGRAVIT AB AURE VOLUPTAS  
OMNIS—

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. V. 187.

PLEASURE NO MORE ARISES FROM THE EAR.

resent emptiness of the town, several applications from the ts of the players, to admit sup- pafs for acting. They in very erts desire me to let a fall on d, a stumble, or a good slap on be reckoned a jest. These I shall tolerate for a season, hope the evil cannot continue an until the people of condi- taste return to town. The rome time ago, was to enter- part of the audience, who have above eye-sight, with rope- d tumblers; which was a way ough, because it prevented , and distinguished such as w all the postures which the pable of, from those who were it all the passions to which the bject. But though this was settled, corporeal and intel- ors ought to be kept at a skill ance than to appear on the : at all: for which reason I ose some methods for the im- of the bear-garden, by dis- bodily actors to that quarter. s of greater moment, where r in public, the consequence rance of the thing can bear . And though a pleader or hoarse or awkward, the weight ter commands respect and at- ut in the theatrical speaking, ormer is not exactly proper ul, he is utterly ridiculous,

In cases where there is little else expected, but the pleasure of the ears and eyes, the least diminution of that pleasure is the highest offence. In acting, barely to perform the part is not commendable, but to be the least out is contemptible. To avoid these difficulties and delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of town, the actors have flown in the air, and played such pranks, and run such hazards, that none but the servants of the fire-office, tilers and masons, could have been able to perform the like. The author of the following letter, it seems, has been of the audience at one of these entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree severe against what is exceptionable in the play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the author's most excellent talent of humour. The pleasant pictures he has drawn of life, should have been more kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes his witches, who are too dull devils to be attacked with so much warmth.

MR. SPECTATOR,

UPON a report that Moll White had followed you to town, and was to act a part in the Lancashire-witches, I went last week to see that play. It was my fortune to sit next to a country justice of the peace, a neighbour, as he said, of Sir Roger's, who pretended to

a M

shew

reported you, a white witch, I could have wished you had been there to have exorcised that rabble of broomsticks, with which we were haunted for above three hours. I could have allowed them to let Clod in the tree, to have scared the sportsmen, plagued the justice, and employed honest Teague with his holy water. This was the proper use of them in comedy, if the author had stopped here; but I cannot conceive what relation the sacrifice of the black lamb, and the ceremonies of their worship to the devil, have to the business of mirth and humour.

The gentleman who writ this play, and has drawn some characters in it very justly, appears to have been misled in his witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable Shakespeare. The incantations in Macbeth have a solemnity admirably adapted to the occasion of that tragedy, and fill the mind with a suitable horror. Besides that the witches are a part of the story itself, as we find it very particularly related in Hector Boetius, from whom he seems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper machine where the business is dark, horrid, and bloody; but is extremely foreign from the affair of Comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining.

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N<sup>o</sup> CXLII. MONDAY, AUGUST 13.

—IRRUPTA TENET COPULA—

HOR. OD. XIII. L. I. V. 18.

—THEY EQUAL MOVE

IN AN UNBROKEN YOKE OF FAITHFUL LOVE.

GLANVIL.

following letters being given, and the images of a worthy man willing to give the old notation to myself, and the reason of her own happiness, a ny writings.

SPECTATOR, AUGUST 9, 1711.

Now in the sixty-seventh year of age, and read you with approbation, methinks you do not strike at the greatest evil in life, which is the notion of gallantry in love. It has long been, upon a very ill

I who have been a wife forty years, was bred in a way that has ever since very happy, see he folly of it. In a word, Sir, as a young woman, all who he vices of the age, were very educated, and all fantastical ere turned out of our sight. fry hangings, with the great able simplicity of the Scripture id better effects than now the 'enus and Adonis, or Bacchus dne in your fine present prints. leman I am married to made e in rapture, but it was the a Christian and a man of ho- a romantic hero or a whining : this put our life upon a right : to give you an idea of our re- to another, I inclose to you his letters, writ forty years y my lover; and one writ the , after so many years coha- Your servant,

ANDROMACHE.

AUGUST 7, 1671.

giance and ten thousand wishes ur welfare and repose could force, you last night slept in and had every good angel in idance. To have my thoughts

on you, to live in constant ery accident to which human le, and to send up my hourly avert them from you; I say,

Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all it's aching. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself! How is all thy attention broken! My books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity: to grant it, would make more for your triumph. To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy, the true empire of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change in dismissing the attendance of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter condition: as I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it. Madam, I am your most devoted, most obedient servant.

Though I made him no declarations in his favour, you see he had hopes of me when he writ this in the month following.

MADAM,

SEPT. 3, 1671.

BEFORE the light this morning dawned upon the earth, I waked, and lay in expectation of it's return, not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with it's cheerful face, after a quiet which I wished you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts, I condemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you, that I cannot with confidence beseech the all-seeing Power to bless me in. May he direct you in all your steps, and re- ward

... to me as my own;  
 and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with the endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy; and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind, which I have expressed in so little order. I am, dearest creature, your most obedient, most devoted servant.

The two next were written after the day for our marriage was fixed.

MADAM,                      SEPT. 25, 1671.  
**I**T is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business: as for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning what news from Holland; and I answered—'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor, I replied—'She is

He w.  
 letter, a  
 as any in

MADAM  
**I** Beg pardon but I am a free-house business. busy faces ney, while wealth, is I heart, sweet my soul, a life. It is that many affixed to the natural passion to create a multitude of the dear, am I so sweet a fair-one, to thee such, a it's influence hours, and to bless the mingle with of our transnation to his gulate our n to please his

my thoughts on the subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it until I came myself. But, my lovely creature, know it is not in the power of age, or misfortune, or any other accident which hangs over human

life, to take from me the pleasing esteem I have for you, or the memory of the bright figure you appeared in when you gave your hand and heart to, Madam, your most grateful husband, and obedient servant,

## Nº CXLIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14.

NON EST VIVERE SED VALERE VITA.

MAR. EPIG. LXX. L. 6.

TO BREATHE, IS NOT TO LIVE; BUT TO BE WELL.

**I**T is an unreasonable thing some men expect of their acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of order, or displeased, or they know not how; and are so far from letting that be a reason for retiring to their own homes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has any body to do with accounts of a man's being indisposed but his physician? If a man laments in company, where the rest are in humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a servant is ordered to present him with a porringer of caudle or posset-drink, by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word Conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and should incline us to bring our proportion of good-will or good-humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends, than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life, but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves until the meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always sitting with chaplets of flowers round our heads, or be crowned with roses in order to make our entertainment agreeable to us; but if, as it is usually observed, they who resolve to be merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be

well pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do, we should keep up the cheerfulness of our spirits, and never let them sink below an inclination at least to be well-pleased: the way to this, is to keep our bodies in exercise, our minds at ease. That insipid state wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of being. When we are in the satisfaction of some innocent pleasure, or pursuit of some laudable design, we are in the possession of life, of human life. Fortune will give us disappointments enough, and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by our spleen or ill-humour. Poor Cottilus, among so many real evils, a chronical distemper and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain: that equal spirit of his, which any man may have, that, like him, will conquer pride, vanity, and affectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, because it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will preserve health in the body, as well as tranquillity in the mind. Cottilus sees the world in an hurry, with the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a disappointment? If another had valued his mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power: if her virtue had had a part of his passion, her levity had been his cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves  
constant

and endeavours so sincerely to secure an interest in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickening of his pace to an home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being; and the short article of death he will not allow an interruption of life, since that moment is not of half the duration as is his ordinary sleep. Thus is his being one uniform and consistent series of cheerful diversions, and moderate cares, without fear or hope of futurity. Health to him is more than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him than indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard life after this manner, none but idiots can pass it away with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady who is of a delicate frame, and you may observe from the hour she rises a certain weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful people that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like

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CXLIV. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15.

—NORIS QUAM ELEGANS FORMARUM SPECTATOR SIEM.

TER. EUN. ACT. III. SC. 5.

YOU SHALL SEE HOW NICE A JUDGE OF BEAUTY I AM.

ITY has been the delight and torment of the world ever since.

The philosophers have felt once so sensibly, that almost of them has left us some say-her, which intimated that he knew the power of it. One has at a graceful person is a more recommendation than the best that can be writ in your favour. Desires the possessor of it to contain a mere gift of nature, and not a creation of his own. A third calls it a lived tyranny; a fourth, a mad, because it imposes upon us the help of language; but I mean it spoke as much like a peer as any of them, though more so, when he called it royalty and force. It is not indeed to be said that there is something irresistible in its beautiful form; the most severe pretend, that they do not feel a prepossession in favour of it. No one denies them the effect of being first heard, and being before others in matters of consideration. At the same time some should consider that it is only, as it were, foreign to them. It can give it himself, or preserve it, they have it. Yet so it is, that it can bear any quality in the world than beauty. It is the consolation who are naturally too much with the force of it, that a little, if a man can attend with judgment, will cure them. Handsome people are so fantastically pleased with themselves, that if they do not kill themselves, as the phrase is, a second disarms them of all their power. It will make this paper rather a piece to give notice where they are, than to propose instructions to avoid it when you have fallen away of it. Handsome men shall be subjects of another chapter, and shall take up the present dis-

Amarylhis, who has been in town but one winter, is extremely improved with the arts of good-breeding, without losing nature. She has not lost the native simplicity of her aspect, to substitute that patience of being stared at, which is the usual triumph and distinction of a town-lady. In public assemblies you meet her careless eye diverting itself with the objects around her, insensible that she herself is one of the brightest in the place.

Dulcissa is quite of another make, she is almost a beauty by nature, but more than one by art. If it were possible for her to let her fan or any limb about her rest, she would do some part of the execution she meditates; but though she designs herself a prey, she will not stay to be taken. No painter can give you words for the different aspects of Dulcissa in half a moment, wherever she appears: so little does she accomplish what she takes so much pains for, to be gay and careless.

Merah is attended with all the charms of woman and accomplishments of man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of wit, if she were not such a beauty; and she would have more beauty had she not so much wit. Affectation prevents her excellencies from walking together. If she has a mind to speak such a thing, it must be done with such an air of her body; and if she has an inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart thing to be said at the same time, that the design of being admired destroys itself. Thus the unhappy Merah, though a wit and beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

Albacinda has the skill as well as power of pleasing. Her form is majestic, but her aspect humble. All good men should beware of the destroyer. She will speak to you like your sister until she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of tyrants when you are so. Her familiarity of behaviour, her indifferent questions,



guishes her above the rest of her sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in Eudofia it is commanding: love towards Eudofia is a sentiment like the love of glory. The lovers of other women are softened into fondness, the admirers of Eudofia exalted into ambition.

Eucratia presents herself to the imagination with a more kindly pleasure; and as she is woman, her praise is wholly feminine. If we were to form an image of dignity in a man, we should give him wisdom and valour, as being essential to the character of manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right woman in a laudable sense, she should have gentle softness, tender fear, and all those parts of life, which distinguish her from the other sex; with some subordination to it, but such an inferiority that makes her still more lovely. Eucratia is that creature, she is all over woman, kindness is all her art, and beauty all her arms. Her look, her voice, her gesture, and whole behaviour, is truly feminine. A goodness mixed with fear, gives a

under the prostitute, digal cou-pleases, as an infant that pretty rage with jfidiousness, ble and loc yourself a yourself an make her n

But I go dangers in which I desi fair as well: end this rha; I thought w ancient sage: he saw admir 'What,' sai 'that image' could speak swered the yc tiful.'—'A replied the cy: 'that only' 'is capable?

N° CXLV. THURSDAY, AU

STULTITIAM PATIUNTUR

, whose fathers have provided so plentifully, that they need very anxious to get law into their service of their country at but are of those who are sent, at the call of parents is, to the Temple, to know how to keep their own. These gentlemen is very loud and at a coffee-house which I friend being in his nature troubled with a humour of contradiction, though excessively ignorant, he has found it expedient to indulge this temper, go on in ignorance, and yet still keep the air of a very learned young man, by the strength of his wit. The misfortune of the

I have, as it happens some greater stock of learning than I. The gentleman I am speaking takes advantage of the narrow circumstances in such a manner: he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a flood of words, and with such powerful arguments, that from a very learned person I thought a mere pretender. Not

I was relating that I had read Tacitus, up starts my friend in a full company, taking out his purse, offered to lay five guineas, to be staked immediately in the gentleman's hands, pointing to another table, that I had been mistaken. I was dumb for ten guineas; he went on unyieldingly to triumph over my ignorance, and took me up, and told the whole had read Tacitus twenty times I such a remarkable incident as I did not escape him. He has at three considerable wagers debated between him and some of his friends, who are rich enough to argue with him. He has been upon questions in geography, that the Isle of Wight is a circle, and three guineas to one that it is round. We have a gentleman to our coffee-house, who is very light in antique scandal; my friend has laid him twenty pieces of point of history, to wit, that he never lay with Cato's sister, as is usually reported by some people.

There are several of this sort of fellows in town, who wager themselves with men, historians, geographers, politicians, and every other art, persons with whom they talk

have not wealth equal to their learning. I beg of you to prevent, in these youngsters, this compendious way to wisdom, which costs other people so much time and pains, and you will oblige

Your humble servant.

COFFEE-HOUSE NEAR THE TEMPLE,  
AUG. 12, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

HERE is a young gentleman that sings opera tunes, or whistles in a full house. Pray let him know that he has no right to act here as if he were in an empty room. Be pleased to divide the species of a public room, and certify whistlers, singers, and common orators, that are heard further than their portion of their room comes to, that the law is open, and that there is an equity which will relieve us from such an interruption in our lawful discourse, as much as against such as stop us on the road. I take these persons, Mr. Spectator, to be such trespassers as the officer in your stage-coach, and am of the same sentiment with counsellor Ephraim. It is true the young man is rich, and, as the vulgar say, needs not care for any body; but sure that is no authority for him to go whistle where he pleases.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

P. S. I have chambers in the Temple, and here are students that learn upon the hautboy; pray desire the benchers, that all lawyers who are proficient in wind-music may lodge to the Thames.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WE are a company of young women who pass our time very much together, and obliged by the mercenary humour of the men to be as mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits among us an old bachelor whom each of us has a mind to. The fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but excessively ill-bred. His pleasantry consists in romping, he snatches, kisses by surprise, puts his hand in our necks, tears our fans, robs us of ribbons, forces letters out of our hands, looks into any of our papers, and a thousand other rudenesses. Now what I will desire of you is to acquaint him, by printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and

use him like a clown as he is. In the name of the sisterhood I take leave of you, and am, as they all are,  
Your constant reader and well-wisher.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I And several others of your female readers, have conformed ourselves to your rules, even to our very dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward petticoat to it's ancient sizable circumference; though indeed we retain still a quilted one underneath; which makes us not altogether uncomfortable to the fashion; but it is on condition, Mr. Spectator extends not his censure too far. But we find you men

secretly approve our practice, by ing our pyramidal form. The of your fashionable coats forms: a circumference as our pettico these are set out with whalebone, those with wire, to increase and the bunch of fold that hangs down each side; and the hat, I perceive decreased in just proportion to our dresses. We make a regular but I defy your mathematics name to the form you appear in. architecture is mere Gothic, and a worse genius than ours; ther you are partial to your own sex be less than I am now

T Your humble

## Nº CXLVI. FRIDAY, AUGUST 17.

NEMO VIR MAGNUS SINE ALIQUO AFFLATU DIVINO UNQUAM FUIT.

ALL GREAT MEN ARE IN SOME DEGREE INSPIRED.

WE know the highest pleasure our minds are capable of enjoying with composure, when we read sublime thoughts communicated to us by men of great genius and eloquence. Such is the entertainment we meet with in the philosophic parts of Cicero's writings. Truth and good sense have there so charming a dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the addition of poetical fiction and the power of numbers. This ancient author, and a modern one, have fallen into my hands within these few days; and the impressions they have left upon me, have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry fellow. The modern is that admirable writer the author of—'The Theory of the Earth.' The subjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near affinity; they are upon inquiries into hereafter, and the thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those of the former, in proportion to his advantages of Scripture and Revelation. If I had a mind to it, I could not at present talk of any thing else; therefore I shall translate a passage in the one, and transcribe a paragraph out of the other, for the speculation of this day. Cicero tells us, that Plato reports Socrates, upon receiving his sentence, to have spoken to his judges in the following manner.

'I have great hopes, O my that it is infinitely to my ad that I am sent to death: for of necessity be, that one of these things must be the consequence. I must take away all these feelings convey me to another life. If it is to be taken away, and death more than that profound sleep out dreams, in which we are sometimes buried, O Heavens! how desirable is it to die? how many do we know in life preferable to a state? But if it be true that but a passage to places which they lived before us do now inhabit much still happier is it to those who call themselves just appear before those that resemble such; before Minos, Rhadamanth, Æacus, and Triptolemus, and men who have lived with justice truth? Is this, do you think, my journey? Do you think it to speak with Orpheus, Musæus, and Hesiod? I would, indeed, suffer many deaths to enjoy this. With what particular delight I talk to Palamedes, Ajax, and who like me have suffered by the equity of their judges! I should mine the wisdom of that great man who carried such mighty force to Troy; and argue with Ulysses

us, upon difficult points, as I  
 n conversation here, without be-  
 danger of being condemned.  
 t not those among you who have  
 nced me an innocent man be  
 of death. No harm can arrive  
 ood man whether dead or living;  
 airs are always under the direc-  
 of the Gods; nor will I believe  
 e which is allotted to me myself  
 ay to have arrived by chance:  
 ve I ought to say either against  
 dges or accusers, but that they  
 ht they did me an injury—But  
 in you too long, it is time that I  
 to death, and you to your affairs  
 ; which of us has the better is  
 a to the Gods, but to no mortal

live Socrates is here represent-  
 figure worthy his great wisdom  
 olophy, worthy the greatest mere  
 at ever breathed. But the mo-  
 course is written upon a subject  
 han the dissolution of nature it-  
 how glorious is the old age of  
 at man, who has spent his time  
 contemplations as has made this  
 hat only it should be, an educa-  
 Heaven! He has, according to the  
 Reason and Revelation, which  
 to him clearest, traced the steps  
 ipotence: he has, with a celest-  
 ition, as far as it is consistent  
 mility and devotion, examined  
 s of Providence, from the crea-  
 the dissolution of the visible

How pleasing must have been  
 ulation, to observe Nature and  
 ice move together, the physical  
 al world march the same pace:  
 re paradise and eternal spring  
 of innocence, troubled seasons  
 ry skies the portion of wicked-  
 vice. When this admirable  
 as reviewed all that has passed,  
 come, which relates to the habi-  
 rld, and run through the whole  
 t, how could a guardian angel,  
 attended it through all it's  
 r changes, speak more emphati-  
 the end of his charge, than does  
 or when he makes, as it were,  
 oration over this globe, look-  
 e point where it once stood?  
 us only, if you please, to take

leave of this subject, reflect upon this  
 occasion on the vanity and transient  
 glory of this habitable world. How  
 by the force of one element breaking  
 loose upon the rest, all the vanities of  
 nature, all the works of art, all the  
 labours of men, are reduced to nothing.  
 All that we admired and adored be-  
 fore as great and magnificent, is ob-  
 literated or vanished; and another form  
 and face of things, plain, simple, and  
 every where the same, overspreads the  
 whole earth. Where are now the great  
 empires of the world, and their great  
 imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies,  
 and monuments of glory? Shew me  
 where they stood, read the inscription,  
 tell me the victor's name. What re-  
 mains, what impressions, what dif-  
 ference, or distinction, do you see in  
 this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal  
 Rome, the great city, the empress of  
 the world, whose domination and su-  
 perstition, ancient and modern, make  
 a great part of the history of this earth,  
 what is become of her now? She laid  
 her foundations deep, and her palaces  
 were strong and sumptuous—"She  
 glorified herself, and lived deliciously,  
 "and said in her heart, "I sit a queen,  
 "and shall see no sorrow:" but her  
 hour is come, she is wiped away from  
 the face of the earth, and buried in  
 everlasting oblivion. But it is not  
 cities only, and works of men's hands,  
 but the everlasting hills, the mountains  
 and rocks of the earth, are melted as  
 wax before the sun, and—"their  
 place is no where found." Here stood  
 the Alps, the load of the earth, that  
 covered many countries, and reached  
 their arms from the ocean to the Black  
 Sea; this huge mass of stone is soften-  
 ed and dissolved as a tender cloud into  
 rain. Here stood the African moun-  
 tains, and Atlas with his top above  
 the clouds; there was frozen Cauca-  
 sus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the  
 mountains of Asia; and yonder to-  
 wards the north, stood the Rhipæan  
 hills, clothed in ice and snow. All  
 these are vanished, dropped away as  
 the snow upon their heads. "Great  
 "and marvellous are thy works, just  
 "and true are thy ways, thou King of  
 "Saints! Hallelujah." T

The reading of the Common-  
 prayer is of so great importance,  
 and so much neglected, that I take the  
 liberty to offer to your consideration  
 some particulars on that subject: and  
 what more worthy your observation than  
 this? A thing so public, and of so high  
 consequence. It is indeed wonderful,  
 that the frequent exercise of it should  
 not make the performers of that duty  
 more expert in it. This inability, as I  
 conceive, proceeds from the little care  
 that is taken of their reading, while  
 boys and at school, where when they  
 are got into Latin, they are looked upon  
 as above English, the reading of which  
 is wholly neglected, or at least read to  
 very little purpose, without any due ob-  
 servations made to them of the proper  
 accent and manner of reading; by this  
 means they have acquired such ill habits  
 as will not easily be removed. The  
 only way that I know of to remedy this,  
 is to propose some person of great ability  
 that way as a pattern for them; exam-  
 ple being most effectual to convince the  
 learned, as well as instruct the ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I have been a  
 constant frequenter of the service of the  
 church of England for above these four  
 years last past, and until Sunday was  
 seven-night never discovered, to so great  
 a degree, the excellency of the common-  
 prayer. When being at the

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 ter part with  
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 admired read  
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ask it an unpardonable sin to ill or Martial with so little taste divine service.

A difference seems to me to arise from an endeavour of avoiding the impropriety of cant, and the false notion that will be proper therefore to original and signification of

Cant is, by some people, from one Andrew Cant, who, was a Presbyterian minister in the remote part of Scotland, who by long use had obtained the false gift, of talking in the pulpit with a dialect, that it is said he understood by none but his own nation, and not by all of them. Cant's time it has been understood in a larger sense, and signifies exclamations, whinings, uncles, and in fine all praying and singing, like the unlearned of the country. But I hope a proper use of voice, a due emphasis and care not to come within this de-

so that our readers may still like the Presbyterians as they call The Dissenters, I mean such as do indeed elevate their hearts, do indeed jump from the lower to the higher part of them; with so little sense or skill, that their intonation and cadence is bawling and ranting. They make use of an air, but so improperly, that it is considered on some very insignificant as upon if, or and. Now if improprieties have so great an ef-

fect on the people, as we see they have, how great an influence would the service of our church, containing the best prayers that ever were composed, and that in terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our wants, and dependence on the object of our worship, disposed in most proper order, and void of all confusion; what influence, I say, would these prayers have, were they delivered with a due emphasis, and apposite rising and variation of voice; the sentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and, in a word, with such an accent and turn of speech as is peculiar to prayer?

As the matter of worship is now managed, in dissenting congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence; in our own churches, the most exalted sense depreciated, by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S—e say in his pulpit, of the Common-prayer, that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of human institution: if the gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is in-pious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this trouble with what Cæsar said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him—"Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill."

T

Your most humble servant.

## N° CXLVIII. MONDAY, AUGUST 20.

EXEMPTA JUVAT SPINIS E PLURIBUS UNA.

HOR. EP. II. L. 2. V. 212.

BETTER ONE THORN PLUCK'D OUT, THAN ALL REMAIN.

correspondents assure me, that the enormities which they lately read of, and I published an account of, are so far from being amended, new evils arise every day to increase their conversation, in contempt of proofs. My friend who writes from a coffee-house near the Temple, tells me that the gentleman who conducts a voluntary in spite of the company, was more musical than I after reading my paper; and was contented with that, but stood up to the glass in the mid-noon, and practised minuets.

steps to his own humming. The incorrigible creature has gone still farther, and in the open coffee-house, with one hand extended as leading a lady in it, he has danced both French and country dances, and admonished his supposed partner by smiles and nods to hold up her head, and fall back, according to the respective facings and evolutions of the dance. Before this gentleman began this his exercise, he was pleased to clear his throat by coughing and spitting a full half-hour; and as soon as he struck up, he appealed to an attorney's clerk in the room, whether he hit as he ought.

it penal for any one to speak to him in the said house which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his tea and coffee without sugar, and not receive from any person whatsoever any thing above mere necessaries.

As we in England are a sober people, and generally inclined rather to a certain bashfulness of behaviour in public, it is amazing whence some fellows come whom one meets within this town; they do not at all seem to be the growth of our island; the pert, the talkative, all such as have no sense of the observation of others, are certainly of foreign extraction. As for my part, I am as much surprised when I see a talkative Englishman, as I should be to see the Indian pine growing on one of our quickset hedges. Where these creatures get sun enough to make them such lively animals and dull men, is above my philosophy.

There are another kind of impertinents which a man is perplexed with in mixed company, and those are your loud speakers: these treat mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this outrage out of vanity, because they think all they say is well; or that they have their own persons in such veneration, that they believe no-

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ve by an obstinate gravity, and  
ard against discovering his opi-  
on any occasion whatsoever. A  
silence has hitherto gained him  
er advantage, than that as he  
if he had behaved himself with  
, been excepted against, but as  
and that particular, he now of-  
n the whole. To relieve these  
ny good friends and correspon-  
shall exchange my dancing out-  
their dumb visitant, and assign  
it gentleman all the haunts of  
cer: in order to which, I have  
m by the penny-post the follow-  
ers for their conduct in their  
versations.

, you may be sure, heard of your  
ularities without regard to my  
tions upon you; but shall not  
u with so much rigour as you

If you will give yourself the  
to repair to the place intencioned  
postscript to this letter at seven  
ning, you will be conducted  
acious room well lighted, where  
e ladies and music. You will  
oung lady laughing next the  
to the street; you may take her

out, for she loves you as well as she does  
any man, though she never saw you  
before. She never thought in her life  
any more than yourself. She will not  
be surpris'd when you accost her, nor  
concerned when you leave her. Hasten  
from a place where you are laugh'd at,  
to one where you will be admir'd. You  
are of no consequence, therefore go  
where you will be welcome for being so.

Your most humble servant.

SIR,

THE ladies whom you visit, think a  
wise man the most impertinent crea-  
ture living, therefore you cannot be of-  
fended that they are displeas'd with you.  
Why will you take pains to appear wise,  
where you would not be the more esteem-  
ed for being really so? Come to us; for-  
get the gigglers; and let your inclina-  
tion go along with you whether you  
speak or are silent; and let all such wo-  
men as are in a clan or sisterhood, go  
their own way; there is no room for you  
in that company who are of the com-  
mon taste of the sex.

For women born to be controll'd  
Stop to the forward and the bold;  
Affect the haughty, and the proud,  
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.

T

## Nº CXLIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21.

CUI IN MANU SIT QUEM ESSE DEMENTEM VELIT,  
QUEM SAPERE, QUEM SANARI, QUEM IN MORBUM INJICI,  
QUEM CONTRA AMARI, QUEM ACCENSURI, QUEM EXPETI.

CÆCIL. APUD TULL.

IS IT IN HER POWER TO MAKE ANY MAN MAD, OR IN HIS SENSES; SICK  
HEALTH; AND WHO CAN CHOOSE THE OBJECT OF HER AFFECTIONS AT  
SURE.

E following letter and my an-  
wer shall take up the present spe-  
l.

SPECTATOR,

the young widow of a country  
leman who has left me entire  
of a large fortune, which he  
to as an equivalent for the disse-  
our years. In these circum-  
it is not extraordinary to have a  
of admirers; which I have abridg-  
y own thoughts, and reduced to  
of candidates only, both young,  
ther of them disagreeable in their

persons; according to the common way  
of computing, in one the estate more  
than deserves my fortune, in the other  
my fortune more than deserves the estate.  
When I consider the first, I own I am  
so far a woman I cannot avoid being  
delighted with the thoughts of living  
great; but then he seems to receive such  
a degree of courage from the knowledge  
of what he has, he looks as if he was  
going to conter an obligation on me;  
and the readiness he accosts me with,  
makes me jealous I am only hearing a  
repetition of the same things he has said  
to a hundred women before. When I  
consider



MADAM,

YOU do me great honour in your application to me on this important occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the tenderness of a father, in gratitude for your giving me the authority of one. You do not seem to make any great distinction between these gentlemen as to their persons; the whole question lies upon their circumstances and behaviour; if the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that point moved by the same principle, the consideration of fortune, and you must place them in each other's circumstances, before you can judge of their inclination. To avoid confusion in discussing this point, I will call the richer man Strephon, and the other Florio. If you believe Florio with Strephon's estate would behave himself as he does now, Florio is certainly your man; but if you think Strephon, were he in Florio's condition, would be as obsequious as Florio is now, you ought for your own sake to chuse Strephon; for where the men are equal, there is no doubt riches ought to be a reason for preference. After this manner, my dear child, I would have you abstract them from their circumstances. For

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in a purgato  
an hell.

The happy  
persons meet  
of each other

you most when out of humour; your way to this is to ask of which of them you value most your own sake? and by that judge the greater instances of his humour for yourself only.

You have expressed some sensible approach of Florio, and disdain at Strephon's assurance of dress, you cry out—'What exceptionable husband could I be of both!' It would therefore, be a good way to devalue yourself: take him in whom your like is not transferable to another; if you chuse otherwise, there is your husband will ever have

what you liked in his rival; but intrinsic qualities in one man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer terms; he whom you take for his personal perfections will sooner arrive at the gifts of fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his fortune attain to personal perfections. If Strephon is not as accomplished and agreeable as Florio, marriage to you will never make him so; but marriage to you may make Florio as rich as Strephon: therefore, to make a sure purchase, employ fortune upon certainties, but do not sacrifice certainties to fortune. I am your most obedient humble servant. F

## Nº CL. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22.

NIL HABET INFELIX PAUPERTAS DURIUS IN SE,  
QUAM QUOD RIDICULOS HOMINES FACIT—

JUV. SAT. III. V. 152.

WANT IS THE SCORN OF EV'RY WEALTHY FOOL,  
AND WIT IN RAGS IS TURN'D TO RIDICULE.

DRYDEN.

was walking in my chamber morning before I went last country, I heard the hawkers with vehemence crying about a titled, 'The Ninety-nine of an Empty Purse.' I had some time before observed, the orators of Grub Street had much in Plagues. They lately published in the same The Plagues of Matrimony; Plagues of a Single Life; The Plagues of a Chambermaid; Plagues of a Coachman; The Plagues of a Footman; and 'The Plagues of Plagues.' The successful plagues met with, probably allusion to the above-mentioned an Empty Purse. However the same noise so frequently under my window, drew me in; I think on some of those injuries and mortifications which attend on poverty, and in short, as to the present speculation: my fancy had run over the most and common calamities which mean fortunes are liable to, it to those little insults and condescendances which though they may seem to be nothing when a man

offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. Juvenal, with a great deal of reason and humour tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor man in his time, than the continual ridicule which his habit and dress afforded to the beaux of Rome.

*Quid, quid materiam præbet causasque jecorum  
Omnibus hic idem: si sorda et sissa lacuna,  
Si tæga sordidula est, et rupta calcens alter  
Pelli patet, vel si confuso vulnere crassum  
Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix.*

JUV. SAT. III. V. 147.

Add that the rich have still a gibe in store, And will be monstrous witty on the poor; For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest, The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest; The greasy gown sully'd with often turning, Gives a good hint to say the man's in mourning;

Or if the shoe be ript, or patch is put, He's wounded, see the plaister on his foot.

DRYDEN.

It is on this occasion that he afterwards adds the reflection which I have chosen for my motto—

Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool,  
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

DRYDEN.

It must be confessed that few things make a man appear more despicable, or more prejudice his hearers against what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful dress; inasmuch that I fancy, had Tully himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than have admired his eloquence. This last reflection made me wonder at a set of men, who, without being subjected to it by the unkindness of their fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the ridicule of the world in this particular; I mean such as take it into their heads, that the first regular step to be a wit is to commence a sloven. It is certain nothing has so much debased that, which must have been otherwise so great a character; and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in complaisance to those narrow minds who can have no notion of the same person's possessing different accomplishments; or that it is a sort of sacrifice which some men are contented to make to calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one part of their character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet, however unaccountable this foolish custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long prescription; and probably gave too much occasion for the vulgar definition still remaining among us of an Heathen Philosopher.

I have seen the speech of a Terentilius, spoken in King Charles the Second's reign; in which he describes two very eminent men, who were perhaps the greatest scholars of their age; and after having mentioned the entire friendship between them, concludes, that they had but one mind, one purse, one chamber, and one hat. The men of business were also infected with a sort of singularity little better than this. I have heard my father say, that a broad-brimmed hat, short hair, and unfolded handkerchief, were in his time absolutely necessary to denote a notable man; and that he had known two or three, who aspired to the character of very notable, wear shoe-strings with great success.

To the honour of our present age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest geniuses for wit and business have almost entirely broke the neck of these absurdities.

*Visor*, after having dispatched the most important affairs of the common-

wealth, has appeared at an ; where all the ladies have declared the genteelst man in the company in Atticus, though every way the greatest geniuses the age produced, one sees nothing particular in his dress or carriage to denote pretensions to wit and learning: I present a man may venture to his hat, and wear a fashionable without being taken for a rake.

The medium between a sloven is what a man of sense endeavour to keep; yet I remember Osborn advises his son to appear in habit rather above than below tune; and tells him, that he an handsome suit of cloaths always cures some additional respect. indeed myself observed that I never bows lowest to me when I am in full-bottomed wig; and writes Mr Esq. accordingly as he sees me.

I shall conclude this paper with an adventure which I was myself witness of very lately.

I happened the other day to a celebrated coffee-house near Temple. I had not been there long, there came in an elderly man very well dressed, and sat down by me. He wore a thread-bare loose coat on, and was plain he wore to keep himself and not to favour his under-suit. He seemed to have been at least it was temporary: his short wig and hat were answerable to the rest of his dress. He was no sooner seated than for a dish of tea; but as several men in the room wanted other things, the boys of the house did not mind themselves at leisure to mind could observe the old fellow uneasy at the affront, and at he obliged to repeat his command times to no purpose; until at last the lads presented him with so tea in a broken dish, accompanied a plate of brown sugar; which his indignation, that after several appellations of Dog and Rasked him aloud before the company, why he must be used with respect than that sop there? point well-dressed young gentlemen drinking tea at the opposite table. The boy of the house replied with a good pertness, that his master had a great number of customers, and that the gentleman at the other table had given him

for wiping his shoes. By the young Templar, whose honour concerned in the diff that the eyes of the whole use were upon him, had thrown a per he had in his hand, and ng towards us, while we at the de what haste we could to get m the impending quarrel, but if us surprised to see him as he d nearer put on an air of de d respect. To whom the old — 'Hark you, sirrah, I will

'pay off your extravagant ~~but~~ once more; but will take effectual care for the future, that your prodigality shall not spirit up a parcel of rascals to insult your father.'

Though I by no means approve either the impudence of the servants or the extravagance of the son, I cannot but think the old gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in masquerade, I mean appearing in a dress so much beneath his quality and estate.

X

## Nº CLI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 23.

VI RTUTES JACERE OMNES NECESSE EST VOLUPTATE DOMINANTE.

TULL. DE FIN.

PURSUIT OF PLEASURE, THE GREATEST VIRTUES ARE NEGLECTED.

no one character that gives a greater shock, at the same it presents a good ridiculous the imagination, than that of wit and pleasure about the his description of a man of oken by some with a mixture and ridicule, by others with ity as a laudable distinction, y body's mouth that spends in conversation. My friend neycomb has this expression ently; and I never could unby the story which follows, mention of such a one, but an of wit and pleasure was unkind too old for wenching, g lewd fellow with some live- y would converse with you, d offices of you, and at the : debauch your sister, or lie wife. According to his de- a man of wit, when he could hes for crowns a-piece which site as well, would be so ex- as to bribe servants, make ships, fight relations: I say, to him, plain and simple vice de for a man of wit and plea- he would leave an easy and wickedness, to come at the g with only the addition of hood and possible murder. s the town grown very dull, : do not hear so much as we of these coxcombs, whom, serving it, he describes as the ous rogues in nature, with

relation to friendship, love, or conversation.

When pleasure is made the chief pursuit of life, it will necessarily follow that such monsters as these will arise from a constant application to such blandishments as naturally root out the force of reason and reflection, and substitute in their place a general impatience of thought, and a constant pruriency of inordinate desire.

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless woman without truth, and there is no man living, whose being is such a weight or vexation as his is. He is an utter stranger to the pleasing reflections in the evening of a well-spent day, or the gladness of heart or quickness of spirit in the morning after profound sleep or indolent slumbers. He is not to be at ease any longer than he can keep reason and good sense without his curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the reflection, that he could not believe such a one the woman that upon trial he found her. What has he got by his conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a day or two before he had

had the highest honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the man whom of all men living he himself would least willingly have injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole man who addict himself to it, and will not give him leisure for any good office in life which contradicts the gaiety of the present hour. You may indeed observe in people of pleasure a certain complacency and absence of all severity, which the habit of a loose unconcerned life gives them; but tell the man of pleasure your secret wants, cares, or sorrows, and you will find he has given up the delicacy of his passions to the cravings of his appetites. He little knows the perfect joy he loses, for the disappointing gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the recommendation of warm wishes, gay looks, and graceful motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his presence with disorder, impotence, down-cast shame, and conscious imperfection. She makes our youth inglorious, our age shameful.

Will Honeycomb gives us twenty intimations in an evening of several hags whose bloom was given up to his arms; and would raise a value to himself for having had, as the phrase is, very good women. Will's good women are the comfort of his heart, and support him, I warrant, by the memory of past interviews with persons of their condition. No, there is not in the world an occasion wherein vice makes so fantastical a figure, as at the meeting of two old people who have been partners in unwarrantable pleasure. To tell a toothless old lady that she once had a good fit, or a defunct wench that he once was the admired thing of the town, are fatires instead of applauses; but on the other side, consider the old age of those who have passed their days in labour, industry, and virtue, their decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the imperfections of their bodies are beheld as a misfortune to human society that their make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my man of wit and pleasure. In all orders of men, wherever this is the chief character, the person who wears it is a negligent friend, father, and husband, and entails poverty on his unhappy dependants. Mortgages, diseases, and

settlements, are the legacies a man of wit and pleasure leaves to his family. All the poor rogues that make sumptuous speeches after every feff Tyburn, were, in their way, men of wit and pleasure, before they felt the adventures which brought thither.

Irresolution and procrastination of a man's affairs, are the natural effects of being addicted to pleasure: diffidence to the gentleman and bankrupt trader, are the portion of either chief purpose of life is delight. chief cause that this pursuit has been at all ages received with so much credit from the soberer part of mankind is that some men of great talents sacrificed themselves to it: the qualities of such people have given beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a mixture of wit has recommended madness. For let any man who knows what it is to have much time in a series of jollity, wit, or humorous entertainments look back at what he was all that while doing, and he will find that he has at one instant sharp to some man sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was cruelty to treat with freedom, ungracefully noisy at times, unskillfully open at such a unmercifully calumnious at such and from the whole course of applauded satisfactions, unable in time to recollect any circumstance which add to the enjoyment of his own alone, or which he would put his character upon with other men. It is with those who are best made coming pleasures; but how many is it in the generality of mankind pretend this way, without genius or inclination towards it! The scene will to an extravagance: this is the fools should mimic madmen. Few of this kind is the intemperate melolous jollities of the common rustic country gentlemen, whose practice way of enjoyment is to put as fast as they can to that little part reason they have when they are these men of wit and pleasure of their senses as fast as possible by doing until they cannot taste, sin until they cannot see, and roar as they cannot hear.

N<sup>o</sup> CLII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 24.

Οἷον περὶ φύλλον γενεῆς, τοιούτῃ καὶ ἀνθρώπων.

HOM. IL. VI. 446.

LIKE LEAVES ON TREES THE RACE OF MAN IS FOUND.

POPE.

**T**HERE is no sort of people whose conversation is so pleasant as that of military men who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life makes their conversation so full of incidents, and gives them so frank an air in speaking of what they have been witnesses of, that no company can be more amiable than that of men of sense who are soldiers. There is a certain irregular way in their narrations or discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among men, who are used to adjust and methodize their thoughts.

I was this evening walking in the fields with my friend Captain Sentry, and I could not, from the many relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the service, forbear expressing my wonder, that the fear of death, which we, the rest of mankind, arm ourselves against with so much contemplation, reason, and philosophy, should appear so little in camps, that common men march into open breaches, meet opposite battalions, not only without reluctance, but with alacrity. My friend answered what I said in the following manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the subject of admiration to all who are not conversant in camps; but when a man has spent some time in that way of life, he observes a certain mechanic courage which the ordinary race of men become masters of from acting always in a crowd: they see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other part of their time in pleasures upon which their minds are so intirely bent, that short labours or dangers are but a cheap purchase of jollity, triumph, victory,

fresh quarters, new scenes, and uncommon adventures. Such are the thoughts of the executive part of an army, and freed of the groins of mankind in general; but none of these men of mechanic courage have ever made any great figure in the profession of arms. Those who are formed for command are such as have reasoned themselves out of a consideration of great good than length of days, into such a negligence of their being, as to take it their first position, that it one day to be resigned; and since it, in the prosecution of worthy action and service of mankind they cast it to habitual hazard. The event of our designs, they say, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it goes to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the pursuit of our duty, and within the terms upon which Providence has ensured our happiness, whether we die or live. Altho' nature has prescribed must be got; and as death is natural to us, it is stupidity to fear it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot pierce us, and we should draw resolution to meet it from the impossibility to escape it. Without a resignation to the necessity of dying, there can be no capacity in man to attempt anything that is glorious; but when they have once attained to that perfection, the pleasures of a life spent in martial adventures, are as great as any of which the human mind is capable. The force of reason gives a certain beauty, mixed with the conscience of well-doing and thirst of glory, to all which before was terrible and galling to the imagination. Add to this, that the fellowship of danger, the common good of mankind, the general cause, and the manifest virtue you may observe in so many men, who made no figure until that day, are so many incentives to destroy the little consideration of their own

with contempt and rail, and in the  
 beginning of the act received a  
 wound he was sensible was mortal;  
 his reflection on this action was—  
 "I wish I could live another hour, to  
 see how this blundering coxcomb  
 will get clear of this business."  
 Remember two young fellows who  
 rode in the same squadron a troop of  
 horse, who were ever together; they  
 drank, they rigged; in a  
 word, all their passions and affections  
 seemed to tend the same way, and  
 they appeared serviceable each other  
 in them. We were in the dusk of the  
 evening to march over a river, and the  
 troop these gentlemen belonged to  
 were to be transported in a ferry-boat,  
 as fast as they could. One of the  
 friends was now in the boat, while  
 the other was drawn up with others by  
 the other side waiting a return of  
 the boat. A disorder happened in the  
 passage by an unruly prize; and a  
 gentleman who had thrown of his  
 horse negligently under his arm, was  
 forced into the water & his horse's  
 jumping over. The fend on the  
 shore cried out—"What is that is  
 drowned there?" He was immediate-  
 ly answered—"Your friend, Harry  
 Thompson." He very gravely re-  
 plied—"He had a bad horse."  
 This a

the pillag  
 the great  
 jects; the  
 little grati  
 and appeti  
 insensible  
 shame; the  
 with the tr  
 being merr  
 who make  
 but the fin  
 of men, is  
 in my eye  
 danger to  
 officers are  
 nions, as th  
 gentlemen;  
 then, as th  
 is beloved of  
 wish him in  
 ranks, that  
 to save him a  
 tual love is th  
 he command  
 himself and  
 their comman  
 but lest he sh  
 is his regimen  
 and feels thei  
 prevent them  
 what is their  
 himself below  
 ship of their cl

CLIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

A UT ALIARUM OMNIUM RERUM SIC VIVENDI MODUM; SENECTUS ACTIO ETATIS EST TANQUAM FABULÆ. CUJUS DEPATIGATIONE DEBEMUS PRÆSENTIM ADJUNCTA SATIETATE.

TULL. DE SENECT.

AS ALL OTHER THINGS, HAS ITS BOUNDS ASSIGNED BY NATURE'S CONCLUSION, LIKE THE LAST ACT OF A PLAY, IS OLD AGE; OF WHICH WE OUGHT TO SHUN, ESPECIALLY WHEN OUR AFFAIRS ARE FULLY SATISFIED.

impertinent wishes which expressed in conversation, the more unworthy a gentleman of liberal education, wishing one's self younger. This wish is usually made of some object which gives least action, that it is no such that we cannot now recall what was in itself shame-performed it. It is a certain selfish or a dissolute mind if youth again only for the senses and sinews which we desire of. It is, as many say, absurd in an old man to strength of a youth, as it is young man to wish for a bull or a horse. These are equally out of nature, direct in all things that history to justice, law, and though every old man has and every young one hopes there seems to be a most understanding between those life. This unhappy want arises from the insolent altercation in youth, and the pondence or self-pity in a young man whose passion and will be good and wise, and an has no inclination to be rebuked, are quite unconscious speculation; but the young fellow who treads upon the elders, and the old fool he fancy pride he sees in objects of our present confusion. Contempt and derision words; but in what manner give advice to a youth in possession of sensual pleasures and desire of enjoying young men in public places and deportment an abandon-

ed resignation to their appetites, they give to sober minds a prospect of a despicable age, which, if not interrupted by death in the midst of their follies, must certainly come. When an old man bewails the loss of such gratifications which are past, he discovers a monstrous inclination to that which it is not in the course of Providence to recall. The state of an old man, who is dissatisfied merely for his being such, is the most out of all measures of reason and good sense of any being we have any account of from the highest angel to the lowest worm. How miserable is the contemplation to consider a libidinous old man, while all created things, besides himself and devils, are following the order of Providence, fretting at the course of things, and being almost the sole male-content in the creation! But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of years; the passions which he had in his youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but reason is more powerful now without the disturbance of them. An old gentleman the other day in discourse with a friend of his, reflecting upon some adventures they had in youth together, cried out—  
'Oh, Jack, those were happy days!'—  
'That is true,' replied his friend, 'but methinks we go about our business more quietly than we did then.' One would think it should be no small satisfaction to have gone so far in our journey that the heat of the day is over with us. When life itself is a fever, as it is in licentious youth, the pleasures of it are no other than the dreams of a man in that distemper; and it is as absurd to wish the return of that season of life, as for a man in health to be sorry for the loss of gilded palaces, fairy walks, and flowery pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled numbers of a fit of sickness.



instaction, they may give themselves no little consolation that they are under no temptation to repeat their follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said—'He that would be long an old man, must begin early to be out.' It is too late to resign a thing after a man is robbed of it; therefore it is necessary that before the arrival of age we bid adieu to the pursuits of youth, otherwise sensual habits will live in our imaginations when our limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor fellow who lost his arm last age, will tell you, he feels the fingers that were buried in it shivers all every cold morning at Christmas.

The fond humour of appearing on the gay and fashionable world, and being applauded for trivial excellencies, is what makes youth have age in contempt, and makes age resign with so ill a grace the qualifications of youth: but this in both sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural course of our minds, which should build their approbations and dislikes upon what nature and reason dictate, into chimeras and confusion.

Age, in a virtuous person, of either sex, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures

more than what youth man, he shall catches distemper is more doubtful hopes for in the old man. ill-grounded than to place uncertainty? room so much happier than enjoyed what for: one with has lived long thing in him which can be nothing which for it's continu months, and matter what month, or who plause of a go whatever scene exit. It is the sense, a short himself a man when he ceases too long; and no consequence be so, provided

a short account of myself, and  
ons why I was forced to wench,  
play, and do every thing which  
fary to the character of a man  
nd pleasure, to be well with the

are to know then that I was  
gentleman, and had the finishing  
my education under a man of  
obity, wit, and learning, in one  
niversities. I will not deny but  
de my behaviour and inien bear  
figure of thought rather than ac-  
id a man of a quite contrary  
r, who never thought in his life,  
ne one day upon it, and said, he  
I was still a virgin. There  
ung lady of virtue present, and  
ot displeased to favour the infi-  
; but it had a quite contrary ef-  
m what I expected. I was ever  
ated with great coldness both by  
y and all the rest of my acquaint-  
In a very little time I never came  
oom but I could hear a whisper  
re comes the maid.' A girl of  
would on some occasion say—  
how do you know more than  
f us?' An expression of that  
is generally followed by a loud  
in a word, for no other fault in  
ld than that they really thought  
inocent as themselves, I became  
consequence among them, and  
eived always upon the foot of a  
his made so strong an impres-  
on me, that I resolved to be as  
le as the best of the men who  
at me; but I observed it was  
e for me to be impudent at first  
those who knew me; my cha-  
for modesty was so notorious  
r I had hitherto appeared, that  
red to shew my face in new  
s of the world. My first step I  
with judgment; for I went to  
and came down among a crowd  
lemics, at one dash, the impu-  
fellow that they had ever seen in  
es. Flushed with this success,  
love and was happy. Upon this  
t I thought it would be unlike  
man to stay longer with my mis-  
nd crossed the country to Bury:  
give you a very good account  
lf at that place also. At these  
ed my first summer of gallantry.  
ster following, you would won-  
t, but I relapsed into modesty

upon coming among people of figure in  
London, yet not so much but that the  
ladies who had formerly laughed at me,  
said—' Bless us! how wonderfully that  
'gentleman is improved?' Some fa-  
miliarities about the playhouses towards  
the end of the ensuing winter, made me  
conceive new hopes of adventures; and  
instead of returning the next summer to  
Altrop or Bury, I thought myself qua-  
lified to go to *Epston*, and followed a  
young woman, whose relations were  
jealous of my place in her favour, to  
Scarborough. I carried my point, and  
in my third year aspired to go to Tun-  
bridge, and in the autumn of the same  
year made my appearance at Bath. I  
was now got into the way of talk pro-  
per for ladies, and was run into a vast  
acquaintance among them, which I al-  
ways improved to the best advantage.  
In all this course of time, and some  
years following, I found a sober modest  
man was always looked upon by both  
sexes as a precise unfashioned fellow of  
no life or spirit. It was ordinary for a  
man who had been drunk in good com-  
pany, or passed a night with a wench, to  
speak of it the next day before women  
for whom he had the greatest respect.  
He was reproved, perhaps, with a blow  
of the fan, or an 'Oh fy!' but the an-  
gry lady still preserved an apparent ap-  
probation in her countenance; he was  
called a strange wicked fellow, a sad  
wretch; he shrugs his shoulders, swears,  
receives another blow, swears again he  
did not know he swore, and all was  
well. You might often see men game  
in the presence of women, and throw at  
once for more than they were worth, to  
recommend themselves as men of spirit.  
I found by long experience that the  
loosest principles and most abandoned  
behaviour, carried all before them in  
pretensions to women of fortune. The  
encouragement given to people of this  
stamp, made me soon throw off the re-  
maining impressions of a sober educa-  
tion. In the above-mentioned places,  
as well as in town, I always kept com-  
pany with those who lived most at large;  
and in due process of time I was a pretty  
rake among the men, and a very pretty  
fellow among the women. I must con-  
fess, I had some melancholy hours upon  
the account of the narrowness of my  
fortune, but my conscience at the same  
time gave me the comfort that I had  
a P qualified

escapes from jealous husbands, and several other perils. This young man was so extraordinarily charming, that one that knew the world so well, and used to fling with Dido-mona, at her love and affected her—'It was strange, it was a wonderful strange.' In a word, I saw the impression I had made upon her, and with a very little application the pretty thing has married me. There is so much charm in her innocence and beauty, that I do now as much detest the court I have been in for many years, as I ever did before I entered into it.

What I intend, Mr. Spectator, by writing all this to you, is, that you would, before you go any further with

city in exp and graceful gentlemen, and a few more.

Mr. Spectator, you are a very great man, and are so great a man, that you will not be afraid of any thing to you will lay your contempt upon your husbands, or most affection

T

## Nº CLV. TUESDAY, AUG

—HÆ NUGÆ SEATIA DUCUNT  
IN MALA—

HER. ARS P

THESE THINGS, WHICH NOW SEEM FRIVOLOUS,  
WILL PROVE OF SERIOUS CONSEQUENCE.

I Have more than once taken notice of an indecent licence taken in discourse, wherein the conversation on one part is involuntary, and the effect of some necessary circumstances. This happens in

wants understr or two of the down.

MR. SPECTA

timidest things in my hearing. At the same time half a dozen of them stare at me, the bar staring just in my face, and interpret my looks and gestures according to their own imaginations.

In my passive condition I know not how to cast my eyes, place my hands, or to employ myself in: but this is to be a jest, and I hear them to the end, with an insipid air of indifference and subtlety—'Let her alone, she is as well as we, for all she looks like a Good Mr. Spectator, persuade them that it is out of all decency:

It is possible a woman may be modest, yet keep a public-house. Be it so to argue, that in truth the affront is more unpardonable because I am to suffer it, and cannot fly from it, to assure you, Sir, the cheerful life which would arise from the gain I have, is utterly lost to me, an endless, flat, impertinent pleasure which I hear from morning to

In a word, it is too much for me; and I desire you to acquaint me that I will keep pen and ink at hand, and write down all they say to me, and send it to you for the press. It is only when they see how empty I am, without the advantage of a prudent countenance and gesture, that they may come to some sense of themselves, and the insults they are to offer towards me. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

## THE IDOL.

My representation is so just, that it is to speak of it without an indignity, which perhaps would appear too much as can be guilty of this treatment, where they see they are modest, plain, and ingenuous. This correspondent is not a sufferer in this kind, for I have heard both from the Royal and the Exchange on the same subject. He tells me that a young sop cannot do without gloves, but he is at the same time straining for some ingenious way to say to the young woman who is on. It is no small addition to her calamity, that the rogues buy as the plainest and modestest customers have; besides which, they turn their counters half an hour before they need, to drive away the flatterers, who are to share their success with the milliner, or go

to another shop. Letters from 'Change Alley are full of the same evil, and the girls tell me except I can chase some eminent merchants from their shops they shall in a short time fail. It is very unaccountable, that men can have so little deference to all mankind who pass by them, as to bear being seen toying by two's and three's at a time, with no other purpose but to appear gay enough to keep up a light conversation of commonplace jests, to the injury of her whose credit is certainly hurt by it, though their own may be strong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact accounts of these conversations, it is not to be doubted but that their discourses will raise the usual stile of buying and selling: instead of the plain downright lying, and asking and bidding so unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from these fine folks an exchange of compliments. There must certainly be a great deal of pleasant difference between the commerce of lovers, and that of all other dealers, who are, in a kind, adversaries. A sealed bond, or a bank-note, would be a pretty gallantry to convey unseen into the hands of one whom a director is charmed with; otherwise the city-loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other end of the town: at the New Exchange they are eloquent for want of cash, but in the city they ought with cash to supply their want of eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing folly, one might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the world is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very persons; that young women, though they have never so great attractions from nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in marriage; I say, it is very hard under this necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a way of trade for their maintenance, but their very excellencies and personal perfections shall be a disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their persons to prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy circumstance to one who has made any observation in the world, than one of those erring creatures exposed to bankruptcy. When that happens, none of these toying fools will do any more than any other man they meet to preserve her from infamy,

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have read your account of beauties, and was not a little surpris'd to find no character of myself in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give audience as I am such. Here are merchants of no small consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to

beauty? I  
my kind g  
come to fi  
my admir  
Albaciada  
would be i  
were in ou  
consider the  
der of beau  
T Y

## Nº CLVI. WEDNESDAY, A

SED TU SIMUL ORLIGASTI  
PERFIDUM VOTIS CAPUT, ENITESCIS  
FULCHRIOR MULTO

HOR

BUT TH  
SINCE PERJUR'D, DOST MORE CHARMIN

I Do not think any thing could make a pleasanter entertainment, than the history of the reigning favourites among the women from time to time about this town: in such an account we ought to have a faithful confession of each lady for what she liked such and such a man, and he ought to tell us by what particular act or dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a judgment when a man dresses for the ladies, as when he is contented to

betray, in a woman's manner that passes for has little part at a loss for it is not amiss in his pocket disposition.

Curiosity passion, and ment of my it my business

was remarkable for quarrelling  
 ently for their sakes, for dress-  
 like the rest of the world, or pas-  
 lays in an insipid assiduity about  
 sex, to gain the figure he made  
 them. Add to this that he  
 re the reputation of being well  
 er women, to please any one  
 of gallantry; for you are to  
 hat there is a mighty ambition  
 he light part of the sex to gain  
 om the dominion of others. My  
 Vill Honeycomb says it was a  
 bite with him, to lay suspicions  
 was favoured by a lady's enemy,  
 some rival beauty, to be well  
 reif. A little spite is natural  
 at beauty; and it is ordinary to  
 a disagreeable fellow left another  
 ave him. That impudent toad  
 e fares well among all the ladies  
 erves with, for no other reason  
 orld but that he has the skill to  
 m from explanation with one

Did they know there is not  
 o likes him in her heart, each  
 declare her scorn of him the next  
 ; but he is well received by them  
 it is the fashion, and opposition  
 other brings them insensibly into  
 tion of each other. What adds  
 the greatest grace is, that the  
 thief, as they call him, is the  
 constant creature living, has a  
 ful deal of wit and humour, and  
 ants something to say; besides  
 ch, he has a most spiteful dan-  
 tongue if you should provoke

make a woman's man, he must  
 a man of sense, or a fool; the  
 is to entertain, and it is much  
 o have a faculty of arguing, than  
 ity of judging right. But the  
 est of all the women's equipage  
 regular visitants; these are vo-  
 in their service, without hopes  
 or preferment: it is enough that  
 y lead out from a public place,  
 y are admitted on a public day,  
 be allowed to pass away part of  
 ivy load, their time, in the com-  
 of the fair. But commend me  
 ll others to those who are known  
 r ruiners of ladies; these are the  
 spirits which our age produces.  
 re several of these irresistible gen-  
 among us when the company is  
 1. These fellows are accomplish-  
 the knowledge of the ordinary

occurrences about court and town, have  
 that sort of good-breeding which is ex-  
 clusive of all morality, and consults only  
 in being publicly decent, privately dis-  
 solute.

It is wonderful how far a fond opinion  
 of herself can carry a woman, to make  
 her have the least regard to a professed  
 known woman's man: but as scarce  
 one of all the women who are in the tour  
 of gallantries ever hears any thing of  
 what is the common sense of sober minds,  
 but are entertained with a continual  
 round of flatteries, they cannot be mis-  
 tresses of themselves enough to make  
 arguments for their own conduct from  
 the behaviour of these men to others.  
 It is so far otherwise, that a general  
 fame of falsehood in this kind, is a re-  
 commendation; and the coxcomb, load-  
 ed with the favours of many others, is  
 received like a victor that disdains his  
 trophies, to be a victim to the present  
 charmer.

If you see a man more full of gesture  
 than ordinary in a public assembly, if loud  
 upon no occasion, if negligent of the  
 company round him, and yet laying  
 wait for destroying by that negligence,  
 you may take it for granted that he has  
 ruined many a fair-one. The woman's  
 man expresses himself wholly in that  
 motion which we call strutting: an ele-  
 vated chest, a pinched hat, a measurable  
 step, and a sly surveying eye, are the  
 marks of him. Now and then you see  
 a gentleman with all these accomplish-  
 ments; but alas, any one of them is  
 enough to undo thousands: when a gen-  
 tleman with such perfections adds to it  
 suitable learning, there should be public  
 warning of his residence in town, that  
 we may remove our wives and daughters.  
 It happens sometimes that such a fine  
 man has read all the miscellany poems,  
 a few of our comedies, and has the  
 translation of Ovid's Epistles by heart.  
 'Oh if it were possible that such a one  
 ' could be as true as he is charming!  
 ' But that is too much, the women will  
 ' share such a dear false man: a little  
 ' gallantry to hear him talk one would  
 ' indulge one's self in, let him reckon  
 ' the ticks of one's fan, say something  
 ' of the Cupids in it; and then call one  
 ' so many lost names which a man of  
 ' his learning has at his fingers' ends,  
 ' There sure is some excuse for frailty,  
 ' when attacked by such force against a  
 ' weak woman.' Such is the soliloquy

—GENIUS NATALIS COMES QUI TEMPORA  
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, MORTALIS IN I  
QUODQUE CAPUT—

IMITATED.

—THAT DIRECTING POWER  
WHO FORMS THE GENIUS IN THE NATAL  
THAT GOD OF NATURE, WHO, WITHIN US  
INCLINES OUR ACTION, NOT CONSTRAINS

**I** Am very much at a loss to express by any word that occurs to me in our language that which is understood by *Indoles* in Latin. The natural disposition to any particular art, science, profession, or trade, is very much to be consulted in the case of youth, and studied by men for their own conduct when they form to themselves any scheme of life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a man to judge of his own capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by fondness towards myself so far, as to attempt things too high for my talents and accomplishments; but it is not methinks so very difficult a matter to make a judgment of the abilities of others, especially of those who are in their infancy. My commonplace book directs me on this occasion to mention the dawning of great-

death—To then a very listances of his to Scipio from that he had tempt and e takings. I often with n misfortune of tain, when I c undiscerning masters. Th of is but a n servitude, the rors, to which in going thr many of the their cruelty-distinction of or the intentio half. There pers which a

never arrive at it. These are the men who are to teach others. The love of shame and honour is enough to make the world itself in order without punishment, much more to train it into order and innocence. It happens, I doubt not, more often in a year, that a lad is chastised as a blockhead, when it is a good notion that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means: imagination very often may suggest error, which a lad could not get into, if he had been as heavy as his master in explaining; and there is no mercy even towards the interpretation of his meaning. The springs of the scholar's body are often broken by the mistakes of his mind.

It is confident that no boy who will be allured to letters without blows, or be brought to any thing with

A great or good mind must never be the worse for such indignities: it is a sad change to lose of it's or the improvement of it's knowledge.

No one who has gone through a great school, but must never have seen children of excellent and ingenious natures, as has appeared in their manhood; no man has passed through this education but must have seen an excellent creature expiring with shame, and looks, beseeching sorrow, and tears, throw up it's honest eyes, and feel on it's tender knees to an innocent blockhead, to be forgiven the want of a word in making a Latin: the child is punished, and the next day he commits a like crime, and is rewarded with the same consequence. I can ask any reasonable man for this lad, in the simplicity of his innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace, was not fitter for any purpose of life, than after that spark of virtue extinguished in him, though he could write twenty verses in an even-

As the immortal gods never lose any virtue, though they are engaged with all that is good; so there are some men who have so natural a tendency to what they should follow, they learn it almost as soon as

they hear it. Plants and vegetables are cultivated into the production of finer fruit than they would yield without that care; and yet we cannot entertain hopes of producing a tender conscious spirit into acts of virtue, without the same method as is used to cut timber, or give new shape to a piece of stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful practice that we may attribute a certain hardness and ferocity which some men, though liberally educated, carry about them in all their behaviour. To be bred like a gentleman, and punished like a malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal sauciness which we see sometimes in men of letters.

The Spartan boy who suffered the fox, which he had stolen and hid under his coat, to eat into his bowels, I dare say had not half the wit or petulance which we learn at great schools among us; but the glorious sense of honour, or rather fear of shame, which he demonstrated in that action, was worth all the learning in the world without it.

It is, methinks, a very melancholy consideration, that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent natures are soon depreciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by punishments, is the same thing as killing a man to cure him of a distemper; when he comes to suffer punishment in that one circumstance, he is brought below the existence of a rational creature, and is in the state of a brute that moves only by the admonition of stripes. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would prevail only that honest heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth and fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a deterioration of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal.



liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy.

But though there is so little care, as I have observed, taken, or observation made of the natural strain of men, it is no small comfort to me, as a Spectator, that there is any right value set upon the *bona Indoles* of other animals; as appears by the following advertisement handed about the county of Lincoln, and subscribed by Enos Thomas, a person whom I have not the honour to know, but suppose to be profoundly learned in horic-stuff.

'A chesnut horse called Cæsar, bred by James Darcy, Esq. at Sedbury, near Richmond, in the county of York; his grandam was his old royal mare, and got by Blunderbats, which was got by Hemfly-Turk, and he got by Mr. Courant's Arabian, which got Mr. Minshul's Jews-trump. Mr. Cæsar sold him to a nobleman, coming five years old, when he had but one swear, for three hundred guineas. A guinea a leap and trial, and a shilling the man.

T

' ENOS THOMAS.'

## Nº CLVIII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 31.

—NOS HÆC NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL.

MARTIAL.

WE KNOW THESE THINGS TO BE MERE TRIFLES.

OUT of a firm regard to immortality, I print these letters, let them make for me or not.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have observed through the whole course of your rhapsodies, as you once very well called them, you are very industrious to overthrow all that many your superiors who have gone before you have made their rule of writing. I am now between fifty and sixty, and had the honour to be well with the first men of taste and gallantry in the joyous reign of Charles the Second: we then had, I humbly presume, as good understandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for yourself, Mr. Spectator, you seem with the utmost arrogance to undermine the very fundamentals upon which we conducted ourselves. It is monstrous to set up for a man of wit, and yet deny that honour in a woman is any thing else but prevaricance, that inclination is the best rule of life, or virtue and vice any thing else but health and disease. We had no more to do but to put a lady in good-humour, and all we could wish followed of course. Then again, your Tully, and your discourses of another life, are the very bane of mirth and good-humour. Pr'ythee do not value thyself on thy reason, at that exorbitant rate, and the dignity of human nature; take my word for it, a *setting-dog* has as good reason as any man

in England. Had you, as by your diurnals one would think you do, set up for being in vogue in town, you should have fallen in with the bent of passion and appetite; your songs had then been in every pretty mouth in England, and your little distichs had been the maxims of the fair and the witty to walk by; but alas, Sir, what can you hope for from entertaining people with what must needs make them like themselves worse than they did before they read you? Had you made it your business to describe Corinna charming, though inconsistent, to find something in human nature itself to make Zoilus excuse himself for being fond of her; and to make every man in good commerce with his own reflections, you had done something worthy our applause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not commend you for disapproving us. I have a great deal more to say to you, but I shall sum it up all in this one remark; in short, Sir, you do not write like a gentleman. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE other day we were several of us at a tea-table, and according to custom and your own advice had the Spectator read among us: it was that paper wherein you are pleased to treat with great freedom that character which you call a woman's man. We gave up all the kinds you have mentioned, ex-  
cept

He who, you say, are our confidants. I was upon the occasion commissioned by the company to you, and tell you, that we shall with the men that we have at until the men of sense think fit to them, and give us their commendation in their stead. You cannot imagine that we love to hear reason and sense better than the ribaldry we are now entertained with; but we are in your company, and among us, the most considerable is better than none.

We are made for the cement of society, and came into the world to improve the relations among mankind; and it is an unnatural being to us. If

of good understanding would a little of their severity, they find their account in it; and they would have a pleasure in it, to be they are now strangers. It is among us when men have a true sense of our company and our value, every thing with a better grace; and it is without designing it some benefit to what men utter themselves in, which is lost or neglected in the opinions of men only. Give me to tell you, Sir, it would do you no harm if you yourself came among us into our company; it would cure you of a certain positive manner in which you sometimes. In hopes of your consent,

I am, Sir, your gentle reader.

SPECTATOR,

My professed regard to the fair, may perhaps make them value my admonitions when they will not heed other men. I desire you, Sir, to attend some lectures upon subjects you have now and then in a manner only just touched. I have a Spectator wholly without breeding; and after you have that time and place are to be

very much considered in all our actions, it will be proper to dwell upon behaviour at church. On Sunday last a grave and reverend man preached at our church: there was something particular in his accent, but without any manner of affectation. This particularity a set of gigglers thought the most necessary thing to be taken notice of in his whole discourse, and made it an occasion of mirth during the whole time of sermon: you should see one of them ready to burst behind a fan, another pointing to a companion in another seat, and a third with an arch composure, as if she would if possible stifle her laughter. There were many gentlemen who looked at them steadfastly, but this they took for ogling and admiring them: there was one of the merry ones in particular, that found out but just then that she had five fingers, for she fell a reckoning the pretty pieces of ivory over and over again, to find herself employment and not laugh out. Would it not be expedient, Mr. Spectator, that the churchwarden should hold up his wand on these occasions, and keep the decency of the place as a magistrate does the peace in a tumult elsewhere?

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a woman's man, and read with a very fine lady your paper, wherein you fall upon us whom you envy: what do you think I did? You must know she was dressing, I read the Spectator to her, and she laughed at the places where she thought I was touched; I threw away your moral, and taking up her girdle, cried out—

Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

She smiled, Sir, and said you were a pedant; so say of me what you please, read Seneca, and quote him against me if you think fit.

T I am, Sir, your humble servant.

N<sup>o</sup> CLIX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER

OMNEM, QUÆ NUNC OBDUCTA TUENTI  
MORTALES HEBETAT VISUS TIBI, ET HUMIDA CIRCUM  
CALIGAT, NUBEM ERIPIAM—  
VIRG. ÆN.

THE CLOUD, WHICH, INTERCEPTING THE CLEAR LIGHT  
HANGS O'ER THE EYES, AND BLUNTS THY MORTAL SIGHT  
I WILL REMOVE—

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, 'The Visions of Mirzah,' which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and I shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here sitting myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another—"Surely," said I, "man is but 'a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained

with music who had passed never heard that the music fore made himself visible. had raised my thoughts by porting airs which he played the pleasures of his conversation looked upon him like one beckoned to me, and by his hand directed me to place where he sat. I drew that reverence which is of a superior nature; and as my heart was subdued by the captive I had heard, I fell down at wept. The genius smiled at a look of compassion and familiarized him to my and at once dispelled all apprehensions with which him. He lifted me from and taking me by the hand said he, 'I have heard the 'loquies; follow me.'

He then led me to the hole of the rock, and placing me at the top of it—"Cast thy eyes on me," said he, "and tell me what thou see," said I, "a huge 'prodigious tide of water running down the valley that is called Time, measure 'the tide of water that thou see 'the great tide of eternity 'is the reason," said I, "that 'the sun rises out of a thick mist 'and again loses itself in 'the other?"—"What thou see," said he, "is that portion of eternity 'is called Time, measure 'the sun, and reaching from the 'of the world to its end. 'Examine now," said he, "it 'is thus bounded with darkness 'ends, and tell me what 'verest in it."—"I see a 'standing in the midst 'The bridge thou see."



[illegible][illegible]

life, consider it attentively.' I more leisurely survey of it, I find it consisted of threescore and arches, with several broken niches, added to those that were le up the number about an As I was counting the arches, told me that this bridge consisted of a thousand arches; but it flood swept away the rest, and the bridge in the ruinous condition beheld it. 'But tell me,' said he, 'what thou discoverest.'—'I see multitudes of affing over it,' said I, 'and cloud hanging on each end of it.' I looked more attentively, I saw of the passengers dropping from the bridge, into the great tide and underneath it; and upon examination, perceived there were miserable trap-doors that lay in the bridge, which the passengers sooner trod upon, but they threw them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden ere set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of passengers sooner broke through the many of them fell into them. The river was thinner towards the middle, and lay closer together at each end of the arches that were

were indeed some persons, but their size was very small, that consisted of hobbling march on the arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent at a walk.

Some time in the contemplation of the wonderful structure, and the variety of objects which it presented, my heart was filled with a deep desire to see several dropping down in the midst of mirth and laughter, catching at every thing that seemed to save themselves. Some were hanging up towards the heavens in a vertical posture, and in the midst of the confusion stumbled and fell out.

Multitudes were very busy in the suit of bubbles that glittered and danced before them; when they thought themselves out of reach of them, their footing failed, and they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some persons in their hands, and others running, who ran to and fro upon

the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: 'Take thy eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seeest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up—'What mean'st thou,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time?' 'I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.'—'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

I here fetched a deep sigh; 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality? tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, in so much that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.

ments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands of the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than even thine eye, or even thy imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perceptions of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inha-

bitants. Are not these, O habitations worth contending? Does life appear miserable, and the opportunities of earning reward? Is death to be feared? will convey thee to so happy a place? Think not man was vain, who has such an eternal reward served for him.' I gazed with pressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I—'Show me, O genius, the secrets thou hast under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the adamant.' The genius me no answer, I turned about to myself to him a second time found that he had left me; I then again to the vision which I had long contemplating; but instant rolling tide, the arched bridge, happy islands, I saw nothing but a hollow valley of Bagdat, with sheep, and camels, grazing the sides of it.

The end of the first vision of I

## Nº CLX. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

—CUI MENS DIVINIOR, ATQUE OB  
MAGNA SONATURUM, DES NOMINIS HUIUS HONOREM.  
HOR. SAT. IV. L. 2.

—HE ALONE CAN CLAIM THIS NAME, WHO WRITES  
WITH FANCY HIGH, AND BOLD AND DARING FLIGHTS.  
Cæsar

**T**HERE is no character more frequently given to a writer than that of being a genius. I have heard many a little sonneteer called a fine genius. There is not an heroic scribbler in the nation that has not his admirers who think him a great genius; and as for your sonnetiers in tragedy, there is scarce a man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a prodigious genius.

My design in this paper is to consider what is properly a great genius, and to throw some thoughts together on so uncommon a subject.

Among great geniuses those few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and stand up as the prodigies of mankind, who by the mere strength of natural parts, and without any assistance of art or learning, have produced works that were the delight of their own times,

and the wonder of posterity. They appear something nobly wild and vagrant in these great natural that is infinitely more beautiful than the turn and polishing of French call a *Bel Esprit*, by which we would express a genius refined, versation, reflection, and the most polite authors. The genius which runs through the sciences, takes a kind of tincture of them, and falls unavoidably into them.

Many of these great natural that were never disciplined and by rules of art, are to be found in the ancients, and in particular those of the more eastern part of the world. Homer has innumerable that Virgil was not able to rival in the Old Testament we find passages more sublime and full

Homer. At the same time that we allow a greater and more daring genius than the ancients, we must own that the carest of them very much failed in, your will, that they were much the nicety and correctness of the same. In their similitudes and allusions, provided there was a likeness, did not much trouble themselves with the decency of the comparison: Solomon resembles the noise of his darts to the tower of Lebanon which he built toward Damascus; as the comical thief in the night is a similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make collections of nature; Homer illustrates one of the heroes encompassed with the enemy, as if in a field of corn, that has his labourer by all the boys of the field without stirring a foot for it: rather of them tossing to and fro and burning with resentment, as if of flesh broiled on the coals. A particular failure in the ancients, is a large field of railery to the little who can laugh at an indecency or relish the sublime in these sorts of things. The present Emperor of France, conformable to this eastern way of thinking, amidst a great many pomposities, denominates himself the Sun and the Nutmeg of Delight. It is not, to cut off all cavilling against the ancients, and particularly those of warmer climates, who had most of life in their imaginations, we consider that the rule of obliging what the French call the *Bien-séance* in an allusion, has been found later years, and in the colder regions of the world; where we would have some amends for our want of heat and spirit, by a scrupulous nicety and correctness in our compositions. Our countryman Shakspeare was a remarkable instance of this first kind of greatness.

I cannot quit this head without observing that Pindar was a great genius of the first class, who was hurried on by natural fire and impetuosity to vast notions of things and noble sallies of imagination. At the same time, he can be more ridiculous than for a sober and moderate fancy to be in the poet's way of writing in monstrous compositions which go under the name of Pindarics? *Let people copying works, which,*

as Horace has represented them, are singular in their kind, and inimitable; when I see men following irregularities by rule, and by the little tricks of art straining after the most unbounded flights of nature, I cannot but apply to them that passage in Terence:

— *Incerta hæc si tu potules  
Ratione certa facere, nihil plus agas,  
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insaniss.*  
EUN. ACT. I. SC. I.

You may as well pretend to be mad and in your senses at the same time, as to think of reducing these uncertain things to any certainty by reason.

In short, a modern pindaric writer, compared with Pindar, is like a sister among the Camisars compared with Virgil's Sibyl: there is the distortion, grimace, and outward figure, but nothing of that divine impulse which raises the mind above itself, and makes the sounds more than human.

There is another kind of great geniuses which I shall place in a second class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake, as they are of a different kind. This second class of great geniuses are those that have formed themselves by rules, and submitted the greatness of their natural talents to the corrections and restraints of art. Such among the Greeks were Plato and Aristotle; among the Romans, Virgil and Tully; among the English, Milton and Sir Francis Bacon.

The genius in both these classes of authors may be equally great, but shows itself after a different manner. In the first it is like a rich soil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderness of noble plants rising in a thousand beautiful landscapes, without any certain order or regularity. In the other it is the same rich soil under the same happy climate; that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into shape and beauty by the skill of the gardener.

The great danger in these latter kind of geniuses, is, lest they cramp their own abilities too much by imitation, and form themselves altogether upon models, without giving the full play to their own natural parts. An imitation of the best authors is not to compare with a good original; and I believe we may observe that very few writers make an extraordinary figure in the world, who have not something in their way of thinking



or expressing themselves that is peculiar to them, and intirely their own.

It is odd to consider what great geniuses are sometimes thrown away upon trifles.

'I once saw a shepherd,' says a famous Italian author, 'who used to divert himself in his solitudes with tossing up eggs and catching them again without breaking them: in which he had arrived to so great a degree of perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several minutes together play-

ing in the air, and falling into his hand by turns. I think,' says the author, 'I never saw a greater severity than in this man's face; for by his wonderful perseverance and application, he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a privy-counsellor; and I could not but reflect with myself, that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes.'

C

## Nº CLXI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

IPSE DIES AGITAT FESTOS: FUSUSQUE PER HERBAM,  
IGNIS UBI IN MEDIO ET SOCI CRATERA CORONANT,  
TE LIBANE, LENAE, VOCAT: PECORISQUE MAESTRIS  
VELOCIS JACULI CERTAMINA PONIT IN ULMO,  
CORPORAEQUE AGRESTI NUDAT PRÆDURA PALÆSTRA.  
HANC OLIM VETERNES VITAM COLUERE SABINI,  
HANC REMUS ET FRATER: SIC FORTIS ETRURIA CREVIT,  
SCILICET ET REKUM FACTA ESI PULCHERRIMA ROMA.

VIRG. GEORG. II. v. 527.

HIMSELF, IN RUSTIC POMP, ON HOLIDAYS,  
TO RURAL POW'RS A JUST OBULATION PAYS;  
AND ON THE GREEN HIS CARELESS LIMBS DISPLAYS.  
THE HEARTH IS IN THE MIDST; THE HERDSMEN, ROUND  
THE CHEARFUL FIRE, PROVOKE HIS HEALTH IN GOBLET'S CROWN'D.  
HE CALLS ON BACCHUS, AND PROPOUNDS THE PRIZE;  
THE GROOM HIS FELLOW-GROOM AT BUTS DEFIES,  
AND BENDS HIS BOW, AND LEVELS WITH HIS EYES:  
OR, STRIPT FOR WRESTLING, SMEARS HIS LIMBS WITH OIL,  
AND WATCHES WITH A TRIP HIS FOE TO FOIL.  
SUCH WAS THE LIFE THE FRUGAL SABINES LED;  
SO REMUS AND HIS BROTHER GOD WERE BRED:  
FROM WHOM TH' AUSTERE ETRURIAN VIRTUE ROSE;  
AND THIS RUDE LIFE OUR HOMELY FATHERS CHOSE:  
OLD ROME FROM SUCH A RACE DERIV'D HER BIRTH,  
THE SEAT OF EMPIRE, AND THE CONQUER'D EARTH.

DRESEN.

I Am glad that my late going into the country has increased the number of my correspondents, one of whom sends me the following letter.

SIR,

THOUGH you are pleas'd to retire from us so soon into the city, I hope you will not think the affairs of the country altogether unworthy of your inspection for the future. I had the honour of seeing your short face at Sir Roger de Coverley's, and have ever since thought your person and writings both extraordinary. Had you staid there a few days longer, you would have seen a country wake, which you know in most parts of

England is the eve-feast of the dedication of our churches. I was last week at one of these assemblies which was held in a neighbouring parish; where I found their green covered with a promiscuous multitude of all ages and both sexes, who esteem one another more or less the following part of the year according as they distinguish themselves at this time. The whole company were in their holiday clothes, and divided into several parties, all of them endeavouring to show themselves in those exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the approbation of the lookers-on.

I found a ring of cudgel-players, who were breaking one another's heads in order

ce some impresson on their parts. I observed a lusty man, who had the misfortune to be lame; but what considerably augmented the wound, was that he was an old man, who shook his head, and said, that he questioned now whether he would marry him these

I was diverted from a faction of these combatants, by a match, which was on the green; where Tom Short himself so well, that most people agree it was impossible that he should remain a bachelor until the

Having played many a trick, I could have looked on his sport, had I not observed a fellow, who was posted on at some distance from me, and who made so many odd grimaces, and so distorted her whole body in a manner, as made me very

know the meaning of it. Coming up to her, I found that she was looking at a ring of wrestlers at her sweetheart, a person of a stature, was contending with an

my fellow, who twirled him round. I shook the little man so violently by a secret sympathy of hearts, that all those agitations in the

his mistress, who, I dare say, in Shakespeare on the same occasion had wished herself invisible to the strong fellow by the leg.

of the parish treats the whole of the year with a hog's head of money as a beaver hat as a reward to him who gives most falls.

He used such a spirit of emulation in the place, that some of the men rendered themselves very expert in exercise; and I was often to see a fellow's heels fly up, which was given him so smartly that scarce discern it. I found that the wrestlers seldom entered the ring, unless some one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his opponents; but kept themselves as it were reserved body to defend the

is always hung up by the

gets it in one of the most

parts of the house, and look-

the whole family as some-

times much more to their

in a coat of arms. There was

he was so busy in regulating

bonies; and seemed to carry

such an air of importance in his looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was, and was immediately answered, That he did not value himself upon nothing, for that he and his ancestors had won so many hats, that his parlour looked like a haberdasher's shop: however this thirst of glory of them all, was the reason that no one man stood lord of the ring for above three falls while I was among them.

The young maids, who were not lookers-on at these exercises, were themselves engaged in some diversions; and upon my asking a farmer's son of my own parish what he was gazing at with so much attention, he told me, that he was seeing Betty Welch, who I knew to be his sweetheart, pitch a bar.

In short, I found the men endeavoured to shew the women they were no cowards, and that the whole company strove to recommend themselves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect state of health, and fit to undergo any fatigues of bodily labour.

Your judgment upon this method of love and gallantry, as it is at present practised amongst us in the country, will very much oblige, Sir,

Your's &c.

If I would here put on the scholar and politician, I might inform my readers how these bodily exercises or games were formerly encouraged in all the commonwealths of Greece: from whence the Romans afterwards borrowed their Pentathlon, which was composed of running, wrestling, leaping, throwing, and boxing, though the prizes were generally nothing but a crown of cypress or parsley, hats not being in fashion in those days: that there is an old statute, which obliges every man in England, having such an estate, to keep and exercise the long bow; by which means our ancestors excelled all other nations in the use of that weapon, and we had all the real advantages, without the inconvenience of a standing army; and that I once met with a book of projects, in which the author considering to what noble ends that spirit of emulation, which so remarkably shews itself among our common people in these wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the improvement of all our handicraft trades there should be annual prizes set up for such persons

persons as were most excellent in their several arts. But laying aside all these political considerations, which might tempt me to pass the limits of my paper, I confess the greatest benefit and convenience that I can observe in these country festivals, is the bringing young people together, and giving them an opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous light. A country fellow that throws his rival upon his back, has generally as good success with their common mistrels; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed wench to get a husband at the same time she wins a smock. Love and marriages are the natural effects of these anniversary assemblies. I must therefore very much approve the method by which my correspondent tells me each sex endeavours to recommend itself to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy offspring or a happy cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my country friend, that there has been many a court lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young husband for Tom Short, and several men of quality who would have parted with a tender yoke-fellow for Black Kate.

I am the more pleased with love made the principal end and of these meetings, as it seems to be agreeable to the intent for which were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. Kennet, whose words I shall conclude my paper.

'These wakes' says he, 'were an imitation of the ancient *Lydia* love-feasts; and were first established in England by Pope Gregory the Great, who in an epistle to the Abbot gave order that they be kept in sheds or arbories marked with branches and boughs of round the church.'

He adds—'That this laudable custom of wakes prevailed for many years until the nice puritans began to claim against it as a remnant of popery; and by degrees the precision of the custom grew so popular, that the Exeter assizes the Lord Chief Justice Walter made an order for the suppression of all wakes; but on the complaint of the king's counsel, the king commanded the order to be reversed.'

## Nº CLXII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

—SERVETUR AD INIMUM,  
QUALIS AB INCEPTO PROCESSERIT, ET SIBI CONSTET.

HOR. ART. POET. V. 1

PRESERVE CONSISTENCY THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE.

**N**OTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconsistency, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great articles of life, therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly advantages may seem to have no share in it, for mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change sides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper or prospects of interest. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honour-

able motives; or whatever approbation they may receive from themselves, applauses from those they converse with they may be very well assured that are the scorn of all good men, and public marks of infamy and derision.

Irresolution on the schemes of which offer themselves to our choice, and inconsistency in pursuing them the greatest and most universal cause of all our disquiet and unhappiness. Ambition pulls one way, interest another inclination a third, and perhaps contrary to all, a man is likely to live his time but ill who has so many different parties to please. When he hovers among such a variety of alternatives, one had better settle on a way of life that is not the very best we have chosen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out

the greater part of mankind we have resolved how to live there is but one method of settling at rest in this particular, by adhering stedfastly to one as the chief and ultimate aim of our pursuits. If we are firmly to live up to the dictates of reason without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any as they fall in with our principle, we may go through life in ease and pleasure; but if we have several broken views, and will not be virtuous, but wealthy, pursue every thing that has a value set by the world, we shall live in misery and repentance. We could take more than ordinary guard on ourself against this imperfection, because it is that nature very strongly inclines us to, or if we examine ourselves every day, we shall find that we are the feeble beings in the universe. In our understanding, we often find and reject the very same opinions as beings above and beneath us probably have no opinions at all, or wavering and uncertainties in ours. We have. Our superiors are by intuition, and our inferiors by reason. In respect of our wills, we fall sick and recover out of them, are made odious in the eyes of our friends, and pass our whole life in seeking and asking pardon. On the other hand, the beings underneath us are free of sinning, nor those above us are free of sinning. The one is out of the way of duty, and the other fixed in the usual course of sin, or an eternal course of virtue. There is scarce a state of life, or stage of education does not produce changes in the mind of man. Changes of thought in infancy are common to youth; these too take a change in manhood, until old age brings us back into our former inclination. A new title or an unexpected fortune throws us out of ourselves, and either destroys our identity. A storm, or a little sunshine, have as much influence on many constitutions, as great blessings or misfortunes. Fortune varies our being, and changes our opinion while it lasts; and every man is to mention health and sick-

ness, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almost different creatures. If a man is so distinguished among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own species? It is a very trifling character to be one of the most variable beings of the most variable kind, especially if we consider that He who is the great standard of perfection has in him no shadow of change, but 'is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

As this mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature, so it makes the person who is remarkable for it in a very particular manner more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater variety of foolish lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an opposition of party-coloured characters. The most humorous character in Horace is founded upon this unevenness of temper and irregularity of conduct.

—Sardus habebat

*Ille Tigellius hoc: Cæsar, qui cogere posset,  
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non  
Quidquam proficeret: si collibuisse, ab ovo  
Usque ad mala citaret Id Bacche, modo summa  
Voce, modo hæc, resonat quæ choridis quatuor ima.  
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui  
Currebat fugiens hostem: per sæpe velut qui  
Junonis sacra ferret: habebat sæpe ducentos,  
Sæpe decem servos: modo reges atque tetrarchas,  
Omnia magna loquens: modo, Sit mihi mensa  
triplex, et  
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,  
Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisset  
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus  
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum  
Manè: diem totum steterat. Nil fuit unquam  
Sic impar sibi—*

HOR. SAT. III. LIB. I.

Instead of translating this passage in Horace, I shall entertain my English reader with the description of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. Dryden, and raised upon the same foundation.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:  
A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;  
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;  
But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, seditious, statesman, and buffoon:  
Then

Then all for women, painting, rhyming,  
drinking:

Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in  
thinking.

Blest madman, who cou'd every hour  
employ,

With something new to wish, or to es

## Nº CLXIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

—SI QUID EGO ADFUERO, CURAMVE LEVASSO,  
QUE NUNC TE COQUIT, ET VERSAT SUB PECTORE FIXA,  
ECQUID ERIT PECTUS? EUN. APUD TULI

SAY, WILL YOU THANK ME IF I BRING YOU REST,  
AND EASE THE TORTURE OF YOUR LAB'RING BREAST?

**E**NQUIRIES after happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of any single man, it would not make a very happy being. Though on the contrary, if the miseries of the whole species were fixed in a single person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this subject by the following letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious name, I have reason to believe is not imaginary.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Am one of your disciples, and endeavour to live up to your rules, which I hope will incline you to pity my condition. I shall open it to you in a very few words. About three years since a gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself would have approved, made his addressee to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an estate, so that my friends, who all of them applauded his person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his passion. For my own part, I resigned myself up entirely to the direction of those who knew the world much better than myself, but still lived in hopes that some juncture or other would make me happy in the man whom, in my heart, I preferred to all the world; being deter-

mined if I could not have him, to nobody else. About three months I received a letter from him, acquainting me, that by the death of an he had a considerable estate left which he said was welcome to him no other account, but as he hoped would remove all difficulties that the way to our mutual happiness. may well suppose, Sir, with how joy I received this letter, which followed by several others filled those expressions of love and joy, I verily believe nobody felt more sincerely, nor knew better how to delight than the gentleman I am speaking of. But, Sir, how shall I be able to tell you! By the last week's post I received a letter from an intimate friend of an unhappy gentleman, acquainting that as he had just settled his estate and was preparing for his journey, he fell sick of a fever and died. It is possible to express to you the distress I am in upon this occasion. I can have recourse to my devotions, to the reading of good books for my consolation; and as I always take a peculiar delight in those frequent admonitions which you give the public, it would be a very great of charity in you to lend me your assistance in this conjuncture. If after reading of this letter you find yet in a humour, rather to railly and censure, than to comfort me, I desire would throw it into the fire, and no more of it; but if you are to sympathize with my misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your assistance may very much support, and infinitely oblige the afflicted

LEON

A disappointment in love is hard to get over than any other

self so softens and subdues the  
it disables it from struggling  
up against the woes and dis-  
which beset it. The mind meets  
er misfortunes in her whole  
; she stands collected within  
and sustains the shock with all  
which is natural to her; but a  
ove has its foundations sapped,  
ediately sinks under the weight  
nts that are disagreeable to it's  
passion.

Stions men generally draw their  
ons out of books of morality,  
deed are of great use to fortify  
gthen the mind against the im-  
of sorrow. Monsieur St. Evre-  
no does not approve of this me-  
commends authors who are apt  
much mirth in the mind of the  
and fancies Don Quixote can  
e relief to an heavy heart than  
or Seneca, as it is much easier  
grief than to conquer it. This  
may have it's effects on some

I should rather have recourse  
s of a quite contrary kind, that  
ntances of calamities and mis-  
and shew human nature in it's  
distresses.

afflictions we groan under be-  
vy, we shall find some consol-  
is society of as great sufferers  
ves, especially when we find  
panions men of virtue and me-  
our afflictions are light, we  
comforted by the comparison  
between ourselves and our fel-  
lows. A loss at sea, a fit of  
or the death of a friend, are  
les when we consider whole  
s laid in ashes, families put to  
d, wretches shut up in dun-  
nd the like calamities of man-  
at we are out of countenance  
own weakness, if we sink under  
e strokes of fortune.

e disconsolate Leonora consider,

that at the very time in which she lan-  
guishes for the loss of her deceased lover,  
there are persons in several parts of the  
world just perishing in a shipwreck;  
others crying out for mercy in the ter-  
rors of a death-bed repentance; others  
lying under the tortures of an infamous  
execution, or the like dreadful calami-  
ties; and she will find her sorrows va-  
nish at the appearance of those which  
are so much greater and more astonish-  
ing.

I would further propose to the con-  
sideration of my afflicted disciple, that  
possibly what she now looks upon as the  
greatest misfortune, is not really such  
in itself. For my own part, I question  
not but our souls in a separate state will  
look back on their lives in quite another  
view, than what they had of them in  
the body; and that what they now con-  
sider as misfortunes and disappoint-  
ments, will very often appear to have  
been escapes and blessings.

The mind that hath any cast towards  
devotion, naturally flies to it in it's af-  
flictions.

When I was in France I heard a very  
remarkable story of two lovers, which I  
shall relate at length in my to-morrow's  
paper, not only because the circum-  
stances of it are extraordinary, but be-  
cause it may serve as an illustration to  
all that can be said on this last head,  
and shew the power of religion in abat-  
ing that particular anguish which seems  
to lie so heavy on Leonora. The story  
was told me by a priest, as I travelled  
with him in a stage-coach. I shall  
give it my reader, as well as I can re-  
member, in his own words, after hav-  
ing premised, that if consolations may  
be drawn from a wrong religion and a  
misguided devotion, they cannot but  
flow much more naturally from those  
which are founded upon reason, and  
established in good sense.

L

N<sup>o</sup> CLXIV. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

ILLA, QUIS ET ME, INQUIT, MISERAM, ET TE PERDIDIT, ORPHE  
JAMQUE VALE: FEROR INGENTI CIRCUMDATA NOCTE,  
INVALIDASQUE TIBI TENDENS, HEU! NON TUA, PALMAS.

VIRG. GEORG. IV. v. 494.

THEN THUS THE BRIDE: WHAT FURY SEIZ'D ON THEE,  
UNHAPPY MAN! TO LOSE THYSELF AND ME?  
AND NOW FAREWELL! INVOLV'D IN SHADES OF NIGHT;  
FOR EVER I AM RAVISH'D FROM THY SIGHT:  
IN VAIN I REACH MY FEEBLE HANDS TO JOIN  
IN SWEET EMBRACES, AH! NO LONGER THINE!

DRYDEN.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, inasmuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favorable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon

as a husband for his daughter: soon concerted this affair so well he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, overwhelmed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a silence, which her father commended, as the most decent manner of giving her consent to an affair of that kind. The noise of intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions which naturally rise in a heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to Constantia.

THE thought of my Goodness, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you married? The streams, the fields and the woods where we have so often talked together grow painful to me; life itself is a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there ever such a man in it as

THEOD

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed or three messengers, that came to her father's house one after another to quire if they had heard any thing from Theodosius, who it seems had been in his chamber about midnight, and where he found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind

re, made them apprehend the it could befall him. Constantia, w that nothing but the report arriage could have driven him xtremities, was not to be com- she now accused herself for hav- imely given an ear to the pro- a husband, and looked upon lover as the murderer of Theo- in short, she resolved to suffer st effects of her father's displea- her than comply with a mar- ch appeared to her so full of d horror. The father seeing ntirely rid of Theodosius, and keep a considerable portion in y, was not very much concerned stinate refusal of his daughter; not find it very difficult to ex- self upon that account to his son-in-law, who had all along this alliance rather as a mar- convenience than of love. Con- ad now no relief but in her de- and exercises of religion, to r afflictions had so entirely sub- mind, that after some years ed the violence of her sorrows, ed her thoughts in a kind of ity, she resolved to pass the re- of her days in a convent. Her as not displeased with a reso- which would save money in his and readily complied with his 's intentions. Accordingly in ty-fifth year of her age, while ty was yet in all it's height and he carried her to a neighbour- in order to look out a sister- nuns among whom to place his . There was in this place a a convent who was very much d for his piety and exemplary l as it is usual in the Romish or those who are under any great , or trouble of mind, to apply es to the most eminent confessors on and consolation, our beauti- ry took the opportunity of con- herself to this celebrated father. ust now return to Theodosius, e very morning that the above- enquiries had been made after rived at a religious house in the ere now Constantia resided; and that secrecy and concealment of rs of the convent, which is very on any extraordinary occasion, himself one of the order, with a vow never to enquire after

Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. 'My behaviour,' says she, 'has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me ever since his death.' She here paused and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who by this time had



had pretty well composed himself, burst out again into tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—to tell her that her sins were forgiven her—that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that he would not suffer herself to be distressed about measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having inanned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entered upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding, with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. ‘The rules of our respective orders,’ says he, ‘will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.’

Constantia’s heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her novice and Father Francis: from whom she now delivered to her the following letter:

AS the first-fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the father, to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in it’s disappointment than it could have done in it’s success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS.

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy—‘It is enough,’ says she, ‘Theodosius is still in being: I shall live with comfort and die in peace.’

The letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure: ‘And now,’ says she, ‘if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it.’—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with

a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose.

Here lie the bodies of Father Francis

and Sister Constance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided. C

## Nº CLXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

— SI FORTE NECESSUM EST,  
FINGERE CINCTUS NON EXAUDITA CŒTHEGIS,  
CONTINGET, DABITURQUE LICENTIA SUMPTA PUDENTER.

HOR. ARS POET. V. 42.

— IF YOU WOULD UNHEARD-OF THINGS EXPRESS,  
INVENT NEW WORDS; WE CAN INDULGE A MUZE,  
UNTIL THE LICENCE RISE TO AN ABUSE. CREECH.

I Have often wished, that as in our constitution there are several persons whose business it is to watch over our laws, our liberties and commerce, certain men might be set apart as superintendants of our language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from becoming current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable. The present war has so adulterated our tongue with strange words, that it would be impossible for one of our great grandfathers to know what his posterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern news-paper. Our warriors are very indutious in propagating the French language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their power. Our soldiers are men of strong heads for action, and perform such feats as they are not able to express. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they achieve, and therefore send us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phrases which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought however to be provided with secretaries, and assisted by our foreign ministers, to tell their story for them in plain English, and to let us know in our mother-tongue what it is our brave countrymen are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publish the news of the present war in English phrases, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms and thrown into shades and obscurity: but the English cannot be too clear in their

narrative of those actions, which have raised their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a siege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable difficulties, that I scarce know which side has the better of it, until I am informed by the Tower-guns that the place is surrendered. I do indeed make some allowances for this part of the war, fortifications having been foreign inventions, and upon that account abounding in foreign terms. But when we have won battles which may be described in our own language, why are our papers filled with so many unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They must be made accessory to their own disgrace, as the Britons were formerly so artificially wrought in the curtain of the Roman theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the spectators an opportunity of seeing their own defeat celebrated upon the stage: for so Mr. Dryden has translated that verse in Virgil.

*Purpurea intexti tollunt aulae Britannici.*

GEORG. III. V. 25.

Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,  
And shew the triumph that their shame displays.

The histories of all our former wars are transmitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to use the phrase of a great modern critic. I do not find in any of the chronicles, that Edward the Third ever reconnoitred our enemy, though he often

often discovered the posture of the French, and as often vanquished them in battle. The Black Prince passed many a river without the help of pontoons, and filled a ditch with faggots as successfully as the generals of our times do it with fascines. Our commanders lose half their praise, and our people half their joy, by means of those hard words and dark expressions in which our newspapers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, enquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable year when our country was delivered from the greatest fears and apprehensions, and raised to the greatest height of gladness it had ever felt since it was a nation, I mean the year of Blenheim, I had the copy of a letter sent me out of the country, which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of a good estate and plain sense: as the letter was very modestly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I shall present my reader with a copy of it.

SIR,

UPON the junction of the French and Bavarian armies, they took post behind a great morass which they thought impracticable. Our general the next day sent a party of horse to reconnoitre them from a little hauteur, at about a quarter of an hour's distance from the army, who returned again to the camp unobserved through several defiles, in one of which they met with a party of French that had been marauding, and made them all prisoners at discretion. The day after a drum arrived at our camp, with a message which he would communicate to none but the general; he was followed by a trumpeter, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a message from the Duke of Bavaria. The next morning our army being divided into two corps, made a movement towards the enemy: you will hear in the public prints how we treated them, with the other circumstances of

that glorious day. I had the good fortune to be in that regiment that pushed the Gens d'Armes. Several French battalions, whom they say were a corps de reserve, made a shew of resistance; but it only proved a gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little fosse, in order to attack them, they beat the chamade, and sent us *carte blanche*. Their commandant, with a great many other general officers, and troops without number, are made prisoners of war, and will, I believe, give you a visit in England, the cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful son, &c.

The father of the young gentleman upon the perusal of the letter found it contained great news, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the parish, who, upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of passion, and told him, that his son had sent him a letter that was neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. 'I wish,' says he, 'the captain may be composed,' mentis, he talks of a saucy trumpeter, and a drum that carries messages; then who is this *carte blanche*? He must either banter us or he is out of his senses.' The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his son's usage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three posts before — 'You see here,' says he, 'when he writes for money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no man in England can express himself clearer, when he wants a new furniture for his horse.' In short, the old man was so puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his son, had he not seen all the prints about these days after filled with the same terms of art, and that Charles only writ like other men.

CLXVI. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

—QUOD NEC JOVIS IRA, NEC IGNIS,  
NEC POTERIT FERRUM, NEC EDAX ABOLERE VETUSTAS.

OVID, MET. L. XV. V. 871.

—WHICH NOR DREADS THE RAGE  
OF TEMPESTS, FIRE, OR WAR, OR WASTING AGE. WELSTED.

TOTLE tells us that the world is a copy or transcript of which are in the mind of the ; and that those ideas, which mind of man, are a transcript id: to this we may add, that the transcript of those ideas in the mind of man, and that printing are the transcript of

Supreme Being has expressed, were printed his ideas in the men express their ideas in which by this great invention of ages may last as long as the moon, and perish only in the eck of nature. Thus Cowley n on the Resurrection, mentions destruction of the universe, admirable lines—

the wide extended sky,  
b' harmonious worlds on high,  
gil's sacred work shall die.

s no other method of fixing rights which arise and disappear id of man, and transmitting : But periods of time; no other giving a permanency to our preserving the knowledge of ular person, when his body is a the common mass of mat- is soul retired into the world

Books are the legacies that ius leaves to mankind, which ed down from generation to , as presents to the posterity is are yet unborn.

er arts of perpetuating our nue but a short time: statues t a few thousands of years, wer, and colours still fewer es. Michael Angelo, Fon- Raphael, will hereafter be ias, Vitruvius, and Apelles at; the names of great architects, and painters, whose lost. The several arts are a mouldering materials; na-

ture sinks under them, and is not able to support the ideas which are impressed upon it.

The circumstance which gives authors an advantage above all these great masters, is this, that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works, to what number they please, which shall be as valuable as the originals themselves. This gives a great author something like a prospect of eternity, but at the same time deprives him of those other advantages which artists meet with. The artist finds greater returns in profit, as the author in fame. What an inestimable price would a Virgil or a Homer, a Cicero or an Aristotle bear, were their works like a statue, a building, or a picture, or to be confined only in one place, and made the property of a single person?

If writings are thus durable, and may pass from age to age throughout the whole course of time, how careful should an author be of committing any thing to print that may corrupt posterity, and poison the minds of men with vice and error? Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and seasoning vicious sentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind: they leave books behind them, as it is said of those who die in distempers which breed an ill-will towards their own species, to scatter infection and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates; and seem to have been sent into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality.

I have seen some Roman Catholic authors, who tell us that vicious writers continue in purgatory so long as the influence of their writings continues upon posterity—'For purgatory,' say they, 'is nothing else but a cleansing us of

'our sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. The 'vicious author,' say they, 'sins after death, and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished.' Though the Roman Catholic notion of purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the soul after death has any knowledge of what passes in this world, that of an immoral writer would receive much more regret from the sense of corrupting, than satisfaction from the thought of pleasing his surviving admirers.

To take off from the severity of this speculation, I shall conclude this paper with a story of an atheistical author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighbouring curate, confessed to him with great contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart than the sense of his having seduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence was likely to continue even after his death. The curate upon farther examination finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would continue to do mischief when his body

was laid in ashes. The curate saw no other way to comfort him, that he did well in being afflicted with the evil design with which he put his book; but that he ought to be thankful that there was no harm it's doing any hurt: that his case was so very bad, and his argument that he did not apprehend any of it: in short, that he might be satisfied his book could do no more after his death, than it had done while he was living. To which he added his farther satisfaction, that he believed any besides his particular acquaintance had ever been pained by reading it, or that after his death would ever impute it. The dying man had still the frailty of an author in his head, and without answering the curate, asked his friends about his peevishness that is natural to authors, where they had picked up such a blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper person to attend to his condition? The curate finding the author did not expect to be as a real and sincere penitent of importance, after his monition withdrew; not questioning whether he should be again sent for if he grew desperate. The author recovered, and has since written three other tracts with the same success, and very luckily for his posterity the same success.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

—FUIT HAUD IGNOBILIS ARGIS,  
 QUI SE CREDEBAT MIROS AUDIRE TRAGOEDOS,  
 IN VACUO LÆTUS Sessor PLausORQUE THEATRO;  
 CÆTERA QUI VITÆ SERVARET MUNIA RECTO  
 MORE; BONUS SANE VICINUS, AMABILIS HOSPES,  
 COMIS IN UXOREM; POSSET QUI IGNOSCERE SERVIS,  
 ET SIGNO LÆSO NON INSANIRE LAGENÆ:  
 POSSET QUI RUPEM ET PUTEUM VITARE PATENTEM,  
 HIC UBI COGNATORUM OPIBUS CURISQUE REFECTUS  
 EXPULIT ELLEBORO MORBUM BILEMQUE MERACO,  
 ET REDIT AD SESE; POL ME OCCIDISTIS, AMICI,  
 NON SERVASTIS, AIT; CUI SIC EXTORTA VOLUPTAS,  
 ET DEMPTUS PER VIM MENTIS GRATISSIMUS ERROR.

HOR. EP. II. L. II. V. 128.

## IMITATED.

THERE LIV'D IN PRIMO GEORGII, THEY RECORD,  
 A WORTHY MEMBER, NO SMALL FOOL, A LORD;  
 WHO, THOUGH THE HOUSE WAS UP, DELIGHTED SAT;  
 HEARD, NOTED, ANSWER'D, AS IN FULL DEBATE;  
 IN ALL BUT THIS, A MAN OF SOBER LIFE,  
 FOND OF HIS FRIEND, AND CIVIL TO HIS WIFE;  
 NOT QUITE A MADMAN, THOUGH A PASTY FELL,  
 AND MUCH TOO WISE TO WALK INTO A WELL.  
 HIM THE DAMN'D DOCTOR AND HIS FRIENDS IMMUR'D;  
 THEY BLEED, THEY CUFF'D, THEY PURG'D, IN SHORT THEY CUR'D;  
 WHEREAT THE GENTLEMAN BEGAN TO STARE——  
 'MY FRIENDS?' HE CRY'D: 'POX TAKE YE FOR YOUR CARE!  
 'THAT FROM A PATRIOT OF DISTINGUISH'D NOTE,  
 'HAVE BLEED AND PURG'D ME TO A SIMPLE VOTE.'

POPE.

THE unhappy force of an imagination, unguided by the check of reason and judgment, was the subject of former speculation. My reader may remember that he has seen in one of my papers a complaint of an unfortunate gentleman, who was unable to contain himself, when any ordinary matter was before him, from adding a few circumstances to enliven plain narrative. A correspondent was a person of too warm a complexion to be satisfied with going merely as they stood in nature, therefore formed incidents which should have happened to have pleased in the story. The same ungoverned fancy which pushed that correspondent in spite of himself, to relate public notorious falsehoods, makes the authors of the following letter do the same in private; one is a prating, the other a silent liar.

There is little pursued in the errors of any of these worthies, but mere pretence to amusement: but the folly of him

who lets his fancy place him in distant scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a belief, and defending his untruths with new inventions. But I shall hasten to let this liar in soliloquy, who calls himself a *Castle-Builder*, describe himself with the same unreservedness as formerly appeared in my correspondent above-mentioned. If a man were to be serious on this subject, he might give very grave admonitions to those who are following any thing in this life, on which they think to place their hearts, and tell them that they are really *Castle-Builders*. Fame, glory, wealth, honour, have in the prospect pleasing illusions; but they who come to possess any of them will find they are ingredients towards happiness, to be regarded only in the second place; and that when they are valued in the first degree, they are as disappointing as any of the phantoms in the following letter.

MR. SPECTATOR, SEPT. 6, 1711.

I Am a fellow of a very odd frame of mind, as you will find by the sequel; and think myself fool enough to deserve a place in your paper. I am unhappily far gone in building, and am one of that species of men who are properly denominated Castle-builders, who scorn to be beholden to the earth for a foundation, or dig in the bowels of it for materials; but erect their structures in the most unstable of elements, the air, fancy alone laying the line, marking the extent, and shaping the model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august palaces and stately porticos have grown under my forming imagination, or what verdant meadows and shady groves have started into being by the powerful feat of a warm fancy. A Castle-builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary sceptres, and delivered uncontrollable edicts, from a throne to which conquered nations yielded obedience. I have made I know not how many inroads into France, and ravaged the very heart of that kingdom; I have dined in the Louvre, and drank champagne at Versailles; and I would have you take notice, I am not only able to vanquish a people already cowed and accustomed to flight, but I could, Almonzor-like, drive the British general from the field, were I less a protestant, or had ever been affronted by the confederates. There is no art or profession, whose most celebrated masters I have not eclipsed. Wherever I have afforded my salutary presence, fevers have ceased to burn, and agues to shake the human fabric. When an eloquent fit has been upon me, an apt gesture and proper cadence has animated each sentence, and gazing crowds have found their passions worked up into rage, or soothed into a calm. I am short, and not very well made; yet upon sight of a fine woman, I have stretched into a proper stature, and killed with a good

air and mien. These are the toms that dance before my eyes, and compose my day; should be the most content man alive, were the chimerical which springs from the fancy less fleeting and transitory; alas! it is with grief of mind the least breath of wind has melted my magnificent edifice away my groves, and left me of them than if they had. My exchequer has sunk, as by a rap on my door, the friend has cost me a whole and in the same moment I pulled by the sleeve, my crown from my head. The ill consequence of these reveries is inconceivable; seeing the loss of imaginary makes impressions of real war; had oeconomy is visible and builders of invisible tenants advertisements of mislaid lapidations often cast a demon spirit, even in the infant when in all its splendor, gilds palaces. Add to this the piggery in building, and counting aerial trowels, distract the mind, and the fond builder is often cursed with an diversity and confusion of thought do not know to whom I can properly apply myself for relief from fantastical evil, than to yourself. I earnestly implore to account with a method how to settle and cool my brain-pan. As on Castle-building may not be viceable to myself, but all who display their skill in the moment. Such a favour would to make my next soliloquy, the praises of my dear friend, Spectator, who shall, by with this, make me his obliging servant,

T

N<sup>o</sup> CLXVIII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

PECTUS PRÆCEPTIS FORMAT AMICIS.

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. V. 128

FORMS THE SOFT BOSOM WITH THE GENTLEST ART.

POPE.

**I**T would be arrogance to neglect the application of my correspondents so far, as not sometimes to insert their animadversions upon my paper; that of this day shall be therefore wholly composed of the hints which they have sent me.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Send you this to congratulate your late choice of a subject, for treating on which you deserve public thanks; I mean that on those licensed tyrants the school-masters. If you can disarm them of their rods, you will certainly have your old age revered by all the young gentlemen of Great Britain who are now between seven and seventeen years. You may boast that the incomparably wise Quintilian and you are of one mind in this particular. '*Si cui esset,*' says he, '*meus tam illiberalis ut objurgatione non corrigeretur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessima quoque mancipia durabitur.*' i. e. 'If any child be of so dissingenuous a nature, as not to stand corrected by reproof, he, like the very worst of slaves, will be hardened even against blows themselves.' And afterwards, '*Pudet dicere in que probra nefandi homines isto cadendi jure abutantur.*' i. e. 'I blush to say how shamefully those wicked men abuse the power of correction.'

I was bred myself, Sir, in a very great school, of which the master was a Welshman, but certainly descended from a Spanish family, as plainly appeared from his temper as well as his name. I leave you to judge what a sort of a school-master a Welshman ingrafted on a Spaniard would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that although it is above twenty years since I felt his heavy hand, yet still once a month at least I dream of him, so strong an impression did he make on my mind. It is a sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

And yet I may say without vanity, that the business of the school was what I did without great difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the master's severity, that once a month, or oftener, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the law of the land for a petty larceny.

Many a white and tender hand, which the fond mother had passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped until it was covered with blood: perhaps for smiling, or for going a yard and half out of a gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O; these were our great faults! Many a brave and noble spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence, and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy attempt to undertake the cause of distressed youth; and it is a noble piece of knight-errantry to enter the lists against so many armed pedagogues. It is pity but we had a set of men, polite in their behaviour and method of teaching, who should be put into a condition of being above flattering or fearing the parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see learning become a pleasure, and children delighting themselves in that which now they abhor for coming upon such hard terms to them: what would be still a greater happiness arising from the care of such instructors, would be, that we should have no more pedants, nor any bred to learning who had not genius for it. I am, with the utmost sincerity, Sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

RICHMOND, SEPT. 5th, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Am a boy of fourteen years of age, and have for this last year been under the tuition of a doctor of divinity, who has taken the school of this place under his care. From the gentleman's great tenderness to me and friendship to my



my father, I am very happy in learning my book with pleasure. We never leave off our diversions any farther than to salute him at hours of play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harsh word; and we think it the greatest punishment in the world when he will not speak to any of us. My brother and I are both together inditing this letter: he is a year older than I am, but is now ready to break his heart that the doctor has not taken any notice of him these three days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my brother's earnest desire to be restored to his favour, he will again smile upon him.

Your most obedient servant,

T. S.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU have represented several sorts of impertinents singly, I wish you would now proceed, and describe some of them in sets. It often happens in public assemblies, that a party who came thither together, or whose impertinencies are of an equal pitch, act in concert, and are so full of themselves as to give disturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a set of whisperers who lay their heads together in order to sacrifice every body within their observation; sometimes a set of laughers, that keep up an insipid mirth in their own corner, and by their noise and gestures shew they have no respect for the rest of the company. You frequently meet with these sets at the opera, the play, the water-works, and other public meetings, where their whole business is to draw off the attention of the spectators from the entertainment, and to fix it upon themselves; and it is to be observed that the impertinence is ever

loudest, when the set happens to be up of three or four females who got what you call a woman's man them.

I am at a loss to know from people of fortune should learn their behaviour, unless it be from the few who keep their places at a new and are often seen passing away time in sets at all-fours in the full house, and with a perfect indifference to the people of quality sitting aside of them.

For preserving, therefore, the order of public assemblies, methinks it be but reasonable that those who others should pay at least a doubt for their places; or rather we birth and distinction should be lost that a levity of behaviour in the people of understanding degrade below their meanest attendants gentlemen should know that a dress is a livery, when the person who it discovers no higher sense than a footman. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

BEDFORDSHIRE, SEPT. 2

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am one of those who ever calls a poacher, and sometimes out to course with a brace of greyhounds, a mastiff, and a spaniel or two when I am weary with coursing have killed hares enough, go to house to refresh myself. I beg your favour of you, as you set up for a farmer, to send us word how many you will allow us to go with, how full-pots of ale to drink, and how hares to kill in a day, and you a great piece of service to all the men: be quick then, for the coursing is come on. Yours in

T ISAAC HEDDER

N<sup>o</sup> CLXIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

SIC VITA ERAT: FACILE OMNES PERFERRE AC PATI;  
 CUM QUIBUS ERAT CUNQUE UNA, HIS SESE DEDERE,  
 EORUM OBSEQUI STUDIIS: ADVERSUS NEMINI;  
 NUNCUAM PRÆPONENS SE ALIIS: ITA FACILLIME  
 SINE INVIDIA INVENIAS LAUDEM.

TER. ANDR. ACT. I. SC. I.

HIS MANNER OF LIFE WAS THIS: TO BEAR WITH EVERY BODY'S HUMOURS;  
 TO COMPLY WITH THE INCLINATIONS AND PURSUITS OF THOSE HE CON-  
 VERSED WITH; TO CONTRADICT NOBODY; NEVER TO ASSUME A SUPERIORITY  
 OVER OTHERS. THIS IS THE READY WAY TO GAIN APPLAUSE, WITHOUT  
 EXCITING ENVY.

**M**AN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity; and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the subject of this day's speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear it's appearance, and supply it's place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word Good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing *else but an imitation and mimicry of*

good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper, reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real good-nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to him who had made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated passage of Sallust, where Cæsar and Cato are placed in such beautiful, but opposite lights; Cæsar's character is chiefly made up of good-nature, as it shewed itself in all it's forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants or dependents, the guilty or the distressed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A Being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

This part of good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the public administrations of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons. First, because ill-nature among ordi-

nary observers passes for wit. A full saying gratifies so many persons in those who hear it, that they rally meet with a good reception; laugh rises upon it, and the utterer it is looked upon as a wit. This may be one reason why so great many pleasant company are so surprisingly dull, when they endeavour to be merry in public being more just than clubs or assemblies, in difference between what is wit and what is nature.

Another reason why the good man may sometimes bring question, is, perhaps, because he is to be moved with compassion for misfortunes or infirmities, rather would turn into ridicule that means gain the reputation. The ill-natured man, though equal parts, gives himself a little to expatiate in; he exposes the faults in human nature which the other cast a veil over, laughs at the other either excuses or gives utterance to reflections on other styles, falls indifferently on friends or enemies, exposes who has obliged him, and sticks at nothing that may be a character of a wit. It is therefore he succeeds in it; the man of humanity, as a tradesman makes use of indirect ways more likely to grow rich than a trader.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY BOYLE, ESQ.

SIR,

THE professed design of this work is to entertain its readers in general, without giving offence to any particular person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a patron for it as yourself, there being none whose merit is more universally acknowledged by all parties, and who has made himself more friends, and fewer enemies. Your great abilities, and unquestioned integrity, in those high employments which you have passed through, would not have been sufficient to have raised you this general approbation, had they not been accompanied with that moderation in an high fortune, and that affability of manners, which are so conspicuous through all parts of your life.

Your aversion to any ostentatious arts of setting to show those great services which you have done the public, has not likewise assisted and contributed to that universal acknowledgment which is paid you by your country.

THE consideration of this part of your character, is that which restrains me from enlarging on those extraordinary talents, which have raised you so great a figure in the British senate, as well as in that candour and politeness which appear in your more retired conversation.

I should be unpardonable, if, after what I have said, I should ever detain you with an address of this nature: I cannot, however, conclude it without owning those great obligations which you have laid upon,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.



# THE P E C T A T O R.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CLXX. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1711.

IN AMORE HÆC OMNIA INSUNT VITIA: INJURIAE,  
SUSPICIONES, INIMICITIAE, INDUCIAE,  
BELLUM, PAX RURSUS ———— TER. EUN. ACT. I. SC. 1.

THESE INCONVENIENCIES ARE INCIDENT TO LOVE: REPROACHES, JEALOUSIES, QUARRELS, RECONCILEMENTS, WAR, AND THEN PEACE.

ON looking over the letters of y female correspondents, I find from women complaining of jealous husbands, and at the same time of their own innocence; and deny advice on this occasion. I therefore take this subject into my station; and the more willingly, I find that the Marquis of Halifax, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, instructed a wife how to behave towards a false, an intemperate, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a husband.

*Why is that pain which a man feels in the apprehension that he is not beloved by the person whom he loves.* Now because our passions and inclinations can never themselves visible, it is impossible for a man to be thoroughly cured of suspicions. His thoughts hang in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never capable of giving any satisfaction on the advantage; so that his inquiries are incessant when they discover none. His pleasure arises from his discontents, and his life is spent in a secret that destroys his happiness; he chance to find it.

Constant love is always a strong incentive in this passion; for the same affection which keeps up the jealous man's

desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real, and the satisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves: he would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's request to his mistress upon his leaving her for three days, is imitatively beautiful and natural.

*Cum milite isto praesens, absens ut sis:  
Dies noctesque me amet: me desideres:  
Me somniet: me expectet: de me cogitet:  
Me speret: me te oblectet: mecum tota sis:  
Meus fac sis postremum animus, quando ego sum tuus.* TER. EUN. ACT. I. SC. 2.

When you are in company with that soldier, behave as if you were absent: but continue to love me by day and by night: want me; dream of me; expect me; think of me; wish for me; delight in me; be wholly with

with me: in short, be my very soul, as I am your's.

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all he takes into it's own nourishment. A cool behaviour sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be cheerful, her thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking of himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery: so that if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred, than an excessive love; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to ingross; and that for these two reasons, because it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their sufferings, and endeavour to soothe and assuage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations

that directed the wife mentioned in the story to husbands. "Be not jealous of your wife of thy bosom, and teach it an evil lesson against thyself."

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we usually observe that none are more mourners than jealous men, who person who provoked their jealousy taken from them. Then it is that love breaks out furiously, and takes off all the mixtures of suspicion choaked and smothered it before. beautiful parts of the character permit in the jealous husband; memory, and upbraid him with the usage of so divine a creature as was in his possession; whilst all the little perfections, that were before so precious to him, wear off from his remembrance and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of serious dispositions; and these we may find these kinds most over-run with it.

The first are those who are conscious to themselves of any infirmity, whether it be weakness, old-age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men, well acquainted with the unamiable of themselves, that they have no confidence to think they are really loved; and are so distrustful of their merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, looks like a jest upon their part. They grow suspicious on their first meeting in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle in a handsome fellow immediately shun them, and every thing that looks or gay turns their thoughts upon wives.

A second sort of men, who are liable to this passion, are those of a suspicious, wary, and distrustful temper. It is a fault very justly found in those composed by politicians, that they are nothing to chance or humour, still for deriving every action from plot or contrivance, for drawing perpetual scheme of causes and effects, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the cabinet. And thus it happens in affairs of love with men of too much thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in every smile.

nds and actions; and are ever torturing themselves with fancies of their raising. They generally act in a false themselves, and therefore mislead outward shows and appearances, to cry in others; so that I believe men see less of the truth and of things, than these great reputations, who are so wonderfully subtle and over-wise in their positions.

What these men fancy they know men by reflection, your lewd and these men believe they have learned experience. They have seen the husband so misled by tricks and lies, and in the midst of his insinuations so lost and bewildered in a crook-trigue, that they still suspect an -plot in every female action; and ally when they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, it to fancy it proceeds from the design in both. These men therefore stand upon the suspected party, pursue close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace, to be flung off by false steps or doubles: besides, their continuance and conversation has lain long among the vicious part of mankind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look on the whole sex as a species of sinners. But if, notwithstanding their late experience, they can get over prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of some women; yet their loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them be all men subject to the same insinuations with themselves.

Whether these or other motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern histories of America, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealousy is no northern passion, but rages most in those nations that lie nearest the influence of the sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropicks; for there lie the hottest regions of jealousy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, until you scarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the violence of this passion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in their constitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt: besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love in jealousy, as is well worth the separating. But this shall be the subject of another paper.

L

## NO CLXXI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

CREDULA RES AMOR EST—

OID. MET. VII. VER. 826.

THE MAN WHO LOVES IS EASY OF BELIEF.

HAVING in my yesterday's paper discovered the nature of jealousy, pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to my fair correspondents, who desire to live well with a jealous husband, to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The first rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike

in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications, he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a satire on himself out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the person, but to direct the character; and is secretly pleased or con-founded



founded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The commendation of any thing in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shews you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by Horace in his ode to Lydia.

*Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi  
Cervicem roscam, et ceres Telephi.  
Landas brachia, vae meum  
Fervens diffidili bile tumet jecur  
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color  
Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas  
Furtim labitur, arguens  
Quàm lentis pectus maceretur ignibus.*

OD. XIII. LIB. I.

When Telephus his youthful charms,  
His rosy neck and winding arms,  
With endless rapture you recite,  
And in the pleasing name delight;  
My heart, inflam'd by jealous beats,  
With numberless resentments beats;  
From my pale cheek the colour flies,  
And all the man within me dies:  
By turns my hidden grief appears  
In rising sighs and falling tears,  
That shew too well the warm desires,  
The silent, slow, consuming fires,  
Which on my inmost vitals prey,  
And melt my very soul away.

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raise it; and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If, therefore, his temper be grave or sullen; you must not be too much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay or diverting. If his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation

with him, and to let in light on all his actions, to unravel all your secret, however indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and smiles, and if he does not see the bottom of every thing, will be beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be kept out of a secret, and where he finds he is more in it than there should be, here it is of great concern, that serve the character of your fine form and of a piece: for if he or false gloss put upon any single quickly suspects all the rest; his imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with several remote consequences, unproved very ingenious in your own misfortune.

If both these methods fail, the way will be to let him see you cast down and afflicted for the sake of him he entertains of you, and the troubles he himself suffers for you. There are many who take a barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, and insult over their heart, and triumph in their weakness which are able to excite so easily.

*Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet.*  
JUV. SAT. VI.

Though equal pains her peace of mind  
A lover's torments give her spite

But these often carry the humor until their affected coldness and reserve quite kills all the fond lover, and are then sure to misbehave with all the contempt and insolence due to so insolent a behavior. On the contrary, it is very probable that a melancholy, dejected carriage, the effects of injured innocence, in the jealous husband into him sensible of the wrong he has done, and work out of his mind all the doubts and suspicions that make you unhappy. At least it will have the effect, that he will keep his grief to himself, and repine in private, because he is sensible it is a weak cause he will therefore hide it from you, or because he will be so some ill effect it may produce on your love towards him.

is still another secret that can be used, if you can once get it before you, and which is often practised by persons of greater cunning than virtue. To change sides for a while with your man, and to turn his own words upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to use the example he himself hath

. This counterfeited jealousy gives him a great deal of pleasure, and makes it real; for he knows exactly how much love goes along with his passion, and will besides feel the satisfaction of revenge, and you undergo all his own torments. But this, indeed, is an artifice, and at the same time so dissimulated, that it ought never to be practised but by such as have skill to cover the deceit, and to render it excusable.

I conclude this essay with the story of Herod and Mariamne, as I selected it out of Josephus; which serves almost as an example to what may be said on this subject.

Mariamne had all the charms that birth, wit, and youth, could give a woman; and Herod all the love which charms are able to raise in a man of an amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for Mariamne, he ordered her brother to death, as he did not many years after. The story of the action was represented to Mark Antony, who immediately sent Herod into Egypt, to answer a crime that was there laid to his charge.

Herod attributed the summons to Mark Antony's desire for Mariamne, whom he, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, and gave private orders to put her to death, and such violence was offered to him. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation, and ended with all his art and rhetoric, in the excess of Herod's passion.

But when he still found her cold and tedious, he inconsiderately told her a certain instance of her lord's passion, the private orders he had left her, which plainly shewed, according to Joseph's interpretation, that she neither live nor die without his barbarous instance of a wild and insatiable passion quite put out, for those little remains of affection which he had for her lord; her thoughts

were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Antony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This, therefore, was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when amidst all his sighs and languishings she asked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joseph were an instance of such an inflamed affection. The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare Mariamne.

After this he was forced on a second journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel him. In the mean while Mariamne so won upon Sohemus by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him, with which Herod had intrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him; Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered

answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack: who in the extremity of his tortures confessed, that his mistress's aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had

before him on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations, which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

## Nº CLXXII. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

NON SOLEM SCIENTIA, QUÆ EST, REMOTA A JUSTITIA, CREDIBILITAS POTIUS QUAM SAPIENTIA EST APPELLANDA; VERUM ETIAM ANIMUS PARATUS AD PERICULUM, SI SUA CUPIDITATE, NON UTILITATE COMMUNE, IMPELLATUR, AUDACIÆ, POTIUS NOMEN HABEAT, QUAM FORTITUDINIS.

PLATO APUD TULL.

AS KNOWLEDGE, WITHOUT JUSTICE, OUGHT TO BE CALLED CUNNING, RATHER THAN WISDOM; IS A MIND PREPARED TO MEET DANGER, IF ECITED BY IT'S OWN EAGERNESS, AND NOT THE PUBLIC GOOD, DESERVES THE NAME OF AUDACITY, RATHER THAN OF COURAGE.

**T**HERE can be no greater injury to human society than that good talents among men should be held honourable to those who are endowed with them without any regard how they are applied. The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue, or governed by the rules of honour. We ought to abstract our minds from the observation of any excellence in those we converse with, until we have taken some notice, or received some good information of the disposition of their minds; otherwise the beauty of their persons, or the charms of their wit, may make us fond of those whom our reason and judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we suffer ourselves to be thus carried away by mere beauty, or mere wit, Omnimante, with all her vice, will bear away as much of our good-will as the most innocent virgin or discreetest matron; and there cannot be a more ab-

ject slavery in this world than to date upon what we think we ought to condemn: yet this must be our condition in all the parts of life, if we suffer ourselves to approve any thing but what tends to the promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true pains with ourselves to consider all things by the light of reason and justice, though a man were in the height of youth and amorous inclinations, he would look upon a coquette with the same contempt or indifference as he would upon a coxcomb: the wanton carriage in a woman would disappoint her of the admiration which she aims at; and the vain dress or discourse of a man would destroy the comeliness of his shape, or goodness of his understanding. I say the goodness of his understanding, for it is no less common to see men of sense become coxcombs, than beautiful women become immodest. When this happens in either, the fa-

om nature should abate in proportion. But however just it is to measure the value of men by the application of their talents, and not by the emission of those qualities abstracted from use; I say, however just such a judging is, in all ages as well as in this, the contrary has prevailed upon the generality of mankind. How many artifices have been preserved from one age to another, which had perished as they were made, if painters and sculptors had been esteemed as for the purpose as for the execution of their designs? Modest and well-regulated imaginations have by this lost the representations of ten thousand charming portraitures, filled with images of innate truth, generous courageous faith, and tender humanity; instead of which, satyrs, furies, and monsters, are recommended by those to a shameful eternity.

The unjust application of laudable qualities is tolerated in the general opinion of men, not only in such cases as are mentioned, but also in matters which concern ordinary life. If a lawyer be esteemed only as he uses his talents in contending for justice, and is immediately despicable when he is employed in a cause which he could not otherwise win, was an unjust one, how would his character be? and how honourable is it in such among us, to follow the profession no otherwise, but labouring to protect the injured, to sue the oppressor, to imprison the debtor, and do right to the painficer; but many of this excellent sort are overlooked by the greater sort; who affect covering a weak client's title, diverting the issue of an inquiry, or finding a skilful way to palliate a falsehood; yet it is called eloquence in the latter, and thus unjustly employed: but re- in an assassin is according to quite as laudable, as knowledge and force exercised in the defence of a cause.

the intention steadfastly consists in the measure of approbation, and would soon be out of countenance; and an address in imposing language, would be as contemptible as another. A man of courtiers making professions of friendship, would make the same figure as a man of promise, as two knights

of the post convicted of perjury. But conversation is fallen so low in point of morality, that as they say in a bargain — 'Let the buyer look to it;' so in friendship, he is the man in danger who is most apt to believe: he is the more likely to suffer in the commerce, who begins with the obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But those men only are truly great, who place their ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the conscience of worthy enterprises, than in the prospect of glory which attends them. These exalted spirits would rather be secretly the authors of events which are serviceable to mankind, than, without being such, to have the public fame of it. Where therefore an eminent merit is robbed by artifice or detraction, it does but increase by such endeavours of its enemies: the impotent pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a crowd to the injury of a single person, will naturally produce the contrary effect; the fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother what they cannot extinguish.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the possession of true glory, which is, to hear the opposers of it with patience, and preserve the virtue by which it was acquired. When a man is thoroughly persuaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his duty, it is not in the power of seasons, persons or accidents, to diminish his value. He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favour. This is indeed an arduous task; but it should comfort a glorious spirit that it is the highest step to which human nature can arrive. Triumph, applause, acclamation, are dear to the mind of man; but it is still a more exquisite delight to say to yourself, you have done well, than to hear the whole human race pronounce you glorious, except you yourself can join with them in your own reflections. A mind thus equal and uniform may be deserted by little fashionable admirers and followers, but will ever be had in reverence by souls like itself. The branches of the oak endure all the seasons of the year, though its leaves fall off in autumn; and these too will be restored with the returning spring. T

## N° CLXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER

—REMOVE FERA MONSTRA, TURQUE  
SAXIFICOS VULTUS, QUACUNQUE EA, TOLLIT MEDUSÆ.  
OVID. MET. LIB. V.

REMOVE THAT HORRID MONSTER, AND TAKE HENCE  
MEDUSA'S PETRIFYING COUNTENANCE.

IN a late paper I mentioned the project of an ingenious author for the erecting of several handicraft prizes to be contended for by our British artificers, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our several manufactures. I have since that been very much surpris'd with the following advertisement which I find in the Post-Boy of the eleventh instant, and again repeated in the Post-Boy of the fifteenth.

ON the ninth of October next will be run for upon Colehill Heath in Warwickshire, a plate of six guineas value, three heats, by any horse, mare, or gelding, that shall not won above the value of five pounds, the winning horse to be sold for ten pounds, to carry ten stone weight, if fourteen hands high; if above or under, to carry or be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered Friday the fifteenth at the Swan in Colehill, before six in the evening. Also a plate of less value to be run for by asses. The same day a gold ring to be grinn'd for by men.

The first of these diversions that is to be exhibited by the ten pounds race-horses, may probably have it's use; but the two last in which the asses and men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep running asses at Colehill, or how making mouths turns to account in Warwickshire, more than in any other parts of England, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the olympick games, and do not find any thing in them like an ass-race, or a match at grinning. However it be, I am inform'd that several asses are now kept in body-clothes, and sweated every morning upon the heath, and that all the country-fellows within ten miles of the Swan, grin an hour or two in their gables every morning, in order to qualify themselves for the ninth of October. The prize, which is propos'd

to be grinn'd for, has ra ambition among the comr out-grinning one another very discerning persons should spoil most of the country; and that a War will be known by his grin Catholics imagine a Kent his tail. The gold ring the prize of deformity, is j of the golden apple that made the prize of beauty carry for it's posy the o verted,

*Detur tetriari*

Or to accommodate it to t the combatants,

The frightfull'st grin  
Be the winner.

In the mean while I w Dutch painter to be prefer controversy of faces, in a collection of the mol grins that shall there be ex

I must not here omit which I lately received of grinning-matches from a g upon reading the above-vertilement, entertained th with the following narrati taking of Namure, amid rejoicings made on that o was a gold ring given by of peace to be grinn'd fi competitor that entered tl black swarthy Frenchma dentally pass'd that way, man naturally of a wither hard features, promised success. He was plac'd u the great point of view, upon the company like Mil

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly

His muscles were so d on each side of his face, twenty teeth at a giv





some pain, left a foreigner yaway the honour of the day; farther trial they found he only of the merry grin.

That mounted the table was ent in those days, and a great re whole art of grinning, but r excelled in the angry grin. part so well, that he is said to half a dozen women mis- the justice being apprised by od near him, that the fellow d in his face was a Jacobite, unwilling that a disaffected ild win the gold ring, and upon as the best grinner in ; he ordered the oaths to be to him upon his quitting the b the grinner refusing, he le as an unqualified person.

Several other grotesque si- presented themselves, which too tedious to describe. I owever omit a ploughman, in the farther part of the d being very lucky in a pair horn jaws, wrung his face hideous grimace, that every : appeared under a different The whole company stood 2 such a complicated grin, eady to assign the prize to not been proved by one of ifts, that he had practised e for some days before, and ound upon him at the very ning; upon which the best inning declared it as their t he was not to be looked r grinner, and therefore or- be set aside as a cheat.

it seems fell at length upon

a cobbler, Giles Gorgon by name, who produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance, at the second he became the face of a spout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth the head of a bals viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins, and the applauses which he received on all sides, that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobbler having made use of it as his wedding-ring.

This paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner the *Human Face Divine*, and turning that part of us, which has so great an image impressed upon it, into the image of a monkey; whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common people's heads with such senseless ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and pre-eminence, has not in it something immoral as well as ridiculous. L

## KXIV. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

C MEMINI ET VICTUM FRUSTRA CONTENDERE THYRSIN.

VIRG. ECL. VII. VER. 69.

THESE RHYMES I DID TO MEMORY COMMEND,

WHEN VANQUISH'D THYRSIS DID IN VAIN CONTEND. DRYDEN.

It is scarce any thing more than animosities between cannot subsist but by their this was well represented in of the members of the hu- the old Roman fable. It case of lesser confederate

states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety: and this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of Great Britain: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed



man cannot be cloathed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing, that Carthaginian faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise; that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: the means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud or cozenage: and indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to over-reach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can their great and noble be expected from him whose attention is forever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expences? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbours?

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbour to their own happiness; and on the other side, he who is the less at his ease, repines at the other, who he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill nature; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honour; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters or the way in their respective motions.

'It is very well, good captain,' interrupted Sir Andrew: 'you may at-

tempt to turn the discourse if you fit; but I must however have or two with Sir Roger, who thinks he has paid me off, very severe upon the merchant shall not,' continued he, 'at remind Sir Roger of the noble monuments of charity: lic spirit, which have been erected by merchants since the Reformation at present content myself with he allows us, parsimony and If it were consistent with the of so ancient a baronet as Sir to keep an account, or measure by the most infallible way, numbers, he would prefer money to his hospitality. If so many hogheads is to be had we do not contend for the that virtue; but it would while to consider, whether artificers at work ten days by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir charge, are the men more likely to believe the families of the artists thank me, more than the honest peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place above the necessity or obligation of bounty. I am in very little of the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans their professed enemies: I am sorry no Carthaginian history come to our hands; we have been taught perhaps by the proverbs against the Romans in fighting for and bestowing people's goods. But since I have taken occasion from an proverb to be out of humour with merchants, it should be no offence to one not quite so old in their When a man happens to Holland, they say of him that he has not kept true accounts phrase, perhaps among us, to appear a lost or humorous way of speaking, but with that exactness bears the highest reproach; to be mistaken in the calculation of his expence, in his ability to meet future demands, or to be miserably sanguine in putting his money to too great adventure, are all of as much infamy as with relations to be failing in courage or dishonesty.

rs are so much the measure  
 hing that is valuable, that it  
 fible to demonstrate the suc-  
 y action, or the prudence of  
 taking, without them. I say  
 answer to what Sir Roger is  
 say, that little that is truly  
 be expected from one who  
 oring on his cash-book, or  
 his accounts. When I  
 returns from abroad, I can  
 killing, by the help of num-  
 profit or loss by my adven-  
 I ought also to be able to  
 I had reason for making it,  
 on my own experience, or  
 her people, or from a reason-  
 imption that my returns will  
 ent to answer my expence and  
 and this is never to be done  
 the skill of numbers. For  
 if I am to trade to Turkey,  
 beforehand to know the de-  
 our manufactures there, as  
 f their silks in England, and  
 many prices that are given  
 in each country. I ought to  
 ear knowledge of these mat-  
 rehband, that I may presume  
 ficient returns to answer the  
 f the cargo I have fitted out,  
 ht and assurance out and  
 e customs to the Queen, and  
 est of my own money, and  
 ll these expences, a reason-  
 it to myself. Now what is  
 scandal in this skill? What  
 merchant done that he should  
 be in the good graces of Sir

He throws down no man's  
 a, and tramples upon no  
 or; he takes nothing from  
 furious labourer; he pays the  
 n for his work; he commu-  
 nis profit with mankind; by  
 ration of his cargo, and the  
 ture of his returns, he fur-  
 nishment and subsistence to  
 numbers than the richest no-  
 and even the nobleman is

' obliged to him for finding out foreign  
 ' markets for the produce of his estate,  
 ' and for making a great addition to  
 ' his rents; and yet it is certain, that  
 ' none of all these things could be done  
 ' by him without the exercise of his  
 ' skill in numbers.

' This is the oeconomy of the mer-  
 ' chant; and the conduct of the gentle-  
 ' man must be the same, unless by  
 ' scorning to be the steward, he resolves  
 ' the steward shall be the gentleman.  
 ' The gentleman, no more than the mer-  
 ' chant, is able, without the help of  
 ' numbers, to account for the success of  
 ' any action, or the prudence of any  
 ' adventure. If, for instance, the chase  
 ' is his whole adventure, his only re-  
 ' turns must be the stag's horns in the  
 ' great hall, and the fox's nose upon  
 ' the stable door. Without doubt Sir  
 ' Roger knows the full value of these  
 ' returns; and if beforehand he had  
 ' computed the charges of the chase, a  
 ' gentleman of his discretion would cer-  
 ' tainly have hanged up all his dogs,  
 ' he would never have brought back so  
 ' many fine horses to the kennel, he  
 ' would never have gone so often, like  
 ' a black, over fields of corn. If such  
 ' too had been the conduct of all his  
 ' ancestors, he might truly have boasted  
 ' at this day, that the antiquity of his  
 ' family had never been sullied by a  
 ' trade; a merchant had never been per-  
 ' mitted with his whole estate to pur-  
 ' chase a room for his picture in the  
 ' gallery of the Coverleys, or to claim  
 ' his descent from the maid of honour.  
 ' But it is very happy for Sir Roger that  
 ' the merchant paid so dear for his am-  
 ' bition. It is the misfortune of many  
 ' other gentlemen to turn out of the  
 ' seats of their ancestors, to make way  
 ' for such new masters as have been  
 ' more exact in their accounts than  
 ' themselves; and certainly he deserves  
 ' the estate a great deal better, who has  
 ' got it by his industry, than he who  
 ' has lost it by his negligence.'

T

**PROXIMUS A TECTIS IONIS DEFENDITUR: MORI**

OVID. REM. AM.

**TO SAVE YOUR HOUSE FROM NEIGHBORING FIRE IS EASY:**

and shut or open her casement four times in a minute. When almost wearied myself from the came in her shift-sleeves, and drew the window. I had no way left but to let down my curtains, which I did to though it considerably darkened my room, and was pleased to think I had at last got the better of her. I was surprised the next morning to find her talking out of her window across the street, with another woman that lodged over me: I am since informed that she made her a visit, and acquainted with her within three days after the fall of my window-curtains.

Sir, I am plagued every morning the day, one way or other, in the chambers; and the Jezebel has satisfaction to know, that though not looking at her, I am listen her impertinent dialogues that pass my head. I would immediately my lodgings, but that I think it look like a plain confession that conquered; and besides this, I in that most quarters of the town, fested with these creatures. I am so, I am sure it is such an ab a lover of learning and silence as take notice of. I am, Sir.

I Am a young gentleman of a compe-  
tent fortune, and a sufficient taste of  
learning, to spend five or six hours every  
day very agreeably among my books.  
That I might have nothing to divert me  
from my studies, and to avoid the noises  
of coachmen and chairmen, I have taken  
lodgings in a very narrow street not far  
from Whitehall; but it is my misfor-  
tune to be so posted, that my lodgings  
are directly opposite to those of a Jezebel.  
You are to know, Sir, that a Jezebel  
(so called by the neighbourhood  
from displaying her pernicious charms  
at her window) appears constantly dressed  
at her fish, and has a thousand little  
tricks and fooleries to attract the eyes of  
all the idle young fellows in the neigh-  
bourhood. I have seen more than six  
persons at once from their several win-  
dows observing the Jezebel I am now  
complaining of. I at first looked on  
her myself with the highest contempt;  
could divert myself with her airs for  
half an hour, and afterwards take up  
my Plutarch with great tranquillity of  
mind; but was a little vexed to find that  
in less than a month she had considera-  
bly stolen upon my time, so that I re-  
solved to look at her no more. But the  
Jezebel, who, as I suppose, might think  
it a diminution to her honour, to have  
the number of her gazers lessened, re-  
solved not to part with me so, and be-  
gan to play so many new tricks at her  
window, that it was impossible for me  
to forbear observing her. I verily be-  
lieve she put herself to the expense of a  
new wax-baby on purpose to plague me;  
she used to dandle and play with this  
figure as impertinently as if it had been  
a real child: sometimes she would let  
't a glove or a pin-cushion in the street,

I am afraid, by some lines in the letter, that my young student is troubled with a distemper which he hardly tolerates to dream of, and is too far gone to receive advice. However, I shall inter-meddle in due time on the abuse he mentions, having myself observed that of Jezebels near the Temple, and make it their diversion to draw the eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stare at an unlucky gutter which runs down the window.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have lately read the conclusion  
your forty-  
Butts with gr

oughly persuaded that gentlemen is extremely necessary in conversation. I had it last week upon the person to whom I make my appeal. Several of our friends of the party diverted the company in the new my mistress in particular for raillery, I took celebrated Butts in town.

It is with the utmost confusion that I must acknowledge the sequel of my address as we were got into the sentence or two at my thought very smart, when who I verily believe indirectly for my destruction, such a reply, as got all his side. I was dashed a turn; which the Butt lived not to let me recollect pursuing his victory, and me in a most unmerciful manner until we

I had some small success were eating cheesecakes: one, he renewed his attorney good-fortune, and to the whole company. I must ingenuously own so handled in all my complaint my misfortune, I at the Butt, flushed with, has made a visit or two of my wishes, so that danger of losing all my wit, and my mistress into This, Sir, is a true account of my troubles, which you obliged to assist me in, as itself in a great measure the by recommending to us and not instructing us at how to play upon it.

Thinking whether it might be convenient that all Butts in inscription affixed to their bodies, shewing on are to be come at, and that they are persons of whom there should be some means to reform the world at what to attack them, and when to let them alone. But, subscribers to your more instruction, I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

*Ad, seen and heard of several gentlemen under the same*

misfortune with my present correspondent. The best rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like calamities for the future, is thoroughly to consider not only whether their companions are weak, but whether themselves are wits.

The following letter comes to me from Exeter, and being credibly informed that what it contains is matter of fact, I shall give it my reader as it was sent me.

EXETER, SEPT. 7.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU were pleased in a late speculation to take notice of the inconvenience we lie under in the country, in not being able to keep pace with the fashion: but there is another misfortune which we are subject to, and is no less grievous than the former, which has hitherto escaped your observation. I mean, the having things palmed upon us for London fashions, which were never once heard of there.

A lady of this place had some time since a box of the newest ribbons sent down by the coach: whether it was her own malicious invention, or the wantonness of a London milliner, I am not able to inform you; but among the rest, there was one cherry-coloured ribbon, consisting of about half a dozen yards, made up in the figure of a small head-dress. The aforesaid lady had the assurance to affirm, amidst a circle of female inquisitors, who were present at the opening of the box, that this was the newest fashion worn at court. Accordingly the next Sunday we had several females, who came to church with their heads dressed wholly in ribbons, and looked like so many victims ready to be sacrificed. This is still a reigning mode among us. At the same time we have a set of gentlemen who take the liberty to appear in all public places without any buttons to their coats, which they supply with several little silver hasps, though our freshest advices from London make no mention of any such fashion; and we are something shy of affording matter to the button-makers for a second petition.

What I would humbly propose to the public is, that there may be a society erected in London, to consist of the most skilful persons of both sexes, for the inspection of modes and fashions; and that hereafter no person or persons shall presume to appear singularly habited in any

any part of the country, without a testimonial from the aforesaid society, that their dress is answerable to the mode at London. By this means, Sir, we shall know a little whereabouts we are.

If you could bring this matter to

bear, you would very much oblige great numbers of your country friends, and amongst the rest, your very humble servant,

JACK MODISH.

X

## Nº CLXXVI. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

PARVULA, PUMILIO, χαλκίται, μίλα, ΤΟΤΑ ΜΕΡΟΝ ΣΑΛ.

LUCE. L. IV. VER. 1155.

A LITTLE, PRETTY, WITTY, CHARMING ONE!

**T**HERE are in the following letter, matters, which I, a bachelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with; therefore shall not pretend to explain upon it until farther consideration, but leave the author of the epistle to express his condition his own way.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Do not deny but you appear in many of your papers to understand human life pretty well; but there are very many things which you cannot possibly have a true notion of, in a single life; these are such as respect the married state; otherwise I cannot account for your having overlooked a very good sort of people, which are commonly called in scorn the Hen-peckt. You are to understand that I am one of those innocent mortals who suffer derision under that word, for being governed by the best of wives. It would be worth your consideration to enter into the nature of affection itself, and tell us, according to your philosophy, why it is that our Dears should do what they will with us, shall be froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes whine, at others rail, then swoon away, then come to life, have the use of speech to the greatest fluency imaginable, and then sink away again, and all because they fear we do not love them enough; that is, the poor things love us so heartily, that they cannot think it possible we should be able to love them in so great a degree, which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a true good-natured man, whom rakes and libertines call Hen-peckt, shall fall into all these different moods with his dear life, and at the same time see they are wholly put on; and yet not be hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good creature that she is an hypocrite.

This sort of good men is very frequent

in the populous and wealthy city of London, and is the true Hen-peckt man; the kind creature cannot break through his kindnesses so far as to come to an explanation with the tender soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease her when she is not angry, and to give her his cash when he knows she does not want it; rather than be uneasy for a whole month, which is computed by hard-hearted men, the space of time which a froward woman takes to come to herself, if you have courage to stand out.

There are indeed several other species of the Hen-peckt, and in my opinion they are certainly the best subjects the Queen has; and for that reason I take it to be your duty to keep us above contempt.

I do not know whether I make myself understood in the representation of an hen-peckt life, but I shall take leave to give you an account of myself, and my own spouse. You are to know that I am reckoned no fool, have on several occasions been tried whether I will take ill-usage, and the event has been to my advantage; and yet there is not such a slave in Turkey as I am to my Dear. She has a good share of wit, and it what you call a very pretty, agreeable woman. I perfectly dote on her, and my affection to her gives me all the anxieties imaginable but that of jealousy. My being thus confident of her, I take, as much as I can judge of my heart, to be the reason, that whatever she does, though it be never so much against my inclination, there is still left something in her manner that is amiable. She will sometimes look at me with an assumed grandeur, and pretend to resent that I have not her opinion in my pany.

is in, and then she pretends she is a child. In a word, our friend is, which has the superiority of understanding. She is forming an argument of defence which I very indolently answer—'All the world but what I have as much sense as I.' I repeat to her, 'Indeed pretty.' Upon this there is no more to be said. She will throw down any thing and stamp and pull off her head—'Fy, my dear,' say I; 'how can a woman of your sense fall into intemperate rage?' This is an argument which never fails. 'Indeed, no,' says she, 'you make me sometimes, so you do, with the silly way you have of treating me like a child.' Well, what have I got to do with her into good humour? No, that I must convince her of my opinion by my practice; and to give her possession of my money, and, for a day and a night, disliking all she dislikes, every thing she approves. I am so fond of this darling, that I can see any of my friends, and am in all companies until I see her. And when I come home she is so angry because she says she is sure I am so fond of her only because I think her so. I dare not upon this occasion; but though I am one of the churchmen in the kingdom, I am so to rail at the times, because of the violent whig. Upon this we are so long, that she is content to let her for her wisdom. It is a practice with me to ask her opinion concerning the constitution of the answers me in general Harrington's Oceana: then I tell her strange memory, and her immediately locked in mine. Upon her in this temper she plays the fool, sometimes dancing in the room, sometimes striking the spinnet, varying her posture

and her charms in such a manner that I am in continual pleasure: she will play the fool, if I allow her to be wise; but if she suspects I like her for trifling, she immediately grows grave.

These are the toils in which I am taken, and I carry off my servitude as well as most men; but my application to you is in behalf of the Hen-peckt in general, and I desire a dissertation from you in defence of us. You have, as I am informed, very good authorities in our favour, and hope you will not omit the mention of the renowned Socrates, and his philosophic resignation to his wife Xantippe. This would be a very good office to the world in general, for the Hen-peckt are powerful in their quality and numbers, not only in cities but in courts; in the latter they are ever the most obsequious, in the former the most wealthy of all men. When you have considered wedlock thoroughly, you ought to enter into the suburbs of matrimony, and give us an account of the thralldom of kind keepers, and irresolute lovers; the keepers who cannot quit their fair ones, though they see their approaching ruin; the lovers who dare not marry, though they know they never shall be happy without the mistresses whom they cannot purchase on other terms.

What will be a great embellishment to your discourse, will be, that you may find instances of the haughty, the proud, the frolic, the stubborn, who are each of them in secret downright slaves to their wives or mistresses. I must beg of you in the last place to dwell upon this, that the wise and valiant in all ages have been Hen-peckt: and that the sturdy tempers who are not slaves to affection, owe that exemption to their being intrahled by ambition, avarice, or some meaner passion. I have ten thousand things more to say, but my wife sees me writing, and will, according to custom, be consulted, if I do not seal this immediately. Yours,

T NATHANIEL HENPECKT.

## Nº CLXXVII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

—QUI ENIM BONUS, AUT FACE DIGNUS  
ARCANA, QUALEM CERERIS VULT ESSE SACERDOS,  
ULLA ALIENA SIBI CREDAT MALA?—

JUV. SAT. XV. VER. 145.

WHO CAN ALL SENSE OF OTHERS ILLS ESCAPE,  
IS BUT A BRUTE, AT BEST, IN HUMAN SHAPE.

TATE.

**I**N one of my last week's papers I treated of good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution; I shall now speak of it as it is a moral virtue. The first may make a man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is no more to be proud upon this account, than because he has a regular pulse or a good digestion. This good-nature however is the constitution, which Mr. Dryden somewhere calls a 'Milkiness of blood,' an admirable groundwork for the other. In order therefore to try our good-nature, whether it arises from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational part of our nature; in a word, whether it be such as is suited to any otherward, besides that secret satisfaction and contentment of mind which is essential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we must examine it by the following rules.

First, whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir Francis Bacon mentions a cunning solicitor, who would never ask a favour of a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a transient temporary good-nature as this, is not that philanthropy, that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his good-nature to the test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the rules of reason and duty: for if, notwithstanding it's general benevolence to

mankind, it makes no distinction between its objects, if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the deserving and undeserving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives itself up to the first petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may pass for an amiable instinct, but must not assume the name of a moral virtue.

The third trial of good-nature will be, the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience which may arise to ourselves from it: in a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our fortune, our reputation, or health, or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of good-nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of charity, as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times and in every place.

I should propose it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than sufficient for the necessities of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to him who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an example than by a rule.

Engenius is a man of an universal good-nature, and generous beyond the  
extent

fortune; but withal so prudence and economy of his affairs, that what is done in charity is made up by what is gained. Eugenius has what he calls two hundred pounds a year, but he never values himself above not thinking he has a right to it, which he always applies to charitable uses. To this he is so much attached, that he is content to make other voluntary contributions, in so much that in a good year he accounts those in which he is able to make greater bounty. In ordinary, he has given above £100 to the sickly and indigent. He describes to himself many pleasures of fasting and abstinence, to increase his private bank of good deeds. He sets aside what would be the expences of those times for the poor. He often goes afoot, when business calls him, and at the same time has given a shilling, for the ordinary methods of exchange have gone for coach-hire, for a necessitous person that has no way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an assembly, the money which was de-  
 ated for purpose, upon an object he has met with in the street, afterwards pass his evening in use, or at a friend's fire-side, to receive greater satisfaction to himself than he has received from the most diverting entertainments of the theatre.

Thus he is generous, without hurting himself, and enjoys his earnings as the property of others. There are few men so cramped in their views, who may not be charitable in manner, without any disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to others. It is but sometimes a diversion or convenience to turn the usual course of things into a better channel. It is not only the most prudent, but the most meritorious, of charity, which we can practice. By this method we in-  
 share the necessities of the same time that we relieve ourselves not only their fellow-sufferers.

As Brown, in the last part of *Medici*, in which he de-  
 charity in several heroic in-  
 with a noble heat of senti-

ments, mentions that verse in the pro-  
 verbs of Solomon—'He that giveth to the  
 ' poor, lendeth to the Lord.'—'There  
 ' is more rhetoric in that one sentence,'  
 says he, 'than in a library of sermons;  
 ' and indeed if those sentences were un-  
 ' derstood by the reader, with the same  
 ' emphasis as they are delivered by the  
 ' author, we needed not those volumes  
 ' of instructions, but might be honest  
 ' by an epitome.'

This passage in Scripture is indeed  
 wonderfully persuasive; but I think the  
 same thought is carried much farther in  
 the New Testament, where our Saviour  
 tells us in the most pathetic manner, that  
 he shall hereafter regard the cloathing of  
 the naked, the feeding of the hungry,  
 and the visiting of the imprisoned, as  
 offices done to himself, and reward them  
 accordingly. Pursuant to those passages  
 in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere  
 met with the epitaph of a charitable  
 man, which has very much pleased me.  
 I cannot recollect the words, but the  
 sense of it is to this purpose: 'What I  
 ' spent I lost; what I possessed is left to  
 ' others; what I gave away remains with  
 ' me.'

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in  
 sacred writ, I cannot forbear making  
 an extract of several passages which I  
 have always read with great delight in  
 the book of Job. It is the account  
 which that holy man gives of his beha-  
 viour in the days of his prosperity, and  
 if considered only as a human composi-  
 tion, is a finer picture of a charitable  
 and good-natured man than is to be met  
 with in any other author.

'Oh that I were as in months past,  
 ' as in the days when God preserved  
 ' me: when his candle shined upon my  
 ' head, and when by his light I walked  
 ' through darkness: when the Almight-  
 ' y was yet with me; when my children  
 ' were about me: when I washed my  
 ' steps with butter, and the rock poured  
 ' out rivers of oil.

'When the ear heard me, then it  
 ' blessed me; and when the eye saw me,  
 ' it gave witness to me. Because I de-  
 ' livered the poor that cried, and the  
 ' fatherless, and him that had none to  
 ' help him. The blessing of him that  
 ' was ready to perish came upon me,  
 ' and I caused the widow's heart to sing  
 ' for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and  
 ' feet was I to the lame; I was a father  
 ' to the fatherless, and a preserver of the  
 ' widow.'



to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me; what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless have not eaten thereof: if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: if his loins have not blessed

me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and my arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him: neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul. The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life; let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.\*

## Nº CLXXVIII. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

COMIS IN UXOREM——

HOR. EP. II. L. II. VER. 153.

CIVIL TO HIS WIFE.

POPE.

**I** Cannot defer taking notice of this letter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Am but too good a judge of your paper of the 15th instant, which is a master-piece; I mean that of jealousy: but I think it unworthy of you to speak of that torture in the breast of a man, and not to mention also the pangs of it in the heart of a woman. You have very judiciously, and with the greatest penetration imaginable, considered it as woman is the creature of whom the diffidence is raised: but not a word of a man, who is so unmerciful as to move jealousy in his wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such tyrants in the world; but alas, I can tell you of a man who is ever out of humour in his wife's company, and the pleasantest man in the world every where else; the greatest clown at home when he appears to none but his family, and most exactly well-dressed in all other places. Alas, Sir, is it of course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a man's power without possibility of appeal to any other jurisdiction

but his own reflections, is so little an obligation to a Gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a rage, because my heart swells tears into my eyes when I see him in a cloudy mood? I pretend to no succour, and hope for no relief but from himself; and yet he that has sense and justice in every thing else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep off an intemperance, and spend all the time he is there as if it were a punishment, cannot but give the anguish of a jealous mind. He always leaves his home as if he were going to court, and returns as if he were entering a gaol. I could add to this, that from his company and his usual discourse, he does not scruple being thought an abandoned man, as to his morals. Your own imagination will say enough to you concerning the condition of me his wife; and I wish you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-natured, and reads you much, that the moment I hear the door shut after him, I throw myself upon my bed, and drown the child he is so fond of with my tears, and often frighten it with my cries; that I curse my being; that I run to my glass all over bathed in

GROGGS,

and help the utterance of my anguish by beholding the gush of calamities as my tears fall from my eyes. This looks like an picture to tell you, but indeed it is of my pastimes. Hitherto I have told you the general temper of my mind, but how shall I give you an account of the distraction of it? Could I conceive how cruel I am to myself in my resentment, and at the same time, when I place him in my arms, how my anger would bring him to my compassion; it would give me a notion how miserable I am, and how little I deserve it.

When I compare my little life with the greatest gentleness and forbearance possible against unhandisome appearance, and that married persons are bound by particular rules; when he is in a humour to receive this, I am only, that I expose my own weakness and sensibility if I appear jealous. Good Sir, you would take this as a consideration, and admonish me and wives what terms they keep towards each other. Your opinion on this important subject will be my greatest reward, that which deserves such as feel the sorrows of the

Give me leave to subscribe myself your unfortunate, humble servant.

CELINDA.

It is in my thoughts, before I receive the letter of this lady, to consider the influence of a foolish passion in the mind of a woman, and the smart she seems to feel when she abates the inclination I had to give to husbands a more regular and constant than to give the most exquisite pleasures to those who love them, and the torment would be abated if they did not love them.

Wonderful to observe how little

is made of this inexpressible injury, and how easily men get into an habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this subject deserves a distinct speculation, and I shall observe for a day or two the behaviour of two or three happy pairs I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a system of conjugal morality. I design in the first place to go a few miles out of town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of an husband. When he was a bachelor much business made him particularly negligent in his habit; but now there is no young lover living so exact in the care of his person. One who asked why he was so long washing his mouth, and so delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was answered, because there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her inclination go along with her duty.

If a man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together; or hope that flesh and blood is capable of so strict an allegiance, as that a fine woman must go on to improve herself until she is as good and impassive as an angel, only to preserve a fidelity to a brute and a satyr. The lady who desires me for her sake to send one of my papers with the following letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a perseverance very impracticable.

HUSBAND,

STAY more at home. I know where you visited at seven of the clock on Thursday evening. The colonel whom you charged me to see no more, is in town.

T

MARTHA HOUSEWIFE.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

CENTURIE SENIORUM AGITANT EXPERTIA FRUGES;  
 CELSI PRÆTEREUNT AUSTERA POEMATUM RHAMES.  
 OMNE TUIT PUNCTUM QUI MISCUIT UTILE DULCI,  
 LECTOREM DELECTANDO, PARITERQUE MONENDO.

HOR. ART. POET. VER. 341.

OLD AGE EXPLODES ALL BUT MORALITY:  
 AUSTERITY OFFENDS ASPIRING YOUTH:  
 BUT HE THAT JOINS INSTRUCTION WITH DELIGHT,  
 PROFITS WITH PLEASURE, CARRIES ALL THE VOTES.

ROSCOMMON.

I May cast my readers under two general divisions, the Mercurial and the Saturnine. The first are the gay part of my disciples, who require speculations of wit and humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in papers of morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me: were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments of both kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly reader, who takes up my paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful man, who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I must confess, were I left to myself, I should rather aim at instructing than diverting; but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed severity discourage the looser part of mankind from having any thing to do with their writings. A man must have virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a Socrates or Epictetus. The very title of a moral treatise has something in it

austere and shocking to the careless inconsiderate.

For this reason several unthinking persons fall in my way, who would no attention to lectures delivered with religious seriousness or a philosophical gravity. They are ensnared into moments of wisdom and virtue when do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a degree of consideration as may dispose them to be more studied and elaborate discourses I shall not think my speculations less. I might likewise observe, the gloominess in which sometimes minds of the best men are involved, often stands in need of such little interments to mirth and laughter, as are to disperse melancholy, and put on culties in good humour. To some will add, that the British climate more than any other, makes entertainments of this nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does me commend, it will at least excuse the rest of my speculations. I would willingly laugh but in order to instruct or if I sometimes fail in this point, my mirth ceases to be instructive shall never cease to be innocent. scrupulous conduct in this particular has, perhaps, more merit in the generality of readers imagine; did know how many thoughts occur point of humour, which a discretion in modestly suppresses; how strokes of raillery present themselves which could not fail to please the many taste of mankind, but are in their birth by reason of some tendency which they carry in the corrupt the minds of those who read them; did they know how many of ill-nature are indifferently

ing injury to the reputation they would be apt to those writers who entertain themselves diverting, immoral. One may apprehend that passage in

praise they would have got, what they discreetly blot.

more easy than to be a above-mentioned libelous genius and inventer without them. here said is not only in public, but with an eye to correspondent, who has following letter, which I some places upon these

ately seen your discourse of grinning, I can give you an account of a, which, with many entertained with about at the Bath. The to, to be conferred upon er, that is, on him who leavest, and go through laughing, to which at e was provoked by the a Merry-Andrew, who on the stage, and play eye of the performer. ee competitors for the irst was a ploughman of g aspect; his features d his muscles composed a stupidity, that upon ance every one gave the

The pickled herring the way to shake him; hissing a country jig, g danced to it with such ions and grimaces, that could not forbear smiling by that means spoiled and lost the prize. t mounted the stage was n of Bath, a person reg the inferior people of is great wisdom and his le contracted his mouth ity, and, that he might

dispose his mind to be more serious than ordinary, begun the tune of The Children in the Wood, and went through part of it with good success; when on a sudden the wit at his elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive for some time, gave him a touch upon the left shoulder, and stared him in the face with so bewitching a grin, that the whistler relaxed his fibres into a kind of stupor, and at length burst out into an open laugh. The third who entered the lists was a footman, who in defiance of the Merry-Andrew, and all his arts, whistled a Scotch tune and an Italian sonata, with so settled a countenance, that he bore away the prize, to the great admiration of some hundreds of persons, who, as well as myself, were present at this trial of skill. Now, Sir, I humbly conceive, whatever you have determined of the grinners, the whistlers ought to be encouraged, not only as their art is practised without distortion, but as it improves country music, promotes gravity, and teaches ordinary people to keep their countenances, if they see any thing ridiculous in their betters; besides that, it seems an entertainment very particularly adapted to the Bath, as it is usual for a rider to whistle to his horse when he would make his waters pass. I am, Sir, &c.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER having dispatched these two important points of grinning and whistling, I hope you will oblige the world with some reflections upon yawning, as I have seen it practised on a twelfth-night among other Christmas gambols at the house of a very worthy gentleman, who always entertains his tenants at that time of the year. They yawn for a Cheshire cheese, and begin about midnight, when the whole company is disposed to be drowsy. He that yawns widest, and at the same time so naturally as to produce the most yawns among the spectators, carries home the cheese. If you handle this subject as you ought, I question not but your paper will set half the kingdom a yawning, though I dare promise you it will never make any body fall asleep.

L

N° CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER

—DELIRANT REGES, PLECTUNTUR ACRIVI.

HOR. EP. II. L. I. V. 14.

THE PEOPLE SUFFER WHEN THE PRINCE OFFENDS.

GREEK.

**T**HE following letter has so much weight and good sense, that I cannot forbear inserting it, though it relates to an hardened sinner, whom I have very little hopes of reforming, viz. Lewis XIV. of France.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A**MIDST the variety of subjects of which you have treated, I could wish it had fallen in your way, to expose the vanity of conquests. This thought would naturally lead one to the French King, who has been generally esteemed the greatest conqueror of our age, until her Majesty's armies had torn from him so many of his countries, and deprived him of the fruit of all his former victories. For my own part, if I were to draw his picture, I should be for taking him no lower than to the peace of Ryswick, just at the end of his triumphs, and before his reverse of fortune: and even then I should not forbear thinking his ambition had been vain and unprofitable to himself and his people.

As for himself, it is certain he can have gained nothing by his conquests, if they have not rendered him master of more subjects, more riches, or greater power. What I shall be able to offer upon these heads, I resolve to submit to your consideration.

To begin then with his increase of subjects. From the time he came of age, and has been a manager for himself, all the people he had acquired were such only as he had reduced by his wars, and were left in his possession by the peace; he had conquered not above one third part of Flanders, and consequently no more than one third part of the inhabitants of that province.

About one hundred years ago the houses in that country were all numbered, and by a just computation the inhabitants of all sorts could not then exceed 750,000 souls. And if any man will consider the desolation by almost

perpetual wars, the numbers that have lived almost ever since upon the people, and how of their commerce has been rendered more security to other places have little reason to imagine numbers have since increased; and so with one third part of that that prince can have gained than one third part of the inhabitants or 250,000 new subjects, even it should be supposed they were tented to live still in their native land transfer their allegiance master.

The fertility of this provident situation for trade and commerce, its capacity for furnishing employment and subsistence to garrisons, and the vast armies that maintained here, make it ere the remaining two thirds of are equal to all his other conquests consequently by all he cannot add more than 750,000 new men, women, and children, if a deduction shall be made have retired from the conquest under their old masters.

It is time now to set his loss of his profits, and to shew for the subjects he had acquired, how many he had lost in the acquisition. I think that in his wars he has brought less into the field than 200,000 fighting men, but have been left in garrisons; and the common computation is, an army, at the end of a campaign, out sieges or battles, scarce can be mustered of those that the field at the beginning of. His wars at several times in peace have held about two and if 40,000 yearly lost, or of his armies, are to be mustered, he cannot have lost less than of his old subjects, and all a men; a greater number than subjects he had acquired.

## THE SPECTATOR.

this loss is not all: Providence has not equally divided the whole of mankind into different sexes, every woman may have her husband, and that both may equally contribute to the continuance of the species. It is then, that for all the men that are lost, as many women must have a single, and it were but charity to say they have not done all the service they were capable of doing in their station. In so long a course of years, a great part of them must have died, and the rest must go off at least without any representatives behind. By this count he must have lost not only a great number of subjects, but double that number of the increase that was reasonably expected from it.

In the last war there was a great loss in his kingdom, which swept away so millions of his people. This is very credible: if the loss was only a fifth part of that sum, it was very great. But it is no wonder there should be a great loss, where so much of the population is taken away for the use, that they have not sufficient to provide against accidents; where a great number of the men are taken from the country to serve the king in his wars, a great part of the tillage is left to the hands of so many women and children. Whatever was the loss, it is undoubtedly placed to the account of his ambition.

He must also the destruction or the loss of 3 or 400,000 of his subjects; he could have no other reason for valuing those lives so very highly, but only to recommend himself to the rigour of the Spanish nation.

Should there be industry in a country where all property is precarious? The subject will sow his land that his neighbour may reap the whole harvest? Parsimony and frugality must be strangers to a people; for will any man save what he has reason to fear will be taken from him to-morrow? And is the encouragement for marriage? Will any man think of raising a family, without any assurance of cloathing their backs, or so much as food to feed their bellies? And thus by his fatal loss he must have lessened the number of his subjects not only by slaughter and destruction, but by preventing their increase, he has done as much as

was possible towards destroying posterity itself.

Is this then the great, the invincible Lewis? This the immortal man, the *tout-puissant*, or the almighty, as his flatterers have called him? Is this the man that is so celebrated for his conquests? For every subject he has acquired, has he not lost three that were his inheritance? Are not his troops fewer, and those neither so well fed, clothed, or paid, as they were formerly, though he has now so much greater cause to exert himself? And what can be the reason of all this, but that his revenue is a great deal less, his subjects are either poorer, or not so many to be plundered by constant taxes for his use?

It is well for him he had found out a way to steal a kingdom; if he had gone on conquering as he did before, his ruin had been long since finished. This brings to my mind a saying of King Pyrrhus, after he had a second time beat the Romans in a pitched battle, and was complimented by his generals: 'Yes,' says he, 'such another victory and I am quite undone.' And since I have mentioned Pyrrhus, I will end with a very good, though known story of this ambitious madman. When he had shewn the utmost fondness for his expedition against the Romans, Cyneas his chief minister asked him what he proposed to himself by this war? 'Why,' says Pyrrhus, 'to conquer the Romans, and reduce all Italy to my obedience.'—'What then?' says Cyneas. 'To pass over into Sicily,' says Pyrrhus, 'and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects.'—'And what does your majesty intend next?'—'Why truly,' says the king, 'to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa.'—'And what, Sir,' says the minister, 'is to be the end of all your expeditions?'—'Why then,' says the king, 'for the rest of our lives we will sit down to good wine.'—'How, Sir,' replied Cyneas, 'to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?'—

Riot and excess are not the becoming characters of princes; but if Pyrrhus and Lewis had debauched like Vitellius, they had been less hurtful to their people. Your humble servant,

T

PHILANTHUS.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

NIS LACRYMIS VITAM DAMUS, ET MISERECIMUS ULTRO.

VIRG. *ÆN.* II. VER. 145.

MOV'D BY THESE TEARS, WE PITY AND PROTECT.

**I** Am more pleas'd with a letter that is fill'd with touches of nature than of wit. The following one is of this kind.

SIR,  
**A**MONG all the distresses which happen in families, I do not remember that you have touch'd upon the marriage of children without the consent of their parents. I am one of these unfortunate persons. I was about fifteen when I took the liberty to chuse for myself; and have ever since languish'd under the displeasure of an inexorable father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of husbands, and blest with very fine children, can never be prevail'd upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy accident, that indeed it makes my breach of duty in some measure inexcusable; and at the same time creates in me such a tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconcil'd to him. I have thrown myself at his feet, and besought him with tears to pardon me; but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him; I have written several letters to him, but he will neither open nor receive them. About two years ago I sent my little boy to him, dress'd in a new apparel; but the child return'd to me crying, because he said his grandfather would not see him, and had order'd him to be put out of his house. My mother is won over to my side, but dares not mention me to my father for fear of provoking him. About a month ago he lay sick upon his bed, and in great danger of his life. I was pierc'd to the heart at the news; and could not forbear going to enquire after his health. My mother took this opportunity of speaking in my behalf: she told him with abundance of tears, that I was come to see him, that I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I should certainly break my heart if he refus'd at that time to give me his blessing, and be reconcil'd to me. He

was so far from relenting towards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, unless she had a mind to disturb him in his last moments; for, Sir, you must know that he has the reputation of an honest and religious man, which makes my misfortune so much the greater. God be thank'd he is since recover'd, but his severe usage has given me such a blow, that I shall soon sink under it, unless I may be reliev'd by any impressions which the reading of this in your paper may make upon him. I am, &c.

Of all hardnasses of heart there is none so inexcusable as that of parents towards their children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving temper, is odious upon all occasions; but here it is unnatural. The love, tenderness, and compassion, which are apt to arise in us towards those who depend upon us, is that by which the whole world of life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the transcendent excellency and goodness of his nature, extends his mercy towards all his works; and because his creatures have not such a spontaneous benevolence and compassion towards those who are under their care and protection, he has implanted in them an instinct, that supplies the place of this inherent goodness. I have illustrat'd this kind of instinct in former papers, and have shewn how it runs through all the species of brute creatures, as indeed the whole animal creation subsists by it.

This instinct in man is more general and uncircumscrib'd than in brutes, as being enlarg'd by the dictates of reason and duty. For if we consider ourselves attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclin'd to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of *sympathy*, or natural affection, to every thing which relies upon us for it's good and preservation. Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other *tie*.

The man, who

any passion or repentment, can ne this powerful instinct, and ish natural affection, debases his ven below brutality, frustrates, has in him lies, the great design vidence, and strikes out of his one of the most divine principles planted in it.

ing innumerable arguments which he brought against such an unble proceeding, I shall only insist.

We make it the condition of giveness that we forgive others. very prayers we desire no more be treated by this kind of retat-

The case therefore before us to be what they call a Case in the relation between the child and being what comes nearest to that a creature and his Creator. If er is inexorable to the child wounded, let the offence be of never a nature, how will he address to the Supreme Being under the appellation of a Father, and de him such a forgiveness as he refuses to grant?

his I might add many other reasons as well as many prudential consons; but if the last mentioned does not prevail, I despair of ing by any other; and shall e conclude my paper with a very able story, which is recorded in chronicle published by Freher, the writers of the German his-

hart, who was secretary to the Great, became exceeding by his behaviour in that post. at abilities gained him the faf his master, and the esteem of le court. Imma, the daughter Emperor, was so pleased with son and conversation, that she love with him. As she was one reatest beauties of the age, Eginshwered her with a more than return of passion. They stilled mes for some time, under appre- of the fatal consequences that ensue. Eginhart at length re- to hazard all, rather than be- of one whom his heart was so let upon, conveyed himself one to the princess's apartment, and ng gently at the door, was ad- as a person who had something to imitate to her from the Emperor. with her in private most part of

the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he observed that there had fallen a great snow during his stay with the princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the prints of his feet in the snow might make discoveries to the king, who often used to visit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the princess Imma with his fears; who, after some consultations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the snow upon her own shoulders. It happened, that the Emperor not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his first minister across the snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost speed to her own apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and astonished at this accident; but resolved to speak nothing of it until a proper opportunity. In the mean time, Eginhart knowing that what he had done could not be long a secret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it, begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long services. The Emperor would not give a direct answer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his counsellors, and acquainting them with his secretary's crime, asked them their advice in so delicate an affair. The most of them gave their opinion, that the person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonoured his master. Upon the whole debate, the Emperor declared it was his opinion, that Eginhart's punishment would rather increase than diminish the shame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the most advisable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any pretence of complaining his services were not rewarded, for that the Princess Imma should be given him in marriage, with a dower suitable to her quality; which was soon after performed accordingly.

L



N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

PLUS ALOES QUAM MELLIS HABET.

JUV. SAT. VI. VER.

THE BITTER OVERBALANCES THE SWEET.

AS all parts of human life come under my observation, my reader must not make uncharitable inferences from my speaking knowingly of that sort of crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the letters of correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IT is wonderful to me that among the many enormities which you have treated of, you have not mentioned that of wenching, and particularly the ensnaring part; I mean, that it is a thing very fit for your pen, to expose the villainy of the practice of deluding women. You are to know, Sir, that I myself am a woman who have been one of the unhappy that have fallen into this misfortune, and that by the insinuation of a very worthless fellow, who served others in the same manner both before my ruin and since that time. I had, as soon as the rascal left me, so much indignation and resolution, as not to go upon the town, as the phrase is, but took to work for my living in an obscure place, out of the knowledge of all with whom I was before acquainted.

It is the ordinary practice and business of life, with a set of idle fellows about this town, to write letters, send messages, and form appointments with little raw unthinking girls, and leave them after possession of them, without any mercy, to shame, infamy, poverty, and disease. Were you to read the nauseous impertinences which are written on these occasions, and to see the silly creatures sighing over them, it could not but be matter of mirth as well as pity. A little 'prentice girl of mine has been for some time applied to by an Irish fellow who dresses very fine, and struts in a laced coat, and is the admiration of seamstresses who are under age in town. Ever since I have had some knowledge of the matter, I have debarred my 'prentice from pen, ink, and

paper. But the other day he I some cravats of me. I went out shop, and left his mistress to put up into a handbox, in order to be him when his man called. When into the shop again, I took occasion send her away, and found in the of the box written these words—'would you ruin a harmless c' 'that loves you?' Then in th 'There is no resisting Strep searched a little farther, and fo the rim of the box—'At eleven 'at night come in an hackney c' 'the end of our street.' Th enough to alarm me; I sent a things, and took my measures : ingly. An hour or two before pointed time I examined my you and found her trunk stuffed wi pertinent letters, and an old se parchment in Latin, which he had sent her as a settlement c pounds a year: among other there was also the best lace I ha shop to make him a present for I was very glad of this last circum because I could very conscient swear against him that he had my servant away, and was her plice in robbing me. I procured rant against him accordingly. thing was now prepared, and the hour of love approaching, I, w asked for myself in my youth t senseless part, knew how to mar cordingly: therefore, after havin ed up my maid, and not being s unlike her in height and shape, huddled way not to pass for her livered the bundle designed to be off to her lover's man, who car the signal to receive them. Th lowed after to the coach, where saw his master take them in, out—'Thieves! thieves!' and t stable with his attendants seized pecking lover. I kept myself served until I saw the crowd su increased, and then appeared to

oods to be mine; and had the satisfaction to see my man of mode put into Round-house, with the stolen wares in him, to be produced in evidence to him the next morning. This is notoriously known to be fact; I have been contented to save my face, and take a year's rent of this fied lover, not to appear farther in matter. This was some penance: Sir, is this enough for a villainy of more pernicious consequence than offences for which he was to have been ed? Should not you, and all men y parts or honour, put things upon it a foot, as that such a rascal I not laugh at the imputation of he was really guilty, and dread accused of that for which he was ed?

a word, Sir, it is in the power of and such as I hope you are, to it as infamous to rob a poor creature of her honour as her clothes. I this to your consideration, only eave (which I cannot do without g) to remark to you, that if this een the sense of mankind thirty ago, I should have avoided a life in poverty and shame.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ALICE THREADNEEDLE.

ROUND-HOUSE, SEPT. 9.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a man of pleasure about town, but by the stupidity of a dull rogue of a justice of peace, and an insolent constable, upon the oath of an old haridan, am imprisoned here for theft, when I designed only fornication. The midnight magistrate, as he conveyed me along, had you in his mouth, and said this would make a pure story for the Spectator. I hope, Sir, you will not pretend to wit, and take the part of dull rogues of business. The world is so altered of late years, that there was not a man who would knock down a watchman in my behalf, but I was carried off with as much triumph as if I had been a pick-pocket. At this rate, there is an end of all the wit and humour in the world. The time was when all the honest whore-masters in the neighbourhood would have rose against the cuc-kolds to my rescue. If fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things that have been writ by most of the wits of the last age may be burnt by the common hangman. Harkee, Spec, do not be queer; after having done some things pretty well, do not begin to write at that rate that no gentleman can read thee. Be true to love, and burn your Seneca. You do not expect me to write my name from hence, but I am

Your unknown humble, &c.

CLXXXIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

Ἰδμεν ψεύδη πολλά λέγειν ἐπίμοισιν ἑμῶν,  
Ἰδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἰδὼσμεν, ἀληθία μυθίσσασθαι.

ÆSOP.

SOMETIMES FAIR TRUTH IN FICTION WE DISGUISE,  
SOMETIMES PRESENT HER NAKED TO MEN'S EYES.

ABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in orid, and have been still highly d not only in times of the greatest city, but among the most polite of mankind. Jotham's Fable of rees is the oldest that is extant, and autiful as any which have been since that time. Nathan's Fable : Poor Man and his Lamb is like- ore ancient than any that is ex- besides the above-mentioned, and o good an effect, as to convey in- ion to the ear of a king without

offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find Æsop in the most distant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginning of the commonwealth of Rome, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the Belly and the Limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fa-  
bles

bles took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at it's greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age; and of Boileau, the most correct poet among the moderns: not to mention La Fontaine, who by this way of writing is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the ancient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer are fables of this nature; and that the several names of gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad*, represents anger, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior in a full assembly, Pallas is only another name for reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that Horace considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest Italian wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of fables: as Spenser's *Fairy Queen* is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest professors of antiquity, such as Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world was that of Hercules meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by Prodicus, who lived before Socrates, and in the first dawnings of philosophy. He used to travel through Greece by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market-towns, where he never

failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must in a few words open the occasion of it.

In the account which Plato gives us of the conversation and behaviour of Socrates, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

When Socrates his fetters were knocked off, (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it when it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophising upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, that if a man of good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place, without being followed by the other.

It is possible, that if Plato had thought it proper at such a time to describe Socrates launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

There were two families which from the beginning of the world were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue.

the offspring of the gods. As I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of this family was Pain, who was of Misery, who was the child of Pleasure. Pleasure was the offspring of the Furies, and Pain the habitation of this race of as in hell.

In the middle station of nature between the two opposite extremes was the middle station, which was inhabited by creatures of the middle kind, neither so virtuous as the good, nor so vicious as the other, but of the good and bad qualities in two opposite families. Jupiter seeing that these species commonly mixed, and was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; he thought right to make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two of the above-mentioned families to be separated, Pleasure who was the daughter of the Furies, and Pain who was the son of the Furies, to meet one another upon this middle station which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to give them both, provided they were upon the division of it, so as to be mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous part of mankind, and Pain of the vicious part of mankind, which was given up to them. Pleasure, examining to which of them the virtuous part they met with belonged, found that each of them had a right to that, contrary to what they had in their old places of residence, no person so virtuous who had

not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods.

L

## CLXXXIV. MONDAY, OCTOBER 1.

—OPERE IN LONGO PARS EST OPERERE SOMNUM.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 360.

—IN LONG WORKS SLEEP WILL SOMETIMES SURPRISE.

ROSCOMMON

WHEN a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often runs much farther than he expects it. My correspondents take give them, and pursue it into those which I never thought of starting it. This has been the case of my paper on the match of which has already produced a great number of parallel subjects, and

brought me the following letter by the last post. I shall not premise any thing to it farther, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

YOU have already obliged the world with a discourse upon grinning, and have since proceeded to whistling, from whence you at length came to yawning, from

from this, I think, you may make a very natural transition to sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the subject of a paper the following advertisement, which about two months ago was given into every body's hands, and may be seen with some additions in the *Daily Courant* of August the ninth.

' Nicholas Hart, who slept last year  
' at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends  
' to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle  
' in Little Britain.'

Having since inquired into the matter of fact, I find that the above-mentioned Nicholas Hart is every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which begins upon the fifth of August, and ends on the eleventh of the same month: That

On the first of that month he grew dull;

On the second, appeared drowsy;

On the third, fell a yawning;

On the fourth, began to nod;

On the fifth, dropped asleep;

On the sixth, was heard to snore;

On the seventh, turned himself in his bed;

On the eighth, recovered his former posture;

On the ninth, fell a stretching;

On the tenth about midnight, awaked;

On the eleventh in the morning, called for a little small-beer.

This account I have extracted out of the journal of this sleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, who has undertaken to be his historiographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the actions of Nicholas Hart, but as it seems a very natural picture of the life of many an honest English Gentleman, whose whole history very often consists of yawning, nodding, stretching, turning, sleeping, drinking, and the like extraordinary particulars. I do not question, Sir, that, if you pleased, you could put out an advertisement not unlike the above-mentioned, of several men of figure; that Mr. John such-a-one, Gentleman, or Thomas such-a-one, Esquire, who slept in the country last summer, intends to sleep in town this winter. The worst of it is, that the drowsy part of our species is chiefly made up of very honest Gentlemen, who live quietly among their neighbours without ever disturbing the public peace: they are drones without stings. I could heartily wish, that several turbulent, restless, ambitious spirits, would for a while change

places with these good men, and themselves into Nicholas Hart. Could one but lay all busy heads which I could name the first of November next to the May ensuing, I question not but very much redound to the quietude of the public.

But to return to Nicholas Hart. I believe, Sir, you will think it a very extraordinary circumstance for a man to gain his livelihood by sleeping, and should procure a man such well as industry; yet so it is that he has got last year enough to support himself for a twelvemonth. I am informed that he has this year had a comfortable nap. The poets themselves very much for sleep. Parnassus, but I never heard them groat by it: on the contrary, as Nicholas gets more by sleeping than could be by working, and may properly said, than ever Homer have had golden dreams. Juvenal mentions a drowsy husband raised an estate by snoring, but is represented to have slept what most people call a Dog's sleep; sleep was real his wife was aware about her business. Your pen loves to moralize upon all subjects, and raise something, methinks, on circumstance also, and point out to sets of men, who instead of growing by an honest industry, recommend themselves to the favours of the gods, making themselves agreeable notions in the participations of luxury and pleasure.

I must farther acquaint you, that one of the most eminent pens in the Street is now employed in writing a dream of this miraculous sleeper. I hear will be of a more than ordinary length, as it must contain all the particulars that are supposed to have been in his imagination during his sleep. He is said to have gone through three days and three nights, and to have comprised in the most remarkable passages of the most empires of the world. If he is free from party strokes, his work will be of use; but this I much doubt, been informed by one of his friends, that he has spoken things of Nimrod with too great freedom. I am ever, Sir, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2.

—TANTÆNE ANIMIS COELESTIBUS IRÆ?

VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 15.

AND DWELLS SUCH FURY IN CELESTIAL BREASTS?

IRE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in the world calls zeal. There are passions which hide themselves, and so many mischiefs arising that some have gone so far as to would have been for the benefit of if it had never been reckoned catalogue of virtues. It is certain it is once laudable and prudent it is an hundred times criminal; nor can it be otherwise, consider that it operates with equal in all religions, however opposite may be to one another, and the sub-divisions of each religionular.

It is told by some of the Jewish, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and had the whole history of zeal days of Cain to our own times, would see it filled with so many of slaughter and bloodshed, as make a wise man very careful to suffer himself to be actuated by principle, when it only regards of opinion and speculation. It would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and, I believe, will often find, that what he calls zeal for his religion, is either interest, or ill-nature. A man, drawn from another in opinion, sets above him in his own judgment, several particulars pretends to be a person. This is a great profit to the proud man, and gives an edge to what he calls his zeal, and that this is the case very often may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for religion, who have often great friendship and intimacies with vicious men, provided they do but agree in the same scheme of belief. Ill-nature is, because the vicious bears the precedence to the virtuous, and allows the good christian a worthier person, at the same time he cannot come up to his per-

fections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion.

—*Video meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor*—

OVID. MET. L. VII. VER. 20.

I see the right, and I approve it too;  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword, as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word Interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the Atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which

which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in it's full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful temper. For this reason we find, that most of the massacres and devastations, which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shews itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind: but when I find the instruments he works with, are racks and gibbets, galleys and dungeons; when he imprisons mens persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation, I mean the zealots in atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short, in every other respect, of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion: but so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much bitterness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamblers, who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually

teizing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading atheism is, if possible, more absurd than atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, or particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. -I would fain ask one of these bigotted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose? Let me therefore advise this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to set at least so consistently with themselves, as not to bawl with zeal for indiglion, and with bigotry for nonsense.

CLXXXVI. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

COELEM IPSUM PETIMUS STULTITIA.

HOR. OD. III. L. I. VER. 38.

SCARCE THE GODS AND HEAVENLY CLIMES,  
ARE SAFE FROM OUR AUDACIOUS CRIMES.

DRYDEN.

N my return to my lodgings night I found a letter from my friend the clergyman, whom I enquire some account of in my former letters. He tells me in it that he is peculiarly pleased with the latter part of yesterday's speculation; and me time inclosed the following which he desires me to publish as a sort of that discourse. It consists of uncommon reflections, and such as have been already used, set in a stronger light.

Never may be excused by the most lenient atheist for endeavouring him a convert, because he does an injury to both their interests. A deist is inexcusable who tries to convert a believer, because he does more the doing himself or the being good by such a conversion. The prospect of a future state is the comfort and refreshment of my mind; that which makes nature look to me; it doubles all my pleasures and supports me under all my afflictions.

I can look at disappointments, losses, misfortunes, pains and sickness, and, what is worse than the loss of those who are dearest to me with indifference, so long as I view the pleasures of eternity, the state of being in which there are no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sickness nor separation. No man can be so impertinently as to tell me all this is only a delusion? Is there any merit in the messenger of ill news? If I can, let me enjoy it, since it is both the happier and better

to confess, I do not know how a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future of rewards and punishments, can be natural self-love, but reason is to promote our own interest in things. It can never be for

the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure upon the balance of accounts to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me an injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good-nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-works. The atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and a disbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men, are those who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

The great received articles of the Christian Religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have



ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has St. Paul raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches? To give a single example in each kind: What can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind more than the thought that Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable inforcements of morality, which the Apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice: they would not be railing such insignificant

cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration, in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflections can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the religion of their country, and to the best lights they had of the divine nature. Pythagoras's first rule directs us to worship the gods 'as it is ordained by law,' for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. Socrates, who was the most renowned among the heathens both for wisdom and virtue, in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to Æsculapius; doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. Xenophon tells us, that his prince, (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the Persian Jupiter, and the sun, 'according to the custom of the Persians;' for those are the words of the historian. Nay, the Epicureans and atomical philosophers shewed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for though the being of a God was infinitely repugnant to their schemes of natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a providence, asserting at the same time the existence of gods in general; because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country. L

Nº CLXXXVII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4.

MISERI QUIBUS  
INTENTATA NITES

HOR. OD. V. L. 1. 7, 12.

AH, WRETCHED THOSE WHO LOVE, YET NE'ER DID TRY  
THE SMILING TREACHERY OF THY EYE!

CARESS.

THE intelligence given by this correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his letter at length.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Do not know that you have ever touched upon a certain species of women, whom we or  
You cannot possi-

ork, than the consideration of dangerous animals. The Co- indeed one degree towards the the heart of the former is bent niring herself, and giving false her lovers; but the latter is not d to be extremely amiable, but add to that advantage a certain in being a torment to others. hen her lover is in the full ex- of success, the Jilt shall meet a sudden indifference, and ad- in her face at his being sur- at he is received like a stranger, ft of her head another way with it scorn of the fellow's insolence. y probable the lover goes home tionished and dejected, sits down rutoir, sends her word in the ject terms, that he knows not has done; that all which was in this life is so suddenly va- om him, that the charmer of should withdraw the vital heat heart which pants for her. He s a mournful absence for some ning in secret, and out of hu- th all things which he meets At length he takes a resolution s fate, and explain with her re- upon her unaccountable car- He walks up to her apartment, ousand inquietudes and doubts manner he shall meet the first er eye; when upon his first ap- : she flies towards him, wonders e has been, accuses him of his and treats him with a fami- s surprising as her former cold- His good correspondence con- ill the lady observes the lover appy in it, and then she inter- with some new inconsistency of jr. For (as I just now said) iness of a Jilt consists only in ver of making others uneasy. is the folly of this sect of wo- at they carry on this pretty skit- iviour, until they have no charms ender it supportable. Corinna, d to torment all who conversed r with false glances, and little unguarded motions, that were y some inclination towards the e would ensnare, finds at pre- the attempts that way unre- and is obliged to indulge the er constitution, by laying artifi- es, writing perplexing letters known hands, and making all

the young fellows in love with her, until they find out who she is. Thus, as before she gave torment by disguising her inclination, she now is obliged to do it by hiding her person.

As for my own part, Mr. Spectator, it has been my unhappy fate to be jilted from my youth upward; and as my taste has been very much towards intrigue, and having intelligence with women of wit, my whole life has passed away in a series of impositions. I shall, for the benefit of the present race of young men, give some account of my loves. I know not whether you have ever heard of the famous girl about town called Kitty: this creature (for I must take shame upon myself) was my mistress in the days when keeping was in fashion. Kitty, under the appearance of being wild, thoughtless, and irregular in all her words and actions, concealed the most accomplished Jilt of her time. Her negligence had to me a charm in it like that of chastity, and want of desires seemed as great a merit as the conquest of them. The air she gave herself was that of a romping girl, and whenever I talked to her with any turn of fondness, she would immediately snatch off my periwig, try it upon herself in the glass, clap her arms akimbow, draw my sword, and make passes on the wall, take off my cravat, and seize it to make some other use of the lace, or run into some other unaccountable rompishness, till the time I had appointed to pass away with her was over. I went from her full of pleasure at the reflection that I had the keeping of so much beauty in a woman, who, as she was too heedless to please me, was also too unattentive to form a design to wrong me. Long did I divert every hour that hung heavy upon me in the company of this creature, whom I looked upon as neither guilty nor innocent, but could laugh at myself for my unaccountable pleasure in an expence upon her, until in the end it appeared my pretty insensible was with child by my footman.

This accident roused me into a disdain against all libertine women, under what appearance soever they hid their insincerity, and I resolved after that time to converse with none but those who lived within the rules of decency and honour. To this end I formed myself into a more regular turn of behaviour.

haviour, and began to make visits, frequent assemblies, and lead out ladies from the theatres, with all the other insignificant duties which the professed servants of the fair place themselves in constant readiness to perform. In a very little time, (having a plentiful fortune) fathers and mothers began to regard me as a good match, and I found easy admittance into the best families in town to observe their daughters; but I, who was born to follow the fair to no purpose, have by the force of my ill stars made my application to three Jilts successively.

Hyæna is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent air, and endeavour to gain admirers from their inattention to all around them. Hyæna can loiter in her coach, with something so fixed in her countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her meditation is employed only on her dress and her charms in that posture. If it were not too coarse a simile, I should say, Hyæna, in the figure she affects to appear in, is a spider in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to destroy every fly that approaches it. The net Hyæna throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can observe any part of her work. I attempted her for a long and weary season, but I found her passion went no farther than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable temper, as not to value the inconsistency of her lovers, provided she can boast she once had their addresses,

Biblis was the second I aimed at, and her vanity lay in purchasing the adores of others, and not in rejoicing in their love itself. Biblis is no man's mistress, but every woman's rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in love with Cloe, who is my present pleasure and torment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her man in the sight and expectation of the whole town these three years, and thought myself near the end of my wishes; when the other day she called me into her closet and told me, with a very grave face, that she was a woman of honour, and scorned to deceive a man who loved her with so much sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by nature the most inconstant creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her; if I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige, Sir, your most humble servant,

CHARLES YELLOW.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, haberdasher of hats, at the corner of Devereux Court in the Strand, gives notice, that he has prepared very neat hats, rubbers, and brushes for the use of young tradesmen in the last year of their apprenticeship, at reasonable rates.

### Nº CLXXXVIII. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5.

LET US SUM LAUDARIA TE LAUDATO VIRO. TULL.

IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO BE PRAISED BY YOU, WHOM ALL MEN PRAISE.

HE is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men. What pious men call the testimony of a good conscience, should be the measure of our ambition in this kind; that is to say, a man of spirit should content the praise of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deserves. Besides which the character of the person who commends you is to be consid-

ered, before you set a value upon his esteem. The praise of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you should receive his kindness as he is a good neighbour in society, and not as a good judge of your actions, in point of fame and reputation. The satirist said very well of popular praise and acclamations—  
 "Give the tinkers and cobblers their presents again, and learn to live of yourself." It is an argument of a loose and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiscuous approbation of

of mankind; and a man would be too delicate for so petty a desire of fame. Men of old endeavour only to please, and the man of merit should be valued only by his peers. I have a noble sentiment which I once uttered in conversation," said a gentleman, "a way more than any man: if he has me, I can rejoice in his success; and that satisfaction is the greatest of the soul in me, than which any which can possibly appear in his thought could not produce a candid and generous approbation of such minds may be esteemed true praise: a common rate of men there is commendable but what they may hope to be partakers of, is not; but the motive truly glorious in the mind is set rather to the laudable, than to purchase

Where there is that foundation of a good name, the union of virtuous men will fight, but a necessary confession the Lacedæmonians, though noble, and no pretenders to possess a certain delicacy in their conduct, and sacrificed to the mules entered upon any great enterprise they would have the commendation of their actions be transferred purest and most untainted. The din which attends public triumphs is by far less than the recital of the actions of men by honest and wise

It is a frivolous pleasure to the gratification of gaping crowds; the approbation of a good cool reflections of his closet, is more worthy an heroic spirit. The applause of the crowd makes the man but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.

It makes the love of popular applause still more ridiculous, is, naturally given for circumstances foreign to the persons to whom they are the ordinary attributes of power and riches, which are out of one man's hands, and in another's. The application of the word does not the possession, makes things honourable. The men of sense agree in admiration for having what they them-

selves would rather be possessed of; the wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see persons of ingenuity address their services and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts. In these cases, the praise on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as absurd as any of the speeches of Bulfinch in the Droll: such an address one is apt to translate into other words; and when the different parties are thoroughly considered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the author should say to the patron—"My very good Lord, you and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate friends for the future."

The rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He that commends another, engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of ability to be such a surety. The wise Phocion was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who stood near him, and asked in a surprised manner—"What slip have I made?"

I shall conclude this paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a lady from a gentleman whom she had highly commended. The author of it had formerly been her lover. When all possibility of commerce between them on the subject of love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give occasion for this letter.

MADAM,

I Should be insensible to a stupidity, if I could forbear making you my acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much applause. It is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments; as you formerly inspired me with the true sense of love, so do you now with the true sense of glory. As I desire had the least part in the passion I heretofore

heretofore professed towards you, so has vanity no share in the glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sincerity, and discretion, are the constant orna-

ments of her who has said this. Fame is a babbler, but I have seen the highest glory in this world, the commendation of the most deserving in it.

## N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXIX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6

—PATRIS PIETATIS IMAGO.

VIRG. ÆN. 2. VER. 344.

AN IMAGE OF PATERNAL TENDERNESS!

**T**HE following letter being written to my bookseller, upon a subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this paper, together with the letter that was inclosed in it.

MR. BUCKLEY,

**M**R. Spectator having of late deflected upon the cruelty of parents to their children, I have been induced (at the request of several of Mr. Spectator's admirers) to inclose this letter, which I assure you is the original from a father to his own son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the world, if Mr. Spectator would give his opinion of it in some of his speculations, and particularly to (Mr. Buckley,) your humble servant.

SIRRAH,

**Y**OU are a saucy audacious rascal, and both fool and mad, and I care not a farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my impressions of your insolence, going about railing at me, and the next day to solicit my favour: these are inconsistencies, such as discover thy reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your face; and, sirrah, if you go to the work-house, it is no disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you starve in the streets, I will never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling nonsense I will break your head the first time I set sight on you. You are a stubborn beast; is this your gratitude for my giving you money? You rogue, I'll better your judgment, and give you a greater sense of your duty to (I regret to say) your father, &c.

P. S. It is prudence in you to get out of my sight; for to repeat that Might overcomes Right, outside of your letter, I shall give a great knock on the skull for it.

Was there ever such an image of paternal tenderness! It was usual some of the Greeks to make their drink to excess, and then expose to their children, who by that conceived an early aversion to which makes men appear so unkind and irrational. I have expected a picture of an unnatural father with some intention, that it's deformity deter others from it's resemblance: the reader has a mind to see a father the same stamp represented in the exquisite strokes of humour, but meet with it in one of the finest pieces that ever appeared upon the stage: I mean the part of Sir F. in *Love for Love*.

I must not, however, engage blindly on the side of the son, in the fond letter above-written corrected. His father calls him a 'saucy and audacious rascal' in the first and I am afraid upon examination will prove but an ungracious son. 'To go about railing' at his father and to find no other place but 'the side of his letter' to tell him 'that might overcomes right,' if it is discovered 'his reason to be depraved' that he is either fool or mad, a choleric old gentleman tells him he may at least allow that the father does very well in endeavouring to 'better his judgment, and give him a sense of his duty.' But what may be brought about 'by breaking his head,' or 'giving him a

scull, ought, I think, to be considered. Upon the whole, I father has not met with his and that he may not be as equally with a son, as the mother in

—*Crudelis tu quoque mater:  
mater magis, an puer improbus ille?  
ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.*  
ECL. VIII. VER. 48.

the mother and the son.

the crow and her egg, in the roverb.

ὄραμι καὶ τὸν ὄρν.

the crow, bad the egg.

It here take notice of a letter have received from an unknown ident, upon the subject of my upon which the foregoing letter is founded. The writer of it very much concerned lest that could seem to give encouragement the disobedience of children to their parents; but if the writer I take the pains to read it over tentively, I dare say his apprehension will vanish. Pardon and reason are all the penitent daughter, and all that I contend for in self; and in this case I may use of an eminent wit, who, the great mens pressing him to his daughter who had married his consent, told them he could nothing to their instances, but would have them remember the difference between giving and

g. It confess, in all controversies parents and their children, I really prejudiced in favour of her. The obligations on that never be acquitted, and I think of the greatest reflections upon nature that paternal instinct is a stronger motive to love than attitude; that the receiving of

favours should be a less inducement to good-will, tenderness, and commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any person should endear the child or dependent more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependent; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed) for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shews the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is Father Le Compte, if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the Chinese, inasmuch that if a son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal but his whole family would be rooted out, nay the inhabitants, of the place where he lived would be put to the sword, nay the place itself would be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt: for, say they, there must have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or society of people who could have bred up among them so horrid an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of Herodotus. That historian, in his account of the Persian customs and religion, tells us, it is their opinion that no man ever killed his father, or that it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, supposititious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular shews sufficiently what a notion they must have had of undutifulness in general.

L

N<sup>o</sup> CXC. MONDAY, OCTOBER 3.

SERVITUS CRESCIT NOVA

HOM. OD. VIII. L. II. VER. 13.

A SERVITUDE TO FORMER TIMES UNKNOWN.

**S**INCE I made some reflections upon the general negligence used in the case of regard towards women, or, in other words, since I talked of wenching, I have had epistles upon that subject, which I shall, for the present entertainment, insert as they lie before me.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A**S your speculations are not confined to any part of human life, but concern the wicked as well as the good, I must desire your favourable acceptance of what I, a poor strolling girl about town, have to say to you. I was told by a Roman Catholic gentleman who picked me up last week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say, I was told by such a person, who endeavoured to convert me to his own religion, that in countries where popery prevails, besides the advantage of licensed stews, there are large endowments given for the Incurabili, I think he called them, such as are past all remedy, and are allowed such maintenance and support as to keep them without farther care till they expire. This manner of treating poor sinners has, methinks, great humanity in it; and as you are a person who pretend to carry your reflections upon all subjects whatever that occur to you, with candour, and act above the sense of what misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the favour of you to lay before all the world the unhappy condition of us poor vagrants, who are really in a way of labour instead of idleness. There are crowds of us whose manner of livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us; and who would willingly lead a new life, if the rigour of the virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming into the world again. As it now happens, to the eternal infamy of the male sex, falsehood among you is not reproachful, but credulity in women is infamous.

Give me leave, Sir, to give you my history. You are to know that I am a daughter of a man of a good reputation, tenant to a man of quality. The heir of this great house took it in his head to cast a favourable eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend to say he promised me marriage: I was not a creature silly enough to be taken by so foolish a story: but he ran away with me up to this town, and introduced me to a grave matron, with whom I boarded for a day or two with great gravity, and was not a little pleased with the change of my condition, from that of a country life to the finest company, as I believed, in the whole world. My humble servant made me understand that I should be always kept in the plentiful condition I then enjoyed: when after a very great fondness towards me, he one day took his leave of me for four or five days. In the evening of the same day my good landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive, began to comfort me, and with a smile told me I must see the world. When I was deaf to all she could say to divert me, she began to tell me with a very frank air that I must be treated as I ought, and not take these squeamish humours upon me, for my friend had left me in the town; and, as their phrase is, she expected I would see company, or I must be treated like what I had brought myself to. This put me into a fit of crying: and I immediately, in a true sense of my condition, threw myself on the floor, deploring my fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred to succour me. While I was in all this agony, I observed a decrepit old fellow come into the room, and looking with a sense of pleasure in his face at all my vehemence and transport. In a paroxysm of my distress I heard him say to the shameless old woman who stood by me — “She is certainly a new face, or else she looks it rarely.” With that she

of me, in all the turns of my the heaves of my passion, and able changes of my posture, took to commend my neck, my my eyes, my limbs. All this accompanied with such speeches as y have heard horse-courfers make ale of nags, when they are war- for their soundness. You und- by this time that I was left in- el, and exposed to the next bidder, old purchase me of my patroness. i so much the work of hell; the : in the possession of us wenches n proportion to the degrees we n the bounds of innocence; and is gratified, if there is nothing him to debauch. Well, Sir, t man, when I came upon the was Sir Jeoffry Foible, who was ly lavish to me of his money, k such a fancy to me, that he have carried me off, if my pa- would have taken any reasonable or me: but as he was old, his sness was his strongest passion, or I was soon left exposed to be mon refuse of all the rakes and ees in town. I cannot tell whe- i will do me justice or no, until hether you print this or not; fe, as I now live with Sal, I ive you a very just account of d who is together in this town. rhaps will not believe it; but I ne who pretends to be a very rotestant who lies with a Roman c: but more of this hereafter, as ase me. There do come to our ie greatest politicians of the age; is more shrewd than any body nobody can believe that such n could go to bawdy-houses out purposes; I have heard them lk of Augustus Cæsar, who had s with the wives of senators, not vantonness but stratagem. a thousand pities you should be dy virtuous as I fear you are;

otherwise, after one visit or two, you would soon understand that we women of the town are not such useless corre- spondents as you may imagine: you have undoubtedly heard that it was a courtezan who discovered Catiline's con- spiracy. If you print this I will tell you more; and am, in the mean time, Sir, your most humble servant,

REBECCA NETTLETON.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am an idle young woman that would work for my livelihood, but that I am kept in such a manner as I cannot stir out. My tyrant is an old jealous fellow, who allows me nothing to ap- pear in. I have but one shoe and one slipper: no head dress, and no upper petticoat. As you set up for a reformer, I desire you would take me out of this wicked way, and keep me yourself.

EVE AFTERDAY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am to complain to you of a set of impertinent coxcombs, who visit the apartments of us women of the town, only, as they call it, to see the world. I must confess to you, this to men of delicacy might have an effect to cure them; but as they are stupid, noisy, and drunken fellows, it tends only to make vice in themselves, as they think, plea- sant and humorous, and at the same time nauseous in us. I shall, Sir, here- after from time to time give you the names of these wretches who pretend to enter our houses merely as spectators. These men think it wit to use us ill: pray tell them, however worthy we are of such treatment, it is unworthy them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir, take notice of this, and pity the oppressed: I wish we could add to it, the innocent.

T



N<sup>o</sup> CXCI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9.

ἄλφω ἐνελπον.

HOM. IL. II. VER. 6.

DELUDING VISION OF THE NIGHT.

P

SOME ludicrous schoolmen have put the case, that if an ass were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his senses equally on each side, and tempted him in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this question to the disadvantage of the ass, who they say would starve in the midst of plenty, as not having a single grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either side striking his sight and smell in the same proportion, would keep him in a perpetual suspense, like the two magnets which, travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of Mahomet's burying-place at Mecca, and by that means, say they, pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the ass's behaviour in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine: but only take notice of the conduct of our own species in the same perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the same pretensions to good-luck, stand upon the same foot of competition, and no manner of reason can be given why a man should prefer one to the other before the lottery is drawn. In this case, therefore, caprice very often acts in the place of reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleased to risk his good fortune upon the number 1711, because it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter, who being a great enemy

to popery, and believing that are the most fortunate in this way lay two to one on the number 66 any other number, because, 66 is the number of the beast. Some would prefer the number 12,000 any other, as it is the number of pounds in the great prize. Some are pleased to find their own number; some that they have a number which makes a pretty chance in the cyphers; and others because it is the same number succeeded in the last lottery. Each upon no other grounds, thinks fairest for the great lot, and is possessed of what may not be in called 'The Golden Number.'

These principles of election pastimes and extravagancies of reason, which is of so busy that it will be exerting itself meanest trifles, and working for it wants materials. The wife are sometimes actuated by such countable motives, as the life of and the superstitious is guided by thing else.

I am surprised that none of tune-tellers, or, as the French call them, *Disseurs de bonne Avant*, publish their bills in every corner of the town, have not turned out to their advantage: did any of them up for a calter of fortunate figures might he not get by his pretences and predictions?

I remember among the advertisements in the Post-Boy of September I was surprised to see the following.

'This is to give notice, that 1000 shillings over and above the price will be given for the 1,000,000. Lottery, N<sup>o</sup> 1. New Cuff, at the Bible and Crowns in Cheap-side.'

This advertisement has given matter of speculation to the theorists. Mr. Cliff's principles of conversation have been canvassed on this occasion, and various

he should thus set his heart nber 132. I have examined wens in those numbers, broken fractions, extracted the square root, divided and multiplied us, but could not arrive at the about three days ago, when I the following letter from an hand, by which I find that aniel Cliff is only the agent, he principal in this advertise-

SPECTATOR,

e person that lately advertised id give ten shillings more than at price for the ticket N<sup>o</sup> 132 tery now drawing; which is a have communicated to some who rally me incessantly upon ant. You must I have but one in which reason, and a certain ave lately had more than once, oved it should be the number proved. I am so positive I hed upon the great lot, that I oild lay all I am worth on it. as are so frequent and strong occasion, that I have not only the lot, but disposed of the mo- h in all probability it will sell his morning in particular, I let uispage which I look upon to vest in the town; the liveries rich, but not gaudy. I should ad to see a speculation or two very subjects, in which you dge all people concerned, and dar your most humble servant,

GEORGE GOSLING,

Dear Spec, if I get the 12,000 will make thee a handsome

having wished my correspon-

dent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindness. I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the lottery, and only observe that the greatest part of mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend Gosling's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine temper, thus depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian proverb runs, 'The man who lives by hope will die by hunger.'

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon. L

CXCII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10.

—UNO CRE OMNES OMNIA

BONA DICERE, ET LAUDARE FORTUNAS MEAS;

QUI GNATUM HABEREM TALI INGENIO PREBITUM.

TER-ANDR. ACT. I. SC. I.

I AGREED IN COMPLEMENTING ME, AND APPLAUDING MY GOOD FORTUNE IN BEING THE FATHER OF SO TOWARDLY A SON.

the other day, and beheld a r sitting in the middle of a th a large family of children

about him; and methought I could observe in his countenance different motions of delight, as he turned his eye towards

towards the one and the other of them. The man is a person moderate in his designs for their preferment and welfare; and as he has an easy fortune, he is not solicitous to make a great one. His eldest son is a child of a very towardsly disposition, and as much as the father loves him, I dare say he will never be a knave to improve his fortune. I do not know any man who has a juster relish of life than the person I am speaking of, or keeps a better guard against the terrors of want or the hopes of gain. It is usual in a crowd of children, for the parent to name out of his own flock all the great officers of the kingdom. There is something so very surprising in the parts of a child of a man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his endowments. I know a good woman who has but three sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more certainty, than that she shall see one of them a bishop, the other a judge, and the third a court-physician. The humour is, that any thing which can happen to any man's child, is expected by every man for his own. But my friend, whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain expectations, but has his eye more upon the virtue and disposition of his children, than their advancement or wealth. Good habits are what will certainly improve a man's fortune and reputation; but on the other side, affluence of fortune will not as probably produce good affections of the mind.

It is very natural for a man of a kind disposition, to amuse himself with the promises his imagination makes to him of the future condition of his children, and to represent to himself the figure they shall bear in the world after he has left it. When his prospects of this kind are agreeable, his fondness gives as it were a longer date to his own life; and the survivorship of a worthy man in his son is a pleasure scarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can believe of his son, that he will escape the follies and indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The continuance of his virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his life; but it is the most lamentable of all reflections, to think that the heir of a man's fortune is such a one as will be a stranger to his

friends, alienated from the same interests, and a promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An estate in possession of such a successor to a good man, is worse than laid waste; and the family, of which he is the head, is in a more deplorable condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable seat of my honoured friend Ruricola, and walk from room to room revolving many pleasing occurrences, and the expressions of many just sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the booby his heir in pain while he is doing the honours of his house to the friend of his father, the heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of genius is not to be imputed to any man, but want of humanity is a man's own fault. The son of Ruricola (whose life was one continued series of worthy actions and gentleman-like inclinations) is the companion of drunken clowns, and knows no sense of praise but in the flattery he receives from his own servants; his pleasures are mean and inordinate, his language base and filthy, his behaviour rough and absurd. Is this creature to be accounted the successor of a man of virtue, wit, and breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy prospect at the house where I miss my old friend, I can go to a gentleman's not far off it, where he has a daughter who is the picture both of his body and mind, but both improved with the beauty and modesty peculiar to her sex. It is she who supplies the loss of her father to the world; she without his name or fortune, is a truer memorial of him, than her brother who succeeds him in both. Such an offspring as the eldest son of my friend perpetuates his father in the same manner as the appearance of his ghost would: it is indeed Ruricola, but it is Ruricola grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal turn which this young man has taken, except it may be to a certain severity and distance which his father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a dislike to those modes of life which were not made amiable to him by freedom and affability.

We may promise ourselves that no such excesses will appear in the family of the Cornelli, where the father lives with his sons like a father, and the sons con-

did it for no other reason but that wisest man of their acquaintance.

Cornelii are eminent traders, good correspondence with each useful to all that know them, as to themselves; and their friendship-will, and kind offices, are of jointly as well as their force, that no one ever obliged one of who had not the obligation multiplied returns from them all.

The most beautiful object the eyes can behold, to see a man of worth and son live in an intire unreserved confidence. The mutual kindness and affection between them give an infinite satisfaction to all who know

It is a sublime pleasure which is by the participation. It is as sweet as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as religion. This friendship does not only dissipate pleasures which would be extreme without but enlarges pleasures which otherwise be contemptible. The different thing has it's force and when it is spoke by a kind father, insignificant trifle has it's weight conferred by a dutiful child. I know how to express it, but I think I may transplant self-love. All the joys and sufferings which a man with are regarded only as they him in the relation he has to . A man's very honour receives value to him, when he thinks when he is in his grave, it will be remembrance that such an action is by such a one's father. Such actions sweeten the old man's , and his soliloquy delights him : can say to himself—' No man

' can tell my child his father was either ' unmerciful or unjust: my son shall ' meet many a man who shall say to ' him—" I was obliged to thy father, ' " and be my child a friend to his child ' " for ever."

It is not in the power of all men to leave illustrious names or great fortunes to their posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having industry, probity, valour, and justice: it is in every man's power to leave his son the honour of descending from a virtuous man, and add the blessings of heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this rhapsody with a letter to an excellent young man of my acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy father.

DEAR SIR,

I Know no part of life more impertinent than the office of administering consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles you had from that excellent man, whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought, to make a youth of three and twenty incapable of comfort upon coming into possession of a great fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate; and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery, what he purchased with so much industry, prudence, and wisdom. This is the true way to shew the sense you have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon the occasion. You cannot recal your father by your grief, but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct.

T

## Nº CXCH. THURSDAY, OCTOBER II.

—INGENTEM FORIBUS DOMUS ALTA SUPERBIS  
MANE SALUTANTUM TOTIS VOMIT AEDIBUS UNDA.

VIRG. GEORG. II. VER. 461.

HIS LORDSHIP'S PALACE, FROM IT'S STATELY DOORS,  
A FLOOD OF LEVEE-HUNTING MORTALS FOURS.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange variety of persons which fill the streets, the bustle and hurry, it is no unpleasantment to make guesses at their pursuits, and judge by their

countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present attention. Of all this busy crowd, there are none who would give a man inclined to such inquiries better diversion for his thoughts, than those whom we call good courtiers.

and such as are assiduous at the levees of great men. These worthies are got into an habit of being servile with an air, and enjoy a certain vanity in being known for understanding how the world passes. In the pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other hope or purpose, but to make a bow to a man in court-favour, and be thought, by some insignificant smile of his, not a little engaged in his interests and fortunes. It is wondrous, that a man can get over the natural existence and possession of his own mind so far, as to take delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated civilities. But what maintains the humour is, that outward show is what most men pursue rather than real happiness. Thus both the idol and idolater equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her majesty's good subjects, who are extremely uneasy at their own seats in the country, where all from the skies to the center of the earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in courts, or to be partners in the power of the world; I say, for the benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the whisper with great men, and vexing their neighbours with the changes they would be capable of making in the appearance at a country sessions, it would not methinks be amiss to give an account of that market for preferment, a great man's levee.

For ought I know, this commerce between the mighty and their slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good, as to incline the great to regard business rather than ostentation; and make the little know the use of their time too well, to spend it in vain applications and addresses.

The famous doctor in Moorfields, who gained so much reputation for his horary predictions, is said to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells which hung in the room above stairs, where the doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover, one bell was pulled; and if a peasant had lost a cow, the servant rung another. This method was kept in respect to all other passions and concerns, and the skillful waiter below lifted the inquirer, and gave the doctor notice accordingly. The levee of a great man is laid after the same manner,

and twenty whispers, false alarms, and private intimations, pass backward and forward from the porter, the valet, and the patron himself, before the gaping crew, who are to pay their court, are gathered together: when the scene is ready, the doors fly open and discover his lordship.

There are several ways of making this first appearance. You may be either half-dressed, and washing yourself, which is indeed the most stately; but this way of opening is peculiar to military men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the politicians or civil officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain chastity of deportment. Whether it be hieroglyphical or not, this difference in the military and civil list, I will not say, but have ever understood the fact to be, that the close minister is buttoned up, and the brave officer open-breasted on these occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the business of a levee is to receive the acknowledgments of a multitude, that a man is wise, bounteous, valiant, and powerful. When the first shot of eyes is made, it is wonderful to observe how much submission the patron's modesty can bear, and how much servitude the client's spirit can descend to. In the vast multiplicity of business, and the crowd about him, my lord's parts are usually so great, that to the astonishment of the whole assembly, he has something to say to every man there, and that so suitable to his capacity, as any man may judge that it is not without talents that men can arrive at great employments. I have known a great man ask a flag-officer which way was the wind, a commander of horse the present price of oats, and a stock-jobber at what discount such a fund was, with as much ease as if he had been bred to each of those several ways of life. Now this is extremely obliging; for at the same time that the patron informs himself of matters, he gives the person of whom he inquires, an opportunity to exert himself. What adds to the pomp of those interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest silence and order imaginable. The patron is usually in the midst of the room, and some humble person gives him a whisper, which his lordship answers almost to the wall.

• Yes, I am!

n yourself further, you may be of my part in it.' This happy dismissed; and my lord can turn to a business of a quite different and off-hand gives as good an as any great man is obliged to. chief point is to keep in general if there be any thing offered particular, to be in haste.

we are now in the height of the and my lord's creatures have all air whispers round to keep up the of the thing, and the dumb show me more general. He casts his that corner, and there to Mr. -one; to the other—'And when ou come to town?' And perhaps fore he nods to another; and enth him—'But, Sir, I am glad you, now I think of it.' Each are happy for the next four and hours; and those who bow in undistinguished, and by dozens me, think they have very good ts if they may hope to arrive at nices half a year hence.

satirist says, there is seldom comense in high fortune; and one think to behold a levee, that the were not only infatuated with ation, but also that they believed ow were seized too; else how is le they could think of imposing themselves and others in such a

degree, as to set up a levee for any thing but a direct farce? But such is the weakness of our nature, that when men are a little exalted in their condition, they immediately conceive they have additional senses, and their capacities enlarged not only above other men, but above human comprehension itself. Thus it is ordinary to see a great man attend one listening, bow to one at a distance, and to call to a third at the same instant. A girl in new ribbands is not more taken with herself, nor does she betray more apparent coquetries, than even a wise man in such a circumstance of courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the affectation which is recorded of Cæsar, to wit, that he would dictate to three several writers at the same time. This was an ambition below the greatness and candour of his mind. He indeed (if any man had pretensions to greater faculties than any other mortal) was the person; but such a way of acting is childish, and inconsistent with the manner of our being. And it appears from the very nature of things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the distraction of a public levee; but the whole seems to be a conspiracy of a set of servile slaves, to give up their own liberty to take away their patron's understanding. T

## Nº CXCIV. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12.

—DIFFICILI BILE TUMET JECUR.

HOR. OD. XIII. LIB. I. VER. 4.

ANGER BOILS UP IN MY HOT LAB'RING BREAST.

GLANVIL.

E-present paper shall consist of two letters which observe upon what are easily cured both in love and ship. In the latter, as far as ly regards conversation, the person neglects visiting an agreeable is punished in the very transgression a good companion is not found y room we go into. But the

Love is of a more delicate nature and the anxiety is inexpressible if itle instance of kindness is not cal. There are things in this commerce which there are not to express, and a man may not know how to represent what y tear his heart into ten thousand s. To be grave to a man's spirit,

unattentive to his discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something to disagreeable, that the utmost steps which may be made in farther enmity cannot give greater torment. The gay Corinna, who sets up for an indifference and becoming heedlessness, gives her husband all the torment imaginable out of mere insolence, with this peculiar vanity, that she is to look as gay as a maid in the character of a wife. It is no matter what is the reason of a man's grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy man is concerned that she means him no dishonour, but pines to death because she will not have so much deference to him.

as to avoid the appearance of it. The author of the following letter is perplexed with an injury that is in a degree yet less criminal, and yet the source of the utmost unhappiness.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have read your papers which relate to jealousy, and desire your advice in my case, which you will say is not common. I have a wife, of whose virtue I am not in the least doubtful; yet I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives me as great uneasiness as being faulty the other way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that case, for she keeps possession of my heart, without the return of her's. I would desire your observations upon that temper in some women who will not condescend to convince their husbands of their innocence or their love, but are wholly negligent of what reflections the poor men make upon their conduct, (so they cannot call it criminal,) when at the same time a little tenderness of behaviour, or regard to shew an inclination to please them, would make them intirely at ease. Do not such women deserve all the misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the usual practice of guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her sister, or taking the air with her mother, it is always carried with the air of a secret: then she will sometimes tell a thing of no consequence, as if it was only want of memory made her conceal it before; and this is only to dally with my anxiety. I have complained to her of this behaviour in the gentlest terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who desired only to live with her like an indulgent friend, as the most morose and unsociable husband in the world. It is no easy matter to describe our circumstances, but it is insupportable with this aggravation; that it might be easily mended, and yet no remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a phrase or two in this letter which she will know came from me. If we enter into an explanation which may tend to our future quiet by your means, you shall have our joint thanks; in the

mean time I am (as much as I can) this unhappy condition. In my  
Sir,

Your humble

MR. SPECTATOR,

GIVE me leave to make you sent of a character not yet described in your papers, which is that of who treats his friend with the variety which a fantastical female practises towards her lover. I have some time had a friendship with those mercurial persons: they know loves me, yet takes advantage of my fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by turns of friends and the greatest strangers; sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other times he avoids for a long time, yet neither know why. When we meet by chance, he is amazed he has seen me, is impatient for an appointment same evening; and when I expect should have kept it, I have known slip away to another place; he has sat reading the news, when no post; smoking his pipe, when seldom cares for; and staring at me in company with whom he has to do, as if he wondered how I came there.

That I may state my case to more fully, I shall transcribe for you in minutes I have taken of him in manuscript since last spring; for you know there are certain seasons of the year, according to which, I will say our friendship, but the enjoyment rises or falls. In March and April was as various as the weather; and part of June I found him the least best-humoured fellow is to be in the dog-days he was much more indolent; in September very agreeable but very busy; and since the last to changeable, he has made appointments with me, and broken every one. However I have got of him this winter, especially will lend me your assistance to him, which will be a great satisfaction to, Sir,

Your most humble

Oct. 9,

1711.

N<sup>o</sup> CXCIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

Νῆπιον, ὃδ' Ἰσραὴν ὅσω πάλιν ἤμισυ παρτίς,  
Οὐδ' ὅσω ἐν μάλαχ' ἵτι δι' ἀσφοδίλου μετ' ὕμνου.

HES. OPER. ET DIER. LIB. I. VER. 401

FOOLS, NOT TO KNOW THAT HALF EXCEEDS THE WHOLE,  
NOT THE GREAT BLESSINGS OF A FRUGAL BOARD.

HERE is a story in the Arabian Nights of a king who had inguished under an ill habit of and had taken abundance of re- to no purpose. At length, says he, a physician cured him by the ing method: he took an hollow wood, and filled it with several after which he closed it up so ally that nothing appeared. He le took a mall, and after having ed the handle and that part which the ball, he inclosed in them se- rugs after the same manner as in ll itself. He then ordered the who was his patient, to exercise early in the morning with these prepared instruments, until such he should sweat: when, as the ces, the virtue of the medicaments ing through the wood, had so an influence on the sultan's con- n, that they cured him of an in- tion which all the compositions d taken inwardly had not been remove. This eastern allegory ly contrived to shew us how bel- bodily labour is to health, and xercise is the most effectual physic. s described in my hundred and th paper, from the general struc- ed mechanism of an human bow- w absolutely necessary exercise is 's preservation: I shall in this ecommend a great preservative of , which in many cases produces ne effects as exercise, and may in measure supply it's place, where unities of exercise are wanting. reservative I am speaking of is rance, which has those particular ages above all other means of , that it may be practised by all and conditions, at any season, or place. It is a kind of regimen hich every man may put himself, at interruption to business, ex- of money, or loss of time. If s thrown off all superfluities, tem-

perance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise diffuses a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise and temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not presented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down sallads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of



numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counterferments mult such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all it's magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrement of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any de-

terminate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician.

Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, until you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case, there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate and occasion excess; nor in the second, any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple—

The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies. But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and

thirst, whenever any discommodities of life may put her upon such; and at the same time an opportunity of extricating from her oppressions, and recover several tones and springs of her vessels. Besides that abstinence often kills a sickness in and destroys the first seeds of passion. It is observed by two ancient authors, that Socrates, standing he lived in Athens at great plague, which has made noise through all ages, and has celebrated at different times by I sent hands; I say, notwithstanding he lived in the time of this pestilence, he never caught the infection, which these writers ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them series of kings or great men of number. If we consider that sages, a great part of whose life consisted in a temperate and a course of life, one would think of a philosopher and the life were of two different dates, find that the generality of these were nearer an hundred than half of age at the time of their death. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life we meet with in a little book by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian I the rather mention, because of his undoubted credit, as the late ambassador, who was of the family, attested more than once a satisfaction, when he resided in Cornaro, who was the author of the treatise I am mentioning, of his infirm constitution, until about when by obstinately persisting in his course of temperance, he recovered perfect state of health; in 1610 four score he published his book has been translated into English the title of 'Sure and certain of attaining a long and healthy life.' He lived to give a third and fourth edition of it, and after having lived a hundredth year, died without

any more.

notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this paper as a sequel to that upon exercise, I have not here considered temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future speculation, but only as it is the means of health.

L

N<sup>o</sup> CXCVI. MONDAY, OCTOBER 15.

EST ULVERIS, ANIMUS SI TE NON DEFICIT ÆQUUS.

HOR. EP. II. LIB. I. VER. 36.

TRUE HAPPINESS IS TO NO PLACE CONFIN'D,  
BUT STILL IS FOUND IN A CONTENTED MIND.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HERE is a particular fault which I have observed in most of the moralists in all ages, and that is, that they are always professing themselves and teaching others to be happy. This state is not to be arrived at in this life; therefore I would recommend to you to talk in an humbler strain than your predecessors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The thoughts of him who would be discreet and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our pain rather than promoting our joy. Great inquietude is to be avoided, but great felicity is not to be attained. The great lesson is equanimity, a regularity of spirit, which is a little above cheerfulness, and below mirth. Cheerfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain, but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental: it should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it; for those tempers who want mirth to be pleased, are like the constitutions which flag without the use of brandy. Therefore, I say, let your precept be—'Be easy.' That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly inactive.

There are a couple of old fellows of my acquaintance who meet every day and smoke a pipe, and by their mutual love to each other, though they have been men of business and bustle in the world, enjoy a greater tranquillity than either could have worked himself into by any chapter of Seneca. Indolence of body and mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently enjoyed; but the very inquiry after happiness has

something restless in it, which a man who lives in a series of temperate meals, friendly conversations, and easy slumbers, gives himself no trouble about. While men of refinement are talking of tranquillity, he possesses it.

What I would by these broken expressions recommend to you, Mr. Spectator, is, that you would speak of the way of life, which plain men may pursue, to fill up the spaces of time with satisfaction. It is a lamentable circumstance, that wisdom, or, as you call it, philosophy, should furnish ideas only for the learned; and that a man must be a philosopher to know how to pass away his time agreeably. It would therefore be worth your pains to place in an handsome light the relations and affinities among men, which render their conversation with each other so grateful, that the highest talents give but an impotent pleasure in comparison with them. You may find descriptions and discourses which will render the fire-side of an honest artificer as entertaining as your own club is to you. Good-nature has an endless source of pleasures in it; and the representation of domestic life filled with it's natural gratifications, (instead of the necessary vexations which are generally insisted upon in the writings of the witty) will be a very good office to society.

The vicissitudes of labour and rest in the lower part of mankind make their being pass away with that sort of relish which we express by the word Comfort; and should be treated of by you, who are a Spectator, as well as such subjects which appear indeed more speculative, but are less instructive. In a word, Sir, I would have you turn your thoughts to the advantage of such as want you most,

most; and shew that simplicity, innocence, industry, and temperance, are arts which lead to tranquillity, as much as learning, wisdom, knowledge, and contemplation. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T. B.

HACKNEY, OCT. 12.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am the young woman whom you did so much justice to some time ago, in acknowledging that I am perfect mistress of the fan, and use it with the utmost knowledge and dexterity. Indeed the world, as malicious as it is, will allow, that from an hurry of laughter I recollect myself the most suddenly, make a curtsey, and let fall my hands before me, closing my fan at the same instant, the habit of any woman in England. I am now a little delighted that I have had your notice and approbation; and however other young women may rally me out of envy, I triumph in it, and demand a place in your friendship. You must therefore permit me to lay before you the present state of my mind. I was reading your Spectator of the ninth instant, and thought the circumstance of the ass divided between two bundles of hay which equally affected his senses, was a lively representation of my present

condition: for you are to know that I am extremely enamoured with two young gentlemen who at this time pretend to me. One must hide nothing when one is asking advice, therefore I will own to you that I am very amorous and very covetous. My lover Will is very rich, and my lover Tom very handsome. I can have either of them when I please: but when I debate the question in my own mind, I cannot take Tom for fear of losing Will's estate; nor enter upon Will's estate, and bid adieu to Tom's person. I am very young, and yet no one in the world, dear Sir, has the main chance more in her head than myself. Tom is the gayest, the blithest creature! He dances well, is very civil and diverting at all hours and seasons. Oh, he is the joy of my eyes! But then again, Will is so very rich and careful of the main. How many pretty dresses does Tom appear in to charm me! But then it immediately occurs to me, that a man of his circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the whole, I have at last examined both these desires of love and avarice, and upon strictly weighing the matter, I begin to think I shall be covetous longer than fond; therefore if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall take Will. Alas, poor Tom! Your humble servant,

BIDDY LOVELESS.

## Nº CXC VII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16.

ALTER PAXATUR DE LANA SÆPE CAPRINA, ET  
PROPUGNAT NUGIS ARMATUS: SCILICET, UT NON  
SIT MIHI PRIMA FIDES; ET VERE QUOD PLACET, UT NON  
ACRITER ELATREM, PRETIUM ÆTA. ALTERA SORDET.  
AMBIGITUR QUID ENIM? CASTOR SCIAT, AN DOCILIS PLUS,  
BRUNDUSIUM NUMICI MELIUS VIA DUCAT, AN APPI.

HOR. EP. XVIII. LIB. 2. VER. 19.

ONE STRIVES FOR TRIFLES, AND FOR TOYS CONTENTS:  
HE IS IN EARNEST; WHAT HE SAYS, DEFENDS:  
'THAT I SHOULD NOT BE TRUSTED, RIGHT OR WRONG,  
'OR BE DEBAUCH'D THE FREEDOM OF MY TONGUE,  
'AND NOT BAWL WHAT I PLEASE: TO PART WITH THIS,  
'I THINK ANOTHER LIFE TOO MEAN A PRICE.'  
THE QUESTION IS—'PRAY, WHAT?'—WHY, WHICH CAN BOAST,  
OF DOCILIS, OR CASTOR, KNOWING MOST;  
OR WHETHER THRO' NUMICUM BEN'T AS GOOD  
TO FAIR BRUNDUSIUM, AS THE APPIAN ROAD.

CREECH.

EVERY age a man passes through, and way of life he engages in, has some particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will re-

quire his nicest care to avoid. The several weaknesses, to which youth, old age, and manhood, are exposed, have long since been set down by many books

s and philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any such treated of those ill habits as objects to, not so much by reason of different ages and tempers, as of particular profession or business. They were educated and brought

up more surprised to find this little touched on, since what speaking of is so apparent, as to be the most vulgar observation of business men are chiefly concerned

to does not only give a certain direction to their minds, but is very prevalent in their outward behaviour. Some of the most indifferent of their lives. It is this air diffused over the whole man, which I find out a person at his first sight; so that the most careless observer he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman or the gait of a

liberal arts, though they may have less effect on our external behaviour, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to be wholly one way.

A mathematician will take little demonstration in the most common course, and the schoolman is as content with definitions and syllogisms. The physician and divine are content to dictate in private common with the same authority which they use over their patients and disciples. The lawyer is putting cases of matter for disputation out of the way that occurs.

At possibly some time or other I shall be more at large on the particular of each profession is most interesting; but shall at present wholly leave to the cure of what I last mentioned, namely that spirit of strife which prevails in the conversations of the lower orders of the long robe.

It is thus more ordinary, because the lower men regarding argument as a proper province, and very ready money of it, think they should yield before company. They are in common talk how zealous they could defend a cause in court, and are frequently forgetful to keep in mind which is absolutely requisite for conversation pleasant and in-

teresting, that I have heard him say, he has known but few pleaders that were tolerable company.

The captain, who is a man of good sense, but dry conversation, was last night giving me an account of a discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law.

"I was giving my opinion," says the captain, "without apprehending any debate that might arise from it, of a general's behaviour in a battle that was fought some years before either the Templar or myself were born. The young lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a quarter of an hour upon a subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to shew me that my opinions were ill-grounded. Upon which," says the captain, "to avoid any farther contests, I told him, that truly I had not considered those several arguments which he had brought against me, and that there might be a great deal in them.—"Ay, but," says my antagonist, who would not let me escape so, "there are several things to be urged in favour of your opinion, which you have omitted;" and thereupon begun to shine on the other side of the question. Upon this," says the captain, "I came over to my first sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former posture, and confuted both himself and me a third time. In short," says my friend, "I found he was resolved to keep me at sword's length, and never let me close with him, so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagonist free leave to smile at his victory, who I found, like Hudibras, "could still change sides, and still confute."

For my own part, I have ever regarded our inns of court as nurseries of statesmen and law-givers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple coffee-houses, I found the whole room, which was full of young students, divided into several parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some controversy. The management of the late ministry was attacked and defended with great vigour; and several preliminaries to the peace were

Sentry pushes this matter so

were proposed by some, and rejected by others; the demolishing of Dunkirk was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In short, I observed that the desire of victory, whetted with the little prejudices of party and interest, generally carried the argument to such a height, as made the disputants insensibly conceive an aversion towards each other, and part with the highest dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an argument handsomely being so nice a point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few rules on that head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young kinsman of mine, who had made so great a proficiency in the law, that he began to plead in company upon every subject that was started.

Having the entire manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such parts of it as I shall think requisite for the instruction of the British youth. What regards my present purpose is as follows:

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good-humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another: but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace: you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another be-

cause he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means, by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, what might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? But if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget!

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or give weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank Nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals on one value your anger, which only pays upon it's master; and perhaps you may find it is not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, If you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost needless to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chuses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the charactery of impartial, by placing him with an opportunity of siding things to the bottom, shewing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

all close this subject with giving caution: when you have gained your adversary see it is in your power, but do not push it too far; it is that you are too generous to make use of it.

X

## CXCVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17.

CERVA LUPORUM PRÆDA RAPACIUM  
SECTAMUR ULTRO, QUOS OPIMUS  
FALLERE ET EFFUGERE EST TRIUMPHUS.

HOR. OD. IV. LIB. IV. VER. 50.

WE, LIKE THE STAG, THE BRINDED WOLF PROVOKE,  
AND, WHEN RETREAT IS VICTORY,  
RUSH ON, THOUGH SURE TO DIE.

ANON.

ERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, she stands upon fire, and lives in the flames without being hurt. A reader knows no distinction of sex: she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is as narrow-spirited as to observe the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a stranger to her bed-side, plays with him all afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moonlight, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of an husband, or the cruelty of a parent, that would detract from such innocent liberties. A Salamander is therefore a perorator against jealousy, and a French good-breeding, a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the Salamander is in an invincible state of simplicity of science; her constitution is precisely of a kind of natural frost; she is what people mean by temptation, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a trial, or fiery trials: like the virgin Emma, the pretty innocent is involved among burning ploughshares without being scorched, or singed.

It is not therefore for the use of the world, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the folio; but for such females only made of flesh and blood, and themselves subject to human frail-

ties are not of the Salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls temptations, and the world opportunities. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness; they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex, in the language of Chamont in the Orphan—

Trust not a man. we are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant;  
When a man talks of love, with caution treat  
him;  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I might very much enlarge upon this subject, but shall conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish officers, and which may show the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined, about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great

in this part of the fair-sex who

poverty by the wars, which for some years have laid the whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a ship-board above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegade in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines, enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegade, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency: he further told the renegade, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegade,

after having represented to him that his

Algerine master would never con his release upon such a preterlength contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his being afraid lest the money should carry by the way, and determined to perish with it rather than lose it, which was much dearer to him than life, he returned himself in a little vessel was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon occasion, when he considered that he soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by an uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegade, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, that she quickly thought him the gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was corrupted from the honest Castilian, she was taught to look upon an old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She was instructed by the renegade how to manage herself upon his arrival; she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, length persuaded him to trust the new friend the renegade with the money he had brought over for the ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and gratiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. A good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian slept longer than ordinary that morning, upon his awaking his wife had left him: he immediately enquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegade about break of day. In a short time their lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of the Algerine, and carried away the money, and the Castilian in captivity; who partly by the cruel treatment of the Algerine his master, and partly by the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

N<sup>o</sup> CXCI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18.

—SCRIBERE JUSSIT AMOR.

OVID. EP. IV. VER. 10.

LOVE MADE ME WRITE.

THE following letters are written with such an air of sincerity, that not deny the inserting of them.

SPECTATOR,

ALTHOUGH you are every where in our writings a friend to women, do remember that you have direct-ly considered the mercenary practice of men the choice of wives. If you please to employ your thoughts that subject, you would easily con-template the miserable condition many of us, who not only from the laws of modesty are restrained from making any advances towards our- selves, but are also from the circum-stance of fortune, out of all hope of be-coming by those whom we love. All these disadvantages, I am ob-liged to apply myself to you, and hope I may prevail with you to print in your next paper the following letter, which is a declaration of passion to one who has made some faint addresses to me some time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the inequality of my for-tune makes him think he cannot answer the world, if he pursues his designs of marriage; and I believe, as he does not want discernment, he discon-tinues looking at him the other day, in such a manner as has raised hopes of gaining me on terms the most ill-easier. But my heart was very much at this occasion, and if you know love and honour are, you will per-mit that I use no further arguments in your favour, but hasten with my letter to you, whom I call Oroondates, because I do not succeed, it shall look like ro-ses; and if I am regarded, you shall have a pair of gloves at my wedding, and under the name of Statira.

TO OROONDATES.

YOUR very much perplexity in your- self, and revolving how to ac- complish your own sentiments,

and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this way, by which means I can be at once revealed to you, or, if you please, lie concealed. If I do not within few days find the effect which I hope from this, the whole af- fair shall be buried in oblivion. But alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you? But after I have done so, I am to assure you, that with all the passion which ever entered a tender heart, I know I can ban- ish you from my sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no incli- nations towards me but to my dis- honour. But alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential happiness of life, to the opinion of a world, that moves upon no other foundation, but professed error and prejudice? You all can observe that riches alone do not make you happy, and yet give up every thing else when it stands in competition with riches. Since the world is so bad, that religion is left to us silly women, and you men act generally upon prin- ciples of profit and pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any thing but what may be most to your advan- tage as a man of the world. And I will lay before you the state of the case, supposing that you had it in your power to make me your mistress, or your wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is more for your interest, and will con- tribute more to your pleasure.

We will suppose then the scene was laid, and you were now in expectation of the approaching evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient corner of the town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton imagination has promised you in the possession of one who is in the bloom of youth, and in the reputa- tion of innocence: you would soon have enough of me, as I am sprightly, young, gay, and airy. When fancy is sated, and finds all the promises it made itself false, where is now the innocence which charmed you? The first hour you are alone



alone you will find that the pleasure of a debauchee is only that of a destroyer; he blasts all the fruit he tastes, and where the brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the relish of the man. Reason resumes her place after imagination is cloyed; and I am, with the utmost distress and confusion, to behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, to be visited by stealth, and dwell for the future with the two companions (the most unfit for each other in the world) solitude and guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful obscurity we should pass our time in, nor run over the little short snatches of fresh air, and free commerce which all people must be satisfied with, whose actions will not bear examination, but leave them to your reflections, who have seen of that life, of which I have but a mere idea.

On the other hand, if you can be so good and generous as to make me your wife, you may promise yourself all the obedience and tenderness with which gratitude can inspire a virtuous woman. Whatever gratifications you may promise yourself from an agreeable person, whatever compliances from an easy temper, whatever consolations from a sincere friendship, you may expect as the due of your generosity. What at present in your ill view you promise yourself from me, will be followed by distaste and satiety; but the transports of a virtuous love are the least part of it's happiness. The raptures of innocent passion are but like lightning to the day, they rather interrupt than advance the pleasure of it. How happy then is that life to be, where the highest pleasures of sense are but the lowest parts of it's felicity?

Now I am to repeat to you a natural request of taking me on these terms. I know there stands before you and that happiness, the haughtiness of a man who can give you nothing to your fortune. But if you will attend to my attendance and behaviour of me, it comes to you in partnership of fortune, and expects an equivalent of her who enters your household honoured and obliged by that person, whom of the two will you choose perhaps, will think fit to spend some time abroad in the common entertainment of men of sense and fortune, who think herself ill used in that abode, and contrive at home an expence proportioned to the appearance which you wish to the world. She is in all things a regard to the fortune which she brings you, I to the fortune to which she has introduced me. The commerce of you two will eternally have the same bargain, between us of a friendship which will ever enter into the room, and kind wishes attend my return when he leaves it. Ask yourself would you be pleased to enjoy the pleasure of having laid an obligation on a grateful mind, which will be your care with me. In marriage you will live in a comparison of benefits, and never regret the happiness of conferring or receiving any.

It may be you will, after a little reflection, rather in the prudential way, than to the sense of the ordinary man, know not what I think or feel; that melancholy reflection comes; but shall only add more, in your power to make me your faithful wife, but never your abandoned mistress.

## Nº CC. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19.

VINCIT AMOR PATRIÆ—

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER.

THE NOBLEST MOTIVE IS THE PUBLIC GOOD.

**T**HE ambition of princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their people. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their successes. If a severe view were to be taken of their

conduct, if the profit and loss of wars could be justly balanced, they would be rarely found that the conqueror is sufficient to repay the cost.

As I was the other day looking over the letters of my correspondent, I observed this hint from that of Phil

turned my present thoughts political arithmetic, an art of use than entertainment. My s offered an essay towards prov- Lewis XIV. with all his acquirements not master of more people than ginning of his wars; nay, that subject he had acquired, he hree that were his inheritance: ithmus is not mistaken in his ons, Lewis must have been imd by his ambition.

since for the public good has a property in every private pette, and consequently his riches ease or decreate in proportion mber and riches of his subjects. mple: if sword or pestilence destroy all the people of this me- God forbid there should be such a supposition! but if this e the case, the queen must needs eat part of her revenue, or, at it is charged upon the city must the burden upon the rest of her

Perhaps the inhabitants here ove the tenth part of the whole; ey are better fed, and clothed, ed, than her other subjects, the and excises upon their consump- imposts upon their houses, and es, do very probably make a t of the whole revenue of the

But this is not all; the con- of the city takes off a great the fruits of the whole island; pays such a proportion of the yearly value of the lands in the so it is the cause of paying such ion of taxes upon those lands. s then of such a people must sensible to the prince, and visi- e whole kingdom.

e other hand, if it should please drop from heaven a new people number and riches to the city, be ready to think their excises, and house-rent, would raise as evenue to the crown as would e the former case. And as the tion of this new body would be arket for the fruits of the coun- the lands, especially those most, would rise in their yearly value, greater yearly taxes to the pub- e gain in this case would be as as the former loss.

soever is assailed upon the gene- ved upon individuals. It were e while then to consider what is or by means of, the meanest

subjects, in order to compute the value of every subject to the prince.

For my own part, I should believe that seven-eighths of the people are without property in themselves or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread; and that of this sort there are seven millions in the whole island of Great Britain: and yet one would imagine that seven-eighths of the whole people should consume at least three-fourths of the whole fruits of the country. If this is the case, the subjects without property pay three-fourths of the rents, and consequently enable the landed men to pay three-fourths of their taxes. Now if so great a part of the land-tax were to be divided by seven millions, it would amount to more than three shillings to every head. And thus as the poor are the cause, without which the rich could not pay this tax, even the poorest subject is upon this account worth three shillings yearly to the prince.

Again: one would imagine the consumption of seven-eighths of the whole people, should pay two-thirds of all the customs and excises. And if this sum too should be divided by seven millions, viz. the number of poor people, it would amount to more than seven shillings to every head: and therefore with this and the former sum every poor subject, without property, except of his limbs or labour, is worth at least ten shillings yearly to the sovereign. So much then the queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new subjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited with the argument, and was just preparing to write a letter of advice to a member of parliament, for opening the freedom of our towns and trades, for taking away all manner of distinctions between the natives and foreigners, for repealing our laws of parish-settlements, and removing every other obstacle to the increase of the people. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable eloquence my fellow-labourers had exaggerated the mischiefs of selling the birth-right of Britons for a shilling, of spoiling the pure British blood with foreign mixtures, of introducing a confusion of languages and religions, and of letting in strangers to eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people, I became so humble as to let my project fall.

fall to the ground, and leave my country to increase by the ordinary way of generation.

As I have always at heart the public good, so I am ever contriving schemes to promote it; and I think I may without vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former project, but my head was presently full of draining fens and marshes, banking out the sea, and joining new lands to my country; for since it is thought impracticable to increase the people to the land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the prince by increasing the land to the people.

If the same omnipotent Power which made the world, should at this time raise out of the ocean and join to Great Britain an equal extent of land, with equal buildings, corn, cattle, and other conveniences and necessaries of life, but no men, women, nor children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the riches of the people, or revenue of the prince; for since the present buildings are sufficient for all the inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new part of the island, the increase of house rent in this would be attended with at least an equal decrease of it in the other: besides, we have such a sufficiency of corn and cattle, that we give bounties to our neighbours to take what exceeds of their farmer off our hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our fellow-subjects; and for the remaining product of the country it is already equal to all our markets. But if all these things should be doubled to the same buyers, the owners must be glad with half their present prices, the landlords with half their present rents; and thus by so great an enlargement of the country, the rents in the whole would not increase, nor the taxes to the public.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished; for as the land is only valuable for its fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the year, or perish without use, the owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their possession: so that it is probable the annual production of those perishable things, even of one tenth part of them, beyond all possibility of use, will reduce one half of their value. It seems to be

for this reason that our neighbour merchants who ingross all the spices, and know how great a quantity is equal to the demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the annual production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an eighth part of their present prices; and thus this extended island would not exceed one-fourth part of its present value, or pay more than one-fourth part of the present tax.

It is generally observed, that in countries of the greatest plenty there is the poorest living; like the schoolmen's ad in one of my speculations, the people almost starve between two meals. The truth is, the poor, which are the bulk of a nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days labour they can get a wretched subsistence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four: but then with the wages of two days they can neither pay such prices for their provisions, nor such excises to the government.

That paradox therefore in old Hesiod *ὅλιον ἥμισυ πάντες*, or half is more than the whole, is very applicable to the present case; since nothing is more true in political arithmetic, than that the same people with half the country is more valuable than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir W. Petty, when he fancied if all the highlands of Scotland and the whole kingdom of Ireland were sunk in the ocean, so that the people were all saved and brought into the lowlands of Great Britain; nay, though they were to be reimbursed the value of their estates by the body of the people, yet both the sovereign and the subjects in general would be enriched by the very loss.

If the people only make the riches, the father of ten children is a greater benefactor to his country, than he who has added to it 10,000 acres of land and 20 people. It is certain Lewis has joined vast tracts of land to his dominions: but if Philarithmus says true, that he is not now master of so many subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reason is plain, Lewis must needs have been impoverished not only by his loss of subjects, but by his acquisition of lands.

N<sup>o</sup> CCI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

RELIGENTEM ESSE OPORTET, RELIGIOSUM NEFAS.

INCERTI AUCTORIS APUD AUL. GELL.

A MAN SHOULD BE RELIGIOUS, NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

of the last importance to season passions of a child with devotion, seldom dies in a mind that has had an early tincture of it. Though seem extinguished for a while cares of the world, the heats of or the allurements of vice, it breaks out and discovers itself as soon as discretion, consideration, or misfortunes, have brought in to himself. The fire may be laid over and over, but cannot be quenched and smothered.

ate of temperance, sobriety, and without devotion, is a cold, lifeless condition of virtue; and is to be styled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great ideas, and fills it with more sublime than any that are to be met in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

as been observed by some writers, man is more distinguished from the world by devotion than by reason. Several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmer of reason, though they bear no single circumstance of their nature any thing that bears the least resemblance to devotion. It is certain the faculty of the mind to religious worship is the natural tendency of the soul to some superior Being for succour in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendant which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good for the acts of love and admiration which the thoughts of men are so easily transported in meditating the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations of heaven in the great article of devotion, plainly shew that devotion or worship must be the effect of religion from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it arises from instinct implanted in the soul.

For my part, I look upon

all these to be the concurrent causes; but which ever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being, as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by christianity; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to it's mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless it's heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and extasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she flights human ordinances, and

and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by Aulus Gellius—*Religiosum esse oportet, religiosum nefas*; A man should be religious, not superstitious: for as the author tells us, Nigidius observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *nefas* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown, a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness, superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the Roman Catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The Roman Catholic church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded: on the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic bishop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a form in such parti-

cular shoes or slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a crozier in his hand. To this a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an antic dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, until by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of these ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the pope officiate at St. Peter's, where, for two hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.

## Nº CCII. MONDAY, OCTOBER 22.

SAPE DECIM VITIIS INSTRUCTIONE OBIT ET ROBERT.

HOR. EP. XVII. LIB. I. VER. 35.

MANY, THOUGH FAULTIER MUCH THEMSELVES, PRETEND THEIR LESS-OFFENDING NEIGHBOURS FAULTS TO MEND.

THE other day as I passed along the street, I saw a sturdy 'prentice-boy disputing with an hackney-coachman; and in an instant, upon some word of provocation, throw off his hat and periwig, clench his fist, and strike the fellow a slap on the face; at the same time calling him rascal, and telling him he was a gentleman's son. The young gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith; and the debate arose about payment for some work done about a coach, near which they fought. His

master, during the combat, was full of his boy's praises; and as he called to him to play with his hand and foot, and throw in his head, he made all us who stood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could trust him with untold gold. As I am generally in the theory of mankind, I could not but make my reflections upon the sudden popularity which was raised about the lad; and perhaps, with my friend Theophrastus, I should

ation; or ascribed this general cause which had nothing to do with it. But the young blackening a gentleman was, somewhat created him good-will present equality with the mob: add to this, that he was not a gentleman, as not, at the time that he called himself such, enough methods for his defence against it. The advantage of good friends, as his master thought, was not lazily urged; but himself superior to the coachman's personal qualities of courage and strength, to confirm that of his belief, before his birth was of use to him.

He might moralize from this silly notion, and would say, that whatever is the lot of fortune, birth, or any other, people possess above the rest of the world, they should shew collateral besides those distinctions; or distinctions will avail only to keep up decencies and ceremonies, to preserve a real place of esteem in the opinion and company of their fellow-creatures.

By the people's procedure, in that nothing is more necessary to property and superior circumstance, to support them in distinction, no way so much as in the doctrine of life. It is ordinary to humours into unnatural excess, if I may so speak, and make it being a wayward and unsteady, for want of the obvious that all parts of human life is so. It is not only paying giving commands, that commander of a family; but prudential behaviour, with readiness and cherish them, is what enters into that character in their actions and sentiments. It is pleasant to observe, that men expect dependents, from their sole ear, all the good effects which education, and affluent fortune, other advantage, cannot promise themselves. A man will have just, diligent, sober, and no other reasons but the terror of his master's favour; when as divine and human cannot command him he serves within bounds, to any one of those virtues. In great and ordinary affairs,

all superiority, which is not founded on merit and virtue, is supported only by artifice and stratagem. Thus you see flatterers are the agents in families of humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but reason. Make hates, distant relations, poor kinsmen, and indigent followers, are the fry which support the economy of an humourous rich man. He is eternally whispered with intelligence of who are true or false to him in matters of no consequence, and he maintains twenty friends to defend him against the insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old coat.

I shall not enter into further speculation upon this subject at present, but think the following letters and petition are made up of proper sentiments on this occasion.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a servant to an old lady who is governed by one she calls her friend; who is so familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasy with all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleased to give us some remarks upon voluntary counsellors; and let these people know that to give any body advice, is to say to that person—"I am your better." Pray, Sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal dirt and disturber of families, Mrs. Taperty, who is always visiting, and putting people in a way, as they call it. If you can make her stay at home one evening, you will be a general benefactor to all the ladies-women in town, and particularly to your loving friend,

SUSAN CIVIL.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a footman, and live with one of those men, each of whom is said to be one of the best-humoured men in the world, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no care to command his hastiness, does more injury to his friends and servants in one half hour, than whole years can atone for. This master of mine, who is the best man alive in common fame, disoblige somebody every day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of humour at it. If these gentlemen knew that they do all the mischief that

that is ever done in conversation, they would reform; and I who have been a spectator of gentlemen at dinner for many years, have seen that indiscretion does ten times more mischief than ill-nature. But you will represent this better than your abused humble servant,  
THOMAS SMOKY.

## TO THE SPECTATOR.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHN STEWARD, ROBERT BUTLER, HARRY COOK, AND ABIGAIL CHAMBERS, IN BEHALF OF THEMSELVES AND THEIR RELATIONS, BELONGING TO AND DISPERSED IN THE SEVERAL SERVICES OF MOST OF THE GREAT FAMILIES WITHIN THE CITIES OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER,

SHEWETH,

THAT in many of the families in which your petitioners live and are employed, the several heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is business, and are very little judges when they are well or ill used by us your said petitioners.

That for want of such skill in their own affairs, and by indulgence of their

own laziness and pride, they could keep about them certain miscreant animals called spies.

That whenever a spy is entered the peace of that house is from thence banished.

That spies never give an account of good services, but represent our faults and freedom by the words, Want and Disorder.

That in all families where there are spies, there is a general jealousy and misunderstanding.

That the masters and mistresses of houses live in continual suspicion of their ingenuous and true servants, and are given up to the management of those who are false and perfidious.

That such masters and mistresses entertain spies, are no longer masters or cyphers in their own families; and as your petitioners are with your grace obliged to pay all our respects, we expect all our maintenance from your spies.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would repeal the premises to all persons of condition, your petitioners, as in duty bound shall for ever pray, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> CCIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23.

PROBEE PATER, SI DAS HUIUS MIHI NOMINIS USUM,  
NEC FALSA CLYMPENE CULPAM SUB IMAGINE CELAT;  
FIGURA DA, GENITOR—

OID. MET. LIB. II. VER. 36.

ILLUSTRIOS PARENT! SINCE YOU DON'T DESPISE  
A PARENT'S NAME, SOME CERTAIN TOKEN GIVE,  
THAT I MAY CLYMPENE'S PROUD BOAST BELIEVE,  
NOR LONGER UNDER FALSE REPROACHES GRIEVE.

ADDISON.

THERE is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the churchwarden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of London and Westminster, and several bachelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this

liberty of preying at large, and upon the common, he finds it a game in a populous city, that it is prising to consider the numbers he sometimes propagates. We see a young fellow who is scarce that could lay his claim to the *ju liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the Roman laws to those as were fathers of three children. I have heard a rake, who was not five and twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very properly determine to breed him up a scion. In short, the town is full

patriarchs, not to mention seattered beaux, who, like heedless drifts that squander away their before they are masters of them, used up their whole stock of child-re marriage.

It not here omit the particular of an impudent libertine, that little sinattering of heraldry; and how the genealogies of great were often drawn up in the trees, had taken a fancy to diffuse his own illegitimate issue in a of the same kind.

*Ingum tempus et ingens  
læcum ramis felibus arbor,  
que novæ frondes, et non sic pema.*

VIRG. GEORG. II. VER. 80.

short space the laden boughs arise,  
they fruit advancing to the skies:  
the plant admires the leaves unknown  
trees, and apples not her own.

DRYDEN.

trunk of the tree was marked  
s own name, Will Maple. Out  
side of it grew a large barren  
, inscribed Mary Maple, the  
his unhappy wife. The head  
orned with five huge boughs.

bottom of the first was written  
ital characters Kate Cole, who  
ed out into three sprigs, viz.  
n, Richard, and Rebecca. Sal-  
d gave birth to another bough  
ot up into Sarah, Tom, Will,  
nk. The third arm of the tree  
ly a single infant on it, with a  
ft for a second, the parent from  
it sprung being near her time  
e author took this ingenious de-  
o his head. The two other great  
were very plentifully loaden with  
the same kind; besides which  
ere many ornamental branches  
d not bear. In short, a more  
ing tree never came out of the  
office.

it makes this generation of vermin  
prolific, is the indefatigable di-  
with which they apply them-  
to their business. A man does  
dergo more watchings and fan-  
a campaign, than in the course  
icious amour. As it is said of  
en, that they make their business  
leisure, their sons of darkness  
said to make their pleasure their  
.. They might conquer their

corrupt inclinations with half the pains  
they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of these men less  
to be admired than their industry and  
vigilance. There is a fragment of Apol-  
lodoros the comic poet, who was con-  
temporary with Menander, which is  
full of humour, as follows: 'Thou  
' mayest shut up thy doors,' says he,  
' with bars and bolts: it will be impos-  
' sible for the blacksmith to make them  
' so fast, but a cat and a whoremaster  
' will find a way through them.' In a  
word, there is no head so full of strata-  
gems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propose a punishment for  
this infamous race of propagators, it  
should be to send them, after the second  
or third offence, into our American co-  
lonies, in order to people those parts of  
her Majesty's dominions where there is  
a want of inhabitants, and in the phrase  
of Diogenes, to 'plant men.' Some  
countries punish this crime with death;  
but I think such a banishment would be  
sufficient, and might turn this genera-  
tive faculty to the advantage of the  
public.

In the mean time, until these gentle-  
men may be thus disposed of, I would  
earnestly exhort them to take care of  
those unfortunate creatures whom they  
have brought into the world by these  
indirect methods, and to give their spu-  
rious children such an education as may  
render them more virtuous than their  
parents. This is the best atonement  
they can make for their own crimes,  
and indeed the only method that is left  
them to repair their past miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to con-  
sider, whether they are not bound in  
common humanity, as well as by all  
the obligations of religion and nature,  
to make some provision for those whom  
they have not only given life to, but  
entailed upon them, though very un-  
reasonably, a degree of shame and dis-  
grace. And here I cannot but take  
notice of those depraved notions which  
prevail among us, and which must have  
taken rise from our natural inclination  
to favour a vice to which we are so very  
prone, namely, that bastardy and cuc-  
koldom should be looked upon as re-  
proaches, and that the ignominy, which  
is only due to lewdness and falsehood,  
should fall in so unreasonable a manner  
upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this  
discourse



discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light.

SIR,

I Am one of those people who by the general opinion of the world are counted both infamous and unhappy.

My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am his son, but my misfortune is, that I dare not call him father, nor he without shame own me as his issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing tenderness and unparalleled satisfaction which a good man finds in the love and conversation of a parent: neither have I the opportunities to render him the duties of a son, he having always carried himself at so vast a distance, and with such superiority towards me, that by long use I have contracted a timorourness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own necessities, and giving him to understand the inconveniencies I undergo.

It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a scholar, a soldier, nor to any kind of business, which renders me entirely incapable of making provision for myself without his assistance; and

this creates a continual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in time want my father, if I may so call him, me but very faint assurances of any thing for me.

I have hitherto lived somewhat gentleman, and it would be wiser for me to labour for my living, in continual anxiety for my future, and under a great uneasiness losing the sweet conversation and advice of my parents; so that I do not look upon myself otherwise as a monster, strangely sprung up, which every one is at his own.

I am thought to be a man of natural parts, and by the continuing what you have offered to become an admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this confession the same time hoping, if any thing should touch you with a sense you would then allow me the favour of your opinion thereupon; as for my part I, being unlawfully born, claim of the man's affection whom I love, and how far in your opinion to be thought his son, or be acknowledged as my father. Your favour and advice herein will be a great consolation and satisfaction to, Sir, your humble servant,

C

Nº CCIV. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24

BRIT GRATA PROTERVITAS,  
ET VULTUS NIMIUM LUBRICUS ASPICE.

WITH WINNING COYNESSE SHE MY SOUL DISARMS;  
HER FACE DARTS FORTH A THOUSAND EYES;  
MY EYE-BALLS SWIM, AND I GROW GIDDY WHILE I GAZE.

I Am not at all displeased that I am become the courier of love, and that the distressed in that passion convey their complaints to each other by my means. The following letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their place with great willingness. As to the reader's entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the persons who wrote them of the highest consequence. I shall not trouble you with the prefaces, compli-

ments, and apologies, made to every such epistle when it was first inserted; but in general they are that the persons to whom they are directed have intimations, by plain allusions in them, from whom they came.

TO THE SOTHADEE

THE word, by which I address you, gives you, Sir, a hint

have for you. The Spectator's er from Statira gave me the hint the same method of explaining to you. I am not affronted at your late behaviour discovered in your addresses to me; but e it to the degeneracy of the age, than your particular fault. As nothing more than being yours, illing to be a stranger to your our fortune, or any figure which ife might expect to make in the provided my commerce with you o be a guilty one. I resign gay he pleasures of visits, equipage, balls, and operas, for that one tion of having you for ever mine. willing you should industriously the only cause of triumph which now in this life. I will only to my duty, as well as my inclina- , study your happiness. If this the effect this letter seems to aim are to understand that I had a be rid of you, and took the way to pay you with an offer of ou would never desert pursuing ou received ill usage. Be a true e my slave while you doubt me, glect me when you think I love I defy you to find out what is ecent circumstance with me; but while I can keep this suspense, ur admired

BELINDA.

AM,  
a strange state of mind a man is when the very imperfections of a he loves turn into excellenciesantages. I do assure you, I am uch afraid of venturing upon I now like you in spite of my and think it an ill circumstance one's happiness to nothing but tion. I can see you ogle all the fellows who look at you, and your eye wander after new con- every moment you are in a pub- e; and yet there is such a beauty our looks and gestures, that I but admire you in the very act avouring to gain the hearts of  
My condition is the same with the lover in the Way of the . I have studied your faults so hat they are become as familiar and I like them as well as I do . Look to it, Madam, and con- sether you think this gay be- will appear to me as amiable

when an husband, as it does now to me a lover. Things are so far advanced, that we must proceed; and I hope you will lay it to heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your lover, but not in you to be still my mistress. Gaiety in the matrimonial life is graceful in one sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little hints, you will ascertain the happiness or uneasiness of, Madam, your most obedient, most humble servant,

T. D.

SIR,

WHEN I sat at the window, and you at the other end of the room by my cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you. Since you have the secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by inadvertency, what my eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my hand, therefore shall not subscribe my name.

SIR,

THERE were other gentlemen nearer, and I knew no necessity you were under to take up that flippant creature's fan last night; but you shall never touch a stick of mine more, that's pos.

PHILLIS.

TO COLONEL R—— IN SPAIN.

BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted by my physicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to it's laws. As we know no more of the next life,

life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment: to be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed, to administer comfort to the eyes-lids in the agonies of a fever, to cover thy beloved's face in the

day of battle, to go with thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful woman: these, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not capable under my present weakness of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person for whom your lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewel for ever.

T

## N° CCV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25.

DESIGNER SPECIE PECTI—

HOR. ARS. POET. V. 25.

DELUDED BY A SEPPING EXCELLENCE.

ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a scare-crow; by which means I do not only make an example of the person to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her Majesty's subjects, that they may not prefer by it. Thus, to change the allusion, I have marked out several of the floods and quicksands of life, and am continually employed in discovering those which are still concealed, in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of his nature.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE are none of your speculations which I read over with greater delight than these which are designed for the improvement of our sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable fears and superstitions, in your seventh and twelfth papers; our fancy for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love of puppet-shows, in your thirty-first; our notions of beauty, in your thirty-third; our inclination for romances, in your thirty-seventh; our passion for French

fopperies, in your forty-fifth; our manhood and party-zeal, in your fifty-seventh; our abuse of dancing, in your sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh; our levity, in your hundred and twenty-eighth; our love of coxcombs, in your hundred and fifty-fourth, and hundred and fifty-seventh; our tyranny over the henpecks, in your hundred and seventy-sixth. You have described the Pict in your forty-first; the idol, in your seventy-third; the demurer, in your eighty-ninth; the salamander, in your hundred and ninety-eighth. You have likewise taken to piece our dress, and represented to us the extravagancies we are often guilty of in that particular. You have fallen upon our patches in your fiftieth and eighty-first; our commodes, in your ninety-eighth; our fans, in your hundred and second; our riding habits, in your hundred and fourth; our hoop-petticoats, in your hundred and twenty-seventh; besides a great many little blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other papers, and in those many letters that are scattered up and down your works. At the same time we must own, that the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those very faults which you represent in us, are either black in themselves, or, as you say,

fall among us. But, Sir, it is plain else your discourses are calculated not but the fashionable part of women, and for the use of those who are more indiscreet than vicious. But, there is a sort of prostitutes in the part of our sex, who are a scandal and very well deserve to fall under censure. I know it would do our paper too much to enter into the history of these female libertines; your remarks on some part of it will be a doing of justice to several of virtue and honour, whose reasons suffer by it, I hope you will think it improper to give the public accounts of this nature. You must

Sir, I am provoked to write you after by the behaviour of an infamous woman, who having passed her in a most shameful state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain credit by seducing others, that sinner than themselves, and by doing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several artifices to get money, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, such a woman of quality, or such a great lord, entertains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity of revealing it: nay, she goes so far as to write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to borrow of one of these foolish Roderigo's, she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. In the mean time, the man who has lent the money, has a lady under obligations to him, scarce knew his name; and won at her ingratitude when he has parted with her, that she has not owned him, though at the same time he is so much a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

When this abandoned baggage meets a man who has vanity enough to expose to relations of this nature, she tells him to very good account, by saying she prides that she has never uttered a false delivering messages that were sent. As the house of this shamefaced woman is frequented by several fools, I have heard of another artifice of which she often raises money. The foreigner sighs after some beauty, whom he only knows by report which she promises, if he will be secret, to procure him a meeting.

The stranger, ravished at his good fortune, gives her a present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary title; for you must know that this cunning purveyor has her representatives upon this occasion, of some of the finest ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a German Count in foreign countries, that shall make his boasts of favours he has received from women of the highest ranks, and the most unblemished characters. Now, Sir, what safety is there for a woman's reputation, when a lady may be thus prostituted as if it were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaste woman; as the hero in the ninth book of Dryden's *Virgil* is looked upon as a coward, because the phantom which appeared in his likeness ran away from Turnus? You may depend upon what I relate to you to be matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of these female panders. If you print this letter, I may give you some farther accounts of this vicious race of women.

Your humble servant,

BELVIDERA.

I shall add two other letters on different subjects to fill up my paper.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a country clergyman, and hope you will lend me your assistance in ridiculing some little indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed from the pulpit.

A widow lady, who straggled this summer from London into my parish for the benefit of the air, as she says, appears every Sunday at church with many fashionable extravagancies, to the great astonishment of my congregation.

But what gives us the most offence is her theatrical manner of singing the psalms. She introduces above fifty Italian airs into the hundredth psalm, and whilst we begin—'All people,' in the old solemn tune of our forefathers, she in a quite different key runs divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of Nicolini; if she meets with cke or aye, which are frequent in the metre of Hopkins and Sternhold, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after us to some sprightly airs of the opera.

I am very far from being an enemy to church-

church-music; but fear this abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the singing-psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their devotion: besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread; for Squire Squeekum, who in his voice seems, if I may use the expression, to be cut out for an Italian singer, was last Sunday practising the same airs.

I know the lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration, which (as she fancies) allows her non-conformity in this particular; but I beg you to acquaint her, that singing the psalms in a different tune from the rest of the congregation, is a sort of schism not tolerated by that act. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

R. S.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IN your paper upon temperance, you prescribe to us a rule of drinking out of Sir William Temple, in the following words—'The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.' Now, Sir, you must know, that I have read this your Spectator, in a club whereof I am a member; when our president told us, there was certainly an error in the print, and that the word *glass* should be *bottle*; and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire you to publish the following *erratum*: in the paper of Saturday, October 11, col. 3, line 17, for *glass* read *bottle*. Yours,

L

ROBIN GOOD-BELLOW.

## Nº CCVI. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26.

QUANTO QUIQUE Sibi FLURA NEGAVERIT,  
A DIIS FLURA PERIT—

HOR. OD. XVI. L. 3. V. 20.

THEY THAT DO MUCH THEMSELVES DENY,  
RECEIVE MORE BLESSINGS FROM THE SKY.

CARRER.

THERE is a call upon mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own merit; and self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which in the end abundantly recompense such losses as the modest seem to suffer in the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even before they know any thing of our characters, but from the intimations men gather from our aspect. A man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance; and one man's eyes are spectacles to his who looks at him to read his heart. But though that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in public is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their words and actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune; if either of those live to the height of either, one will find losses, the other errors, which he has not stock by him to

make up. It were therefore a just rule, to keep your desires, your words and actions, within the regard you observe your friends have for you; and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might either in preferment or reputation. My walk has lately been among the intersting part of the world; and one gets pleasures usually from those with whom one converses: I say then, he that in his own treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valour, than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a great misfortune of bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his old end in a prosperous way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions take as all things do which are torn instead of being useful.

There is no one living would dare  
Thus the world.

aceticus wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably enforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in his conversation, if he were able to conceal his strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore instead of shewing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the women, and behold Gloriana trip into a room with that theatrical ostentation of her charms, Mirtilla with that soft regularity in her motion, Chloe with such an indifferent familiarity, Corinna with such a fond approach, and Roxana with such a demand of respect in the great gravity of her entrance; you find all the sex, who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their absence, to tell you that all these ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their behaviour a consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw Macbeth, I was wonderfully taken with the cill of the poet, in making the murderer form fears to himself from the imprecation of the prince whose life he was going to take away. He says of the king—'He bore his faculties so meekly;' and justly inferred from thence, that all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made such an abstinent use of dominion. All that is in a man's power to do to advance his own pomp and glory, and therefore, is so much laid up against the day of distress; and pity will always be his portion in adversity, who acted with gentleness in prosperity.

The great officer who foregoes the advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential regards to his own person in danger, has so far the merit of a volunteer; and all his honours and glories are unenvied for sharing the common fate with the same frankness as they do who have no such endearing circumstances to part with. But

if there were no such considerations as the good effect which self-denial has upon the sense of other men toward us, it is of all qualities the most desirable for the agreeable disposition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very contrary of ambition; and that modesty allays all those passions and inquietudes to which that vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his wishes from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distaste, or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of his life. The air, the season, a sun-shiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world, (by his exemption from the enchantments by which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any consequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in such a company an agreeable conversation; he has no emulation, he is no man's rival, but every man's well-wisher; can look at a prosperous man, with a pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his mind and his fortune, as far as prudence will allow, open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

Luceius has learning, wit, humour, eloquence, but no ambitious prospects to pursue with these advantages; therefore to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want spirit, but known among his friends to have a mind of the most consummate greatness. He wants no man's admiration, is in no need of pomp. His clothes please him if they are fashionable and warm; his companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occasion for superfluity at meals, for jollity in company; in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer delight to him. Want of prejudice and command of appetite are the companions which make his journey of life so easy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer, and more good-humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with pleasure and satisfaction. T

N<sup>o</sup> CCVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

OMNIBUS IN TERFIS, QUÆ SUNT A GADIEBUS USQUE  
 AGRORAM ET GANGETEM, PAUCI PIGNOSCERE POSSUNT  
 VERA BONA, ATQUE ILLIS MULTUM DIVERSA, REMOTA  
 EÆTHIOPIS NEBULA——

JUV. SAT. X. V. 1.

LOOK ROUND THE HABITABLE WORLD, HOW FEW  
 KNOW THEIR OWN GOOD, OR KNOWING IT, PURSUE.      DAYI

IN my last Sunday's paper I laid down some thoughts upon devotion in general, and therein shew what were the notions of the most refined husbands of the subject, as they are represented in that Dialogue upon Prayer, intitled 'Alcibiades the Second,' which doubtless gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire, and to the second part of Persius, as the rest of these authors almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, intitled 'Alcibiades the First,' in his first satire.

The subject of this dialogue upon prayer, was Alcibiades; and the subject of it, when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions, is this.

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eye to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers; and that these things, which the gods send him in answer to his petitions, might turn to his destruction: this, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in it's own nature, as Oedipus implored the gods to stop dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes to be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. 'This the philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most men are afflicted with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them.' For instance, he asks Alcibiades, whether he would not be thoroughly pleas'd and satisfied if that god, whom he was going to address himself to, should promise to make him the so-

vereign of the whole earth? Alcibiades answers, that he should doubtless upon such a promise as the great favour that could be bestowed upon Socrates then asks him, if after he this great favour he would be co to lose his life? or if he would not though he was sure he should not ill use of it? To both which questions Alcibiades answers in the negative: Socrates then shews him, from the examples of others, how these might verily be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputations of good-fortune, as that of honour, or procuring the highest power in government, are subject to the like consequences; which nevertheless he, men ardently desire, and we fail to pray for, if they thought prayers might be effectual for obtaining of them.

Having established this great truth, that all the most apparent blessings of this life are obnoxious to such consequences, and that no matter what in it's events would prove a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he should pray.

In the first place, he recommends him, as the model of his devotion, a short prayer which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, following words—'O Jupiter, those things which are good whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, those things which are such things as we pray for.'

In the second place, that his may ask such things as are expedient, he shews him, that it is necessary to apply himself to the pursuit of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of the true good.

high is his chief good, and suitable to the excellency of his

third and last place, he instructs that the best methods he is able of to draw down blessing upon himself, and to render his condition desirable, would be to live in practice of his duty towards men and towards men. Under this he very much recommends a way which the Lacedæmonians make which they petition the gods, for all good things so long as virtuous. Under this head he gives a very remarkable oracle to the following pur-

the Athenians in the war with the Lacedæmonians received many defeats by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, asking the reason why they who had many temples to the gods, and were adorned with such costly offerings by them who had instituted so many sacrifices, and accompanied them with pomp and ceremonies; in which they who had slain so many at their altars, should be less than the Lacedæmonians, who were not of them in all these particulars, says he, the oracle made the following reply—'I am better pleased with the prayers of the Lacedæmonians, than with all the oblations of the Greeks.' As this prayer encouraged virtue in those who the philosopher proceeds to the most vicious man might so far as victims could make that his offerings were regarded as bribes, and his petitions as flatteries. He likewise quotes a passage two verses out of Homer, which the poet says, that the Trojan sacrifices were carried away by the winds; but that was not acceptable to the gods, who were satisfied with Priam and all his

conclusion of this dialogue is remarkable. Socrates having debauched Alcibiades from the prayers and sacrifices which he was going to offer, by the above-mentioned disapproving that duty as he says these words—'We must wait until such time as we know how we ought to behave

ourselves towards the gods, and towards men.'—'But when will that time come,' says Alcibiades, 'and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this man, whoever he is.'—'It is one,' says Socrates, 'who takes care of you; but as Homer tells us, that Minerva removed the mist from Diomedes his eyes, that he might plainly discover both gods and men; so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil.'—'Let him remove from my mind,' says Alcibiades, 'the darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it.' The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour; or at least that Socrates, like the high-priest, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of Plato's Discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, that the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without show or ostentation, and to worship him 'in spirit and in truth.' As the Lacedæmonians in their form of prayer im-



plored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular, 'that our offences may be forgiven as we forgive those of others.' If we look into the second rule which Socrates has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us; this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for 'the coming of his kingdom,' being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our 'daily

sustenance.' On the other side, we pray against nothing but sin, and against evil in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of Socrates his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved by the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that 'his will may be done,' which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths—'Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done.' This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so.

## Nº CCVIII. MONDAY, OCTOBER 29.

—VENIUNT SPECTANTUR UT IREM.

—OVID. *ARS AM.* LIB. I. VER. 33.

TO BE THEMSELVES A SPECTACLE, THEY COME.

I Have several letters from people of good sense, who lament the depravity or poverty of taste the town is fallen into with relation to plays and public spectacles. A lady in particular observes, that there is such a levity in the minds of her own sex, that they seldom attend any thing but impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little notice is taken of the most exalted parts of the best tragedies of Shakespeare; nay, it is not only visible that sensuality has devoured all greatness of soul, but the under-passion, as I may so call it, of a noble spirit, pity, seems to be a stranger to the generality of an audience. The minds of men are indeed very differently disposed; and the reliefs from care and attention are of one sort in a great spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The man of a great heart and a serious complexion, is more pleased with instances of generosity and pity, than the light and ludicrous spirit can possibly be with the highest strains of mirth and laughter: it is therefore a melancholy prospect when we see

a numerous assembly lost to all serious entertainments, and such incidents, as should move one sort of concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the tragedy of Macbeth, the other night, when the lady who is conscious of the crime of murdering the king, seems utterly astonished at the news, and makes an exclamation at it, instead of the indignation which is natural to the occasion, that expression is received with a loud laugh; they were as merry when a criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an occasion of rejoicing when the wicked are seized in their designs; but I think it is not such a triumph as is excited by laughter.

You may generally observe, that the appetites are sooner moved than the passions; a fly expression which alludes to bawdry, puts a whole row into a pleasing snick; when a good sentence that describes an inward sentiment of the soul, is received with the greatest coldness and indifference. A correspondent of mine, upon this subject, has divided the female part

ts for their prepossessions against  
 usonable delight in the following  
 : 'The prude,' says he, 'as  
 ts always in contradiction, so  
 gravely fullen at a comedy, and  
 vagantly gay at a tragedy. The  
 ette is so much taken up with  
 ving her eyes around the audi-  
 , and considering the effect of  
 , that she cannot be expected to  
 ve the actors but as they are her  
 s, and take off the observation of  
 nen from herself. Besides these  
 es of women, there are the ex-  
 ces, or the first of the mode: these  
 o be supposed too well acquainted  
 what the actor is going to say to  
 oved at it. After these one might  
 tion a certain flippant set of fe-  
 s who are mimics, and are won-  
 ally diverted with the conduct of  
 e people around them, and are  
 actors only of the audience. But  
 is of all the most to be lamented,  
 e loss of a party whom it would  
 orth preserving in their right  
 s upon all occasions, and these  
 hose whom we may indifferently  
 the innocent or the unaffected.  
 may sometimes see one of these  
 bly touched with a well-wrought  
 ent; but then she is immediately  
 ipertinently observed by the men,  
 frowned at by some insensible su-  
 or of her own sex, that she is  
 ned, and loses the enjoyment of  
 oft laudable concern, pity. Thus  
 whole audience is afraid of letting  
 a tear, and shun as a weakness  
 best and worthiest part of our  
 .

you are one that doth not only  
 pretend to reform, but effect it  
 ft people of any sense; makes me  
 um one of the greatest of your ad-  
 ) give you this trouble to desire  
 ll settle the method of us females  
 ng when one another is in town :  
 y have now got a trick of never  
 g to their acquaintance when they  
 me; and if one does not visit them  
 the week which they stay at home,  
 mortal quarrel. Now, dear Mr.  
 either command them to put it in  
 vertisement of your paper, which  
 rally read by our sex, or else or-  
 m to breathe their saucy footmen,

who are good for nothing else, by send-  
 ing them to tell all their acquaintance.  
 If you think to print this, pray put it  
 in a better stile, as to the spelling part.  
 The town is now filling every day, and  
 it cannot be deferred, because people  
 take advantage of one another by this  
 means and break off acquaintance, and  
 are rude: therefore pray put this in your  
 paper as soon as you can possibly, to  
 prevent any future miscarriages of this  
 nature. I am, as I ever shall be, dear  
 Spec, your most obedient humble ser-  
 vant,

MARY MEANWELL.

Pray settle what is to be a proper no-  
 tification of a person's being in town,  
 and how that differs according to peo-  
 ple's quality.

MR. SPECTATOR, OCT. THE 20TH,

I Have been out of town, so did not  
 meet with your paper dated Septem-  
 ber the 28th, wherein you, to my heart's  
 desire, expose that cursed vice of insnar-  
 ing poor young girls, and drawing them  
 from their friends. I assure you, with-  
 out flattery, it has saved a 'prentice of  
 mine from ruin; and in token of grati-  
 tude, as well as for the benefit of my  
 family, I have put it in a frame and  
 glass, and hung it behind my counter.  
 I shall take care to make my young ones  
 read it every morning, to fortify them  
 against such pernicious rascals. I know  
 not whether what you writ was matter  
 of fact, or your own invention; but  
 this I will take my oath on, the first  
 part is so exactly like what happened to  
 my 'prentice, that had I read your pa-  
 per then, I should have taken your me-  
 thod to have secured a villain. Go on  
 and prosper.

Your most obliged humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WITHOUT raillery, I desire you  
 to insert this word for word in your  
 next, as you value a lover's prayers.  
 You see it is an hue and cry after a  
 stray heart, with the marks and blemishes  
 under-written, which whoever shall  
 bring to you, shall receive satisfaction.  
 Let me beg of you not to fail, as you  
 remember the passion you had for her to  
 whom you lately ended a paper.

Noble, generous, great, and good,  
 But never to be understood;

Pickle

Fickle as the wind, still changing,  
After every female ranging,  
Panting, trembling, fighting, dying,  
But addicted much to lying:

When the Siren songs repeat,  
Equal measures still it beats;  
Whoe'er shall wear it, it will smart her,  
And whoe'er takes it, takes a Tartar.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

ΤΙΝΕΥΣΚΕ ΔΕΙ ΧΡΕΙΑ ΔΥΝΕ ΛΗΨΕΤΑΙ  
ΕΥΘΥΣ ΔΡΑΜΟΥΣ ΕΙΔΕ ΠΡΩΤΗ ΖΑΚΟΥΣ.

SIMONIDES.

OF EARTHLY GOODS THE BEST, IS A GOOD WIFE;  
A BAD, THE BITTEREST CURSE OF HUMAN LIFE.

**T**HERE are no authors I am more pleased with, than those who shew human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession, and rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and, what we call, good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in satire, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it

is to enter so directly into the ways of men, and set their miscarriages in so strong a light.

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shews, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-first speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *Bienfaisance*, in an allusion, has been found out of later years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satire or iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word, which our language would not bear, at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and must further promise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those

been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the times of the poet.

At the beginning God made the world of womankind out of different elements, and in a separate state from the males.

Some souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house and a rioter at her table. She is unsteady in her person, a flattern in her tongue, and her family is no better than a pig-sty.

Some sort of female soul was made out of the same materials that went into the composition of a fox. In one is what we call a notable cunning woman, who has an insight into every thing, whether it be good or evil. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

Some third kind of women were made out of canine particles. These are the dogs we commonly call scolds, who are the animals out of which they are taken, that are always busy and quarrelsome, that snarl at every one who is in their way, and live in perpetual quarrel.

Some fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are the sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and amuse themselves with alacrity to no purpose but eating.

Some fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes storm and tempest, sometimes calm and sunshine. The stranger is one of these in her smiles and tears, would cry her up for a fool of good-humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed, she is nothing but fury and rage, noise and hurricane.

Some sixth species were made up of ingredients which compose an ass, a great deal of burden. These are nature exceeding slothful, but upon their husband's exerting his authority, they are upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however from being averse to venereal

pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

'The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

'The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

'The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

'The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable; her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man.'

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author: 'A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.'

As the poet has shewn a great penetration in this diversity of female characters,

acters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling satires are of no use to the world; and for this reason I have often wondered how the French author above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper

subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called 'The Satire upon Man.' What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to shew by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the more excellent creatures of the two? A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it. L

## Nº CCX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31.

NESCIO QUOMODO INHÆRET IN MENTIBUS QUASI SECLORUM QUODDAM AUGURIUM FUTURORUM; IDQUE IN MAXIMIS INGENIIS ALTISSIMISQUE ANIMIS ET EXISTIT MAXIME ET APPARET FACILLIME.

CIC. *TRIC. QUEST.*

THERE IS, I KNOW NOT HOW, IN THE MINDS OF MEN A CERTAIN PRESSURE, AS IT WERE, OF A FUTURE EXISTENCE; AND THIS TAKES THE DEEPEST ROOT, AND IS MOST DISCOVERABLE IN THE GREATEST GENIUSES AND MOST EXALTED SOULS.

### TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I Am fully persuaded that one of the best springs of generous and worthy actions, is the having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature, will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in his own estimation. If he considers his being as circumscribed by the uncertain term of a few years, his designs will be contracted into the same narrow span he imagines is to bound his existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short turn on the stage of this world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness for ever?

For this reason I am of opinion, that so useful and elevated a contemplation as that of the soul's immortality cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving exercise to the human mind, than to be frequently reviewing it's own great privileges and endowments; nor a more effectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity.

It is a very great satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of mankind in all nations and ages, asserting, as with one voice, this their birthright, and to find it ratified by an express revelation.

At the same time, if we turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, we may meet with a kind of secret sense concurring with the proofs of our own immortality.

You have, in my opinion, raised a good presumptive argument from the increasing appetite the mind has to knowledge, and to the extending it's own faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more restrained perfection of lower creatures may, in the limits of a short life. I think another probable conjecture may be raised from our appetite to duration itself, and from a reflection on our progress through the several stages of it: 'We are complaining,' as you observe in a former speculation, 'of the shortness of life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the parts of it to arrive at certain little settlements, or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.'

Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these 'imaginary points of rest:' do we stop our motion, and sit down satisfied in the settlements we have gained? or are we not removing the boundary, and marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates a

it; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills to travel on, and continues to travel on as

is so plainly every man's condition, that there is no one who has not had any thing, but may observe, that as fast as his time wears away, his mind is turned to something future remains. I therefore I would make of it is at since Nature, as some love to it, does nothing in vain, or, to properly, since the Author of our life has planted no wandering passion in us, but a desire which has not it's obliquity is the proper object of the mind so constantly exercised about it; and as our restlessness in the present, this gives ourselves over to farther stages of gratification, this successive grasping at what is still to come, appears to me, that it may to others, as a kind of morbid or natural symptom which the mind of man has of it's own immor-

tal, and that it at the same time for granted, that the immortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other arguments: and this appetite, which otherwise seems to be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds weight to the conclusion. But I am when I consider there are creatures capable of thought, who, in spite of every argument, can form to themselves a sufficient satisfaction in thinking of nothing. There is something so pitiable in the inverted ambition of a man who can hope for annihilation, and who can use himself to think that his whole existence shall one day crumble into dust, and mix with the mass of inanimate matter, that it equally deserves our admiration and pity. The mystery of man's unbelief is not hard to be understood; and indeed amounts to no more than a sordid hope that they are immortal, because they dare not be so.

It brings me back to my first ob-

servation, and gives me occasion to say further, that as worthy actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are likewise the consequence of worthy actions: but the wretch who has degraded himself below the character of immortality, is very willing to resign his pretensions to it, and to substitute in it's room a dark negative happiness in the extinction of his being.

The admirable Shakespeare has given us a strong image of the unsupported condition of such a person in his last minutes in the second part of *King Henry the Sixth*, where Cardinal Beaufort, who had been concerned in the murder of the good Duke Humphrey, is represented on his death-bed. After some short confused speeches, which shew an imagination disturbed with guilt, just as he was expiring, *King Henry* standing by him full of compassion, says—

Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of that hope! He dies, and makes no sign!—

The despair which is here shewn, without a word or action on the part of the dying person, is beyond what could be painted by the most forcible expressions whatever.

I shall not pursue this thought farther, but only add, that as annihilation is not to be had with a wish, so it is the most abject thing in the world to wish it. What are honour, fame, wealth, or power, when compared with the generous expectation of a being without end, and a happiness adequate to that being?

I shall trouble you no farther; but with a certain gravity which these thoughts have given me, I reflect upon some things people say of you, as they will of men who distinguish themselves, which I hope are not true; and wish you as good a man as you are an author. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

Z

T. D.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

FICTIS MEMINERIT NOS JOCARI FABULIS.

PHÆDR. LIB. I.

LET IT BE REMEMBER'D THAT WE SPORT IN FABLED STORIES

HAVING lately translated the fragment of an old poet which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together in another paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and shewing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. Horace has a thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his mistress, for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart, he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversified with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagancies.

Intead therefore of pursuing the thought of Simonides, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of pre-existence, some of the ancient philosophers have, in a manner, satirized the vicious part of the human species in general, from a notion of the soul's post-existence, if I may so call it; and that as Simonides describes brutes entering into the composition of women, others have represented human souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of transmigration, which supposes that human souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most re-

semble in their manners; or to account of it as Mr. Dryden described it in his translation of *goras* his speech in the fifteenth *Ovid*, where that philosopher d his hearers from eating flesh—

Thus all things are but alter'd, not  
And here and there th' unbody'd fly:  
By time, or force, or sickness dispo  
And lodges where it lights, in bird  
Or hunts without till ready limbs  
And actuates those according to th  
From tenement to tenement is toss'  
The soul is still the same, the figure

Then let not piety be put to flight  
To please the tale of glutton-appet  
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell  
Left from their seats your parents  
With rabid hunger feed upon your  
Or from a beast dislodge a brother

Plato in the vision of Erumenian, which I may possibly subject of a future speculation, some beautiful transmigrations the soul of Orpheus, who was melancholy, and a woman-hater into a swan; the soul of Ajax was all wrath and fierceness, in the soul of Agamemnon, that pacious and imperial, into an eagle; the soul of Thersites, who was a buffoon, into a monkey.

Mr. Congreve, in a prologue of his comedies, has touched the doctrine with great humour.

Thus Aristotle's soul of old that v  
May now be damn'd to animate a  
Or in this very house, for ought w  
Is doing painful penance in some l

I shall fill up this paper with ters which my last Tuesday's tion has produced. My followers will shew, what I served, that the speculation affects only the lower part of t

FROM MY HOUSE IN THE S  
OCTOBER 30, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

UPON reading your Tuesday's paper, I find by several signs my constitution that I am a b

or if you please to call it so, my in that great hive of females goes by the name of the New Exchange; where I am daily employed in bringing together a little stock of gain the finest flowers about the town, to the ladies and the beaux. I have a numerous swarm of children, to whom the best education I am able: but, is my misfortune to be married one, who lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into the common stock. Now, Sir, as on the one hand I take care not to behave my-wards him like a wasp, so likewise I do not have him look upon me as an idle bee; for which reason I do endeavour to put him upon laying up provisions for a bad day, and frequently present to him the fatal effects his idleness and negligence may bring upon us in an old age. I must beg that you will assist me in your good advice on this occasion, and you will for ever

Your humble servant,

MELISSA.

WIMBORNE, OCTOBER 31, 1711.

joined in wedlock for my sins to one of those fillies who are described in an old poet by that hard name you gave her the other day. She has a flow-er, and a skin as soft as silk: but, she passes half her life at her glass, and so she ruins me in ribbons. For my part, I am a plain handicraftsman, and in danger of breaking by her extravagance and expensiveness. Pray, master, in your next paper, whether I may expect of her so much drudgery as to take care of her family, and to be ever hid in case of refusal. Your friend,

BARNABY BRITTLE.

CHEAPSIDE, OCTOBER 30.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am mightily pleased with the humour of the cat; be so kind as to enlarge upon that subject. Your's till death,

JOSIAH HENPECK.

P. S. You must know I am married to a Grimalkin.

WAPPING, OCTOBER 31, 1711.

SIR,

EVER since your Spectator of Tuesday last came into our family, my husband is pleased to call me his Oceana, because the foolish old poet that you have translated says, that the souls of some women are made of sea-water. This, it seems, has encouraged my sauce-box to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries—'Pr'ythee, my dear, be calm;' when I chide one of my servants—'Pr'ythee, child, do not bluster.' He had the impudence about an hour ago to tell me, that he was a seafaring man, and must expect to divide his life between storm and sunshine. When I bestir myself with any spirit in my family, it is high sea in his house; and when I sit still without doing any thing, his affairs forsooth are wind-bound. When I ask him whether it rains, he makes answer—'It is no matter, so that it be fair weather within doors.' In short, Sir, I cannot speak my mind freely to him, but I either swell or rage, or do something that is not fit for a civil woman to hear. Pray, Mr. Spectator, since you are so sharp upon other women, let us know what materials your wife is made of, if you have one. I suppose you would make us a parcel of poor-spirited tame insipid creatures: but, Sir, I would have you to know, we have as good passions in us as yourself, and that a woman was never designed to be a milk-sop.

L. MARTHA TEMPEST.



N<sup>o</sup> CCXII. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

—SKIP TURPI—

COLLA JUGO, LIBERA, LIBER SUM, DIC AGE—

HOR. SAT. VII. L. 2. VSA 91.

—LOOSE THY NECK FROM THIS IGNORLE CHAIN,  
AND BOLDLY SAY THOU'RT FREE.

CREECH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Never look upon my dear wife, but I think of the happiness Sir Roger de Coverley enjoys, in having such a friend as you to expose in proper colours the cruelty and perverseness of his mistress. I have very often wished you visited in our family, and were acquainted with my spouse; she would afford you for some months at least matter enough for one Spectator a week. Since we are not so happy as to be of your acquaintance, give me leave to represent to you our present circumstances as well as I can in writing. You are to know then that I am not of a very different constitution from Nathaniel Henrooft, whom you have lately recorded in your speculations; and have a wife who makes a more tyrannical use of the knowledge of my easy temper than that lady ever pretended to. We had not been a month married, when the found in me a certain pain to give offence, and an indolence that made me bear little inconveniences rather than dispute about them. From this observation it soon came to that pass, that if I offered to go abroad, she would get between me and the door, kiss me, and say she could not part with me; and then down again I sat. In a day or two after this first pleasant step towards confining me, she declared to me, that I was all the world to her, and she thought she ought to be all the world to me. 'If,' said she, 'my dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of my company.' This declaration was followed by my being denied to all my acquaintance; and it very soon came to that pass, that to give an answer at the door before my face, the servants would ask her whether I was within or not; and she would answer No with great fondness, and tell me I was a good dear. I will not enumerate more little circumstances to give you a livelier sense of my condition; but tell you in general, that from such steps as these at first, I now live the life of a prisoner of state; my letters are opened; and I have not

the use of pen, ink, and paper, but in her presence. I never go abroad, except she sometimes takes me with her in her coach to take the air, if it may be called so, when we drive, as we generally do, with the glasses up. I have overheard my servants lament my condition, but they dare not bring me messages without her knowledge, because they doubt my resolution to stand by them. In the midst of this insipid way of life, an old acquaintance of mine, Tom Meggot, who is a favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in her company because he sings prettily, has roused me to rebel, and conveyed his intelligence to me in the following manner. My wife is a great pretender to music, and very ignorant of it; but far gone in the Italian taste. Tom goes to Armstrong, the famous fine writer of music, and desires him to put this sentence of Tully in the scale of an Italian air, and write it out for my spouse from him. 'An ille mihi liber cui mulier imperat? Cui legi imponit, præscribit, jubet, vitat, quid videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negat, nihil recusare aude? Possit? dandum est. Vocat? veniendum. Ejicit? abeundum. Minuitur? extinguendum.—Does he live like a gentleman who is commanded by a woman? He to whom she gives laws, grants and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands?

To be short, my wife was extremely pleased with it; said, the Italian was the only language for music; and admitted how wonderfully tender the sentiment was, and how pretty the accent is of that language, with the rest that is said by rote on that occasion. Mr. Meggot is sent for to sing this air, which he performs with mighty applause; and my wife is in extasy on the occasion, and glad to find, by my being so much pleased, that I was at last come into the notion of the Italian; 'For,' said she, 'it grows upon one when one once

to know a little of the language; pray, Mr. Meggot, sing again notes, *Nihil imperanti negare, recusare.* You may believe I was ttle delighted with my friend expedient to alarm me, and in re to his summons I give all this is at large; and I am resolved, is appears in the Spectator, to for myself. The manner of the tion I contrive by your means, all be no other than that Tom, who is at our tea-table every ; shall read it to us; and if my I take the hint, and say not one out let this be the beginning of fe without farther explanation,

it is very well; for as soon as the Spectator is read out, I shall without more ado, call for the coach, name the hour when I shall be at home, if I come at all; if I do not, they may go to dinner. If my spouse only swells and says nothing, Tom and I go out together, and all is well, as I said before; but if she begins to command or expostulate, you shall in my next to you receive a full account of her resistance and submission, for submit the dear thing must to, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ANTHONY FREEMAN.

P. S. I hope I need not tell you that I desire this may be in your very next.

T

## NO CCXIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

—MENS SIBI CONSCIA RECTI.

VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 608.

A GOOD INTENTION.

the great art and secret of Christianity, if I may use that phrase, to our actions to the best advantage direct them in such a manner, every thing we do may turn to act that great day, when every we have done will be set before

der to give this consideration it's right, we may call all our actions the division of such as are in us either good, evil, or indifferent.

If we divide our intentions according to manner, and consider them regard to our actions, we may distinguish that great art and secret of religion which I have here mentioned.

Good intention joined to a good action gives it it's proper force and efficiency; joined to an evil action, extends its malignity, and in some cases it wholly away; and joined to a different action turns, it to a virtue, makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the inner influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and when in reality, what the fathers wittily kind of zeal have termed uses of the heathen world, so joining sins. It destroys the influence of an indifferent action, and

gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror, or in the emphatical language of sacred writ, 'makes sin exceeding sinful.'

If, in the last place, we consider the nature of an indifferent intention, we shall find that it destroys the merit of a good action; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action; and leaves an indifferent action in it's natural state of indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions, at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

There is something very devout, though not solid, in Acofta's answer to Limborch, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the Jewish religion, as washings, dresses, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the Jew makes upon this occasion, is, to the best of my remembrance, as follows—'There are not duties enough,'

says

says he, 'in the essential parts of the law for a zealous and active obedience. Time, place, and person, are requisite, before you have an opportunity of putting a moral virtue into practice. We have therefore,' says he, 'enlarged the sphere of our duty, and made many things which are in themselves indifferent, a part of our religion, that we may have more occasions of shewing our love to God, and in all the circumstances of life be doing something to please him.'

Monsieur St. Evremont has endeavoured to palliate the superstitions of the Roman Catholic religion with the same kind of apology, where he pretends to consider the different spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear; and that in their expressions of duty and devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.

But notwithstanding this plausible reason with which both the Jew and the Roman Catholic would excuse their respective superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to mankind, and destructive to religion; because the injunction of superstitious ceremonies makes such actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betrays many into sins of omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to the shadowy unessential points, instead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This zealous and active obedience however takes place in the great point we are recommending; for if, instead of prescribing to ourselves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing him, whom we are made to please, in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this holy officiousness, if I may be allowed to call it such, which is recom-

mended to us by the apostle in that uncommon precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, 'whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.'

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions, and all his thoughts, who knows his 'down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spies out all his ways.' In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase of Scripture are said to have 'walked with God.'

When I employ myself upon a paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the ancient heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life: besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan philosopher, than to a Christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of Socrates, which is quoted by Plutarch. This great philosopher on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words—'Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope

my endeavour will be accepted. We find in these words of that man the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and which that divine philosopher allowed. I shall only add, that, who was an unbigotted Rolic, was so much transported by the passage of Socrates, that he

could scarce forbear looking upon him as a saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner—"When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out—" *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*:—" O holy Socrates, pray for us." L

Nº CCXIV. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

PERIERUNT TEMPORA LONGI  
SERVITII

JUV. SAT. III. VER. 124.

A LONG DEPENDENCE IN AN HOUR IS LOST. DAYDEN.

Some time ago lay before me the unhappy condition of the part of mankind, who suffer by punctuality in the dealings of above them; but there is a set of who are much more the objects of compassion than even those, and these dependents on great men, whom I am pleased to take under their protection such as are to share in their favour and favour. These indeed, from the homage that is accepted of them, as the hopes which are placed in them, are become a sort of creditors, and these debts being debts of honour, ought, according to the maxim, to be first discharged. When I speak of dependents, I would be understood to mean those who are idle in themselves, or who, when any call will press into the company of their betters. Nor, when I speak of patrons, do I mean those who have it not in their power, or have the inclination to assist their friends; but those of such leagues where there is an obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other. The division of patron and client, I believe, include a third of our country; the want of merit and real worth in the client, will strike out about ninety out of an hundred of these; and the want of ability in patrons, as many of our lords. But however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up his time and fortune in his serf, though he has no prospect of receiving his merit towards him, is as much in his dealings as he who takes up

goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him. Of the few of the class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, inasmuch that I know a man of good sense who put his son to a blacksmith, though an offer was made him of his being received as a page to a man of quality. There are not more cripples come out of the wars than there are from those great services; some through discontent lose their speech, some their memories, others their senses or their lives; and I seldom see a man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the favour of some great man. I have known of such as have been for twenty years together within a month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a man who is got into a considerable station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his friends, and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in matters which concern yourself; but your patron is of a species above you, and a free communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your condition all the while he bears office, and when that is at an end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the distance he prescribed you towards him in his grandeur. One would think this should be a behaviour a man could fall into with the worst grace imaginable; but they

who know the world have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret pity, heard the same man who has professed his abhorrence against all kind of passive behaviour, lose minutes, hours, days, and years, in a fruitless attendance on one who had no inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regretted, that the great have one particular privilege above the rest of the world, of being slow in receiving impressions of kindness, and quick in taking offence. The elevation above the rest of mankind, except in very great minds, makes men so giddy, that they do not see after the same manner they did before: thus they despise their old friends, and strive to extend their interests to new pretenders. By this means it often happens that when you come to know how you lost such an employment, you will find the man who got it never dreamed of it; but forsooth, he was to be surprised into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such occasions as these a man may perhaps grow out of humour; if you are so, all mankind will fall in with the patron, and you are an humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a disappointment: but it is the same thing, whether you do or do not resent ill usage, you will be used after the same manner; as some good mothers will be sure to whip their children until they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two ways of doing any thing with great people, and those are by making yourself either considerable or agreeable: the former is not to be attained but by finding a way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their taste and pleasures: this is of all the employments in the world the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such qualities and accomplishments as should render you agreeable in yourself, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a compli-

ance, if not subservience, to his vices, must be the measures of your conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural state a man lives in, when his patron pleases, is ended; and his guilt and complaisance are objected to him, though the man who rejects him for vices, was not only his partner but seducer. Thus the client, like a young woman who has given up the innocence which made her charming, has not only lost his time, but also the virtue which could render him capable of resenting the injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the tricks of turning you off from themselves to persons who have less power to serve you, the art of being sorry for such an unaccountable accident in your behaviour, that such a one, who, perhaps, has never heard of you, opposes your advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a whisper, that it is no wonder people are so slow in doing for a man of your talents and the like.

After all this treatment, I must still add the pleasantest insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, that when a silly rogue has thrown away one part in three of his life in unprofitable attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest natures, which one, who makes observations of what passes, may have seen, that have miscarried by such sort of applications, it is too melancholy a scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another opportunity to discourse of good patrons, and distinguish such as have done their duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their favour. Worthy patrons are like Plato's guardian angels, who are always doing good to their wards; but negligent patrons are like Epicurus's gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and instead of blessings pour down storms and tempests on the heads of those that are offering incense to them. T

N<sup>o</sup> CCXV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

—INGENUAS DIDICISSE FIDELITER ARTES

SMOLLIT MORES, NEC SINIT ESSE FEROS.

OVID. EP. IX. L. II. DE PONTO, v. 47.

INGENUOUS ARTS, WHERE THEY AN ENTRANCE FIND,  
SOFTEN THE MANNERS, AND SUBDUCE THE MIND.

der an human soul without education like marble in the quarry, shows none of it's inherent beauty. The skill of the polisher fetches colours, makes the surface shine, covers every ornamental cloud, and the vein that runs through the stone. Education, after the same manner when it works upon a noble soul, draws out to view every latent talent and perfection, which without education are never able to make their appearance.

A reader will give me leave to make the allusion so soon upon him, I will use the same instance to show the force of education, which has been brought to explain his ideas of substantial forms, when he sees that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary draws away the superfluous matter, and leaves the rubbish. The figure in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. The sculpture is to a block of marble, as the soul is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wife, the great man, very often is concealed in a plebeian, which education might have discovered and have brought to light. I am much delighted with reading accounts of savage nations, and with admiring those virtues which are neglected and uncultivated; to see courage itself in fierceness, resolution in severity, wisdom in cunning, patience in distress and despair.

Passions operate variously, and produce different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and governed by reason. When one hears of a man who upon the death of his friend or upon changing their service, hangs himself upon the next tree, as frequently happens in our American colonies, who can forbear admiring the elation, though it expresses itself in a dreadful manner? What

might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? That we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at St. Christophers, one of our British leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negroe above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the fa-

the nation which they belonged, who could not form or distinguish the strange combination of passions which perplexed the hearts of these poor negroes, that often dropped expectations of the usefulness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together in a wood, carrying their mistresses along with them; where, after a short lance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have here recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a sound education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor unimproved persons, who are but little above

the inhabitants of those nations. I have been here speaking, as I have had the advantage of a more education, till above one and several different degrees of per- For to return to our statue in the of marble, we see it sometimes begun to be chipped, sometimes hewn, and but just sketched human figure; sometimes we man appearing distinctly in all his and features, sometimes we find gure wrought up to a great extent but seldom meet with any to which hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles not give several nice touches and ings.

Discourses of morality, and tions upon human nature, are means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently cover our souls out of the vice rance, and prejudice, which incleave to them. I have all along felt myself in this paper promoting these great ends; and I flatter that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of minds: at least my design is la whatever the execution may be. I confess I am not a little encouraged by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. I publish the praises which are bestowed upon persons who write them, but in publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient instance to the world that they do not deserve them.

## CCXVI. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7:

SICUTIDEM HERCULE POSSIS, NIL PRIUS, NEQUE FORTIUS;  
VERUM SI INCIPIES, NEQUE PERFICIES NAVITER,  
ATQUE, UBI PATI NON POTERIS, CUM NEMO EXPETET,  
INFECTA PACE, ULTRO AD EAM VENIES, INDICANS  
TE AMARE, ET FERRE NON POSSE: ACTUM EST, ILICET,  
PERISTI: ELUDET, UBI TE VICTUM SENSERIT.

TER. EUN. ACT I. SC. 2.

ED YOU CAN KEEP TO YOUR RESOLUTION, YOU WILL ACT A NOBLE AND  
LY PART: BUT IF, WHEN YOU HAVE SET ABOUT IT, YOUR COURAGE  
YOU, AND YOU MAKE A VOLUNTARY SUBMISSION, ACKNOWLEDGING  
IOLENCE OF YOUR PASSION, AND YOUR INABILITY TO HOLD OUT ANY  
RE, ALL IS OVER WITH YOU; YOU ARE UNDONE, AND MAY GO HANG  
ELF; SHE WILL INSULT OVER YOU, WHEN SHE FINDS YOU HER SLAVE.

O THE SPECTATOR.

S is to inform you, that Mr.  
eeman had no sooner taken  
ut his lady was taken with a  
it of the vapours, which it is  
ill make her miscarry, if not  
her life; therefore, dear Sir,  
ow of any receipt that is good  
is fashionable reigning disem-  
pleased to communicate it for  
of the public, and you will  
ours,

A. NOEWILL.

ECTATOR,  
uproar was so great as soon as  
d read the Spectator concern-  
Freeman, that after many re-  
in her temper, of raging,  
g, railing, fainting, pitying  
and reviling her husband, upon  
ental coming-in of a neigh-  
lady, who says she has writ to  
she had nothing left for it but  
a fit. I had the honour to  
paper to her, and have a pretty  
nmand of my countenance and  
in such occasions; and soon  
y historical name to be Tom  
in your writings, but conceal-  
lf until I saw how it affected  
eman. She looked frequently  
band, as often at me; and she  
remble as she filled tea, until  
to the circumstance of Arm-  
writing out a piece of Tully  
era tune: then she burst out,  
exposed, she was deceived, she  
mged and abused, The tea-

cup was thrown in the fire; and with-  
out taking vengeance on her spouse, she  
said of me, that I was a pretending cox-  
comb, a meddler that knew not what it  
was to interpose in so nice an affair as  
between a man and his wife. To which  
Mr. Freeman—'Madam, were I less  
'fond of you than I am, I should not  
'have taken this way of writing to the  
'Spectator, to inform a woman whom  
'God and nature has placed under my  
'direction, with what I request of her;  
'but since you are so indiscreet as not  
'to take the hint which I gave you in  
'that paper, I must tell you, Madam,  
'in so many words, that you have for  
'a long and tedious space of time acted  
'a part unsuitable to the sense you  
'ought to have of the subordination in  
'which you are placed. And I must  
'acquaint you once for all, that the  
'fellow without—Ah, Tom!' (here the  
footman entered and answered—'Ma-  
'dam.')—'Sirrah, do not you know  
'my voice? Look upon me when I  
'speak to you:—I say, Madam, this  
'fellow here is to know of me myself,  
'whether I am at leisure to see company  
'or not. I am from this hour master  
'of this house; and my business in it,  
'and every where else, is to behave  
'myself in such a manner, as it shall be  
'hereafter an honour to you to bear my  
'name; and your pride, that you are  
'the delight, the darling and ornament  
'of a man of honour, useful and esteem-  
'ed by his friends; and I no longer  
'one that has buried some merit in the  
'world, in compliance to a forward  
'humour which has grown upon an  
'agreeable woman by his indulgence.'



Mr. Freeman, I said, with a tenderness in his eyes, and in his heart eyes, which showed he was extremely moved at my conduct; he was looking for the fat lady, with passion, and his eyes firmly fixed on the floor, when I, fearing he would lose all reason, took upon me to pick him out of that amiable form; this was my full opening; upon which I told you a story for my health, that said Mr. Freeman was beyond the common task of the town; and that it was so much a jest, as when it was told in company.—Mr. Freeman is pleased to come to such a conclusion. Upon which the good lady turned her face to downright rage, and then she boiling tea-kettle upon your hand's fervant; flew into the middle of the room, and cried out she was the incarnation of all women: that she was weary of dissatisfactions for want of power and retirement; no company was to be made to her, no expectations to be found, no previous manner of bringing what was amiss in her; that all she could wish to be acquainted with her equals, without the least admission. Mr. Freeman was going to make a flowing speech, but I interrupted.—'Look you, Malon, I have nothing to say to this matter, but you ought to consider you are now past a checking this humour, which was well enough in a girl, is insufferable in one of your motherly character.' With that he lost all patience, and flew directly at her husband's petting. I got her in my arms, and defended my friend by making signs at the same time that it was too much; I beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her shoulder, that he was lost if he did not persist. In this manner she flew round and

round the room in a moment, until the lady I spoke of above and servants entered; upon which she fell on a couch as breathless. I still kept up my friend; but he, with a very silly air, bid them bring a coach to the door, and we went off, I being forced to bid the coachman drive on. We were no sooner come to my lodgings, but all his wife's relations came to enquire after him; and Mrs. Freeman's mother writ a note, wherein she thought never to have seen this day, and so forth.

In a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we have not talents for; and I can observe already, my friend look upon me rather as a man who knows a weakness of him that he is ashamed of, than one who has rescued him from slavery. Mr. Spectator, I am but a young fellow, and if Mr. Freeman submits, I shall be looked upon as an incendiary, and never get a wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent word home he shall lie at Hampstead to-night; but I believe fear of the first onset after this rupture has too great a place in this resolution. Mrs. Freeman has a very pretty sister; suppose I delivered him up, and articed with the mother for her for bringing him home. If he has not courage to stand it, you are a great casuist, is it such an ill thing to bring myself off as well as I can? What makes me doubt my man, is, that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with her; and Captain Sentry will tell you, if you let your orders be disputed, you are no longer a commander. I wish you could advise me how to get clear of this business handsomely. Yours,

TOM MEGGOT.

T

## Nº CCXVII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8;

—TUNC FOEMINA SIMPLEX

ET PARITER TOTO REPETITUR CLAMOR AB ANTRO.

JUV. SAT. VI. VER. 326

THEN, UNRESTRAIN'D BY RULES OF DECENCY,

THE ASSEMBLED FEMALES RAISE A GENERAL CRY.

I shall entertain my reader to-day with some letters from my correspondence. The first of them is the design of a letter, whether real or imaginary, I will not determine; but an apt

to fancy, that the writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of nocturnal orgie out of her own fancy: whether this be to or not, her letter may conduce to the amendment of that kind of

prison





re represented in it, and  
ers are frequent enough in

ATOR,

our papers you were pleas-  
the public a very divert-  
of several clubs and noc-  
lies; but I am a member  
which has wholly escaped

I mean a club of She-  
: take each a hackney-  
-ect once a week in a large  
er, which we hire by the  
purpose; our landlord and  
who are quiet people, con-  
-ving to be abroad on our

We are no sooner come  
we throw off all that mo-  
-servedness with which our  
ed to disguise themselves in

I am not able to express  
we enjoy from ten at night  
the morning, in being as  
men can be for your lives.  
y runs high, the room is  
filled with broken fans,  
ts, lappets, or head-dress-  
furbelows, garters, and

rons. I had forgot to  
st, that besides the coaches  
ourselves, there is one which  
s empty to carry off our  
or so we call all those frag-  
-atters with which the room  
and which we pack up to-  
-dies and put into the afore-  
it is no small diversion for  
he next night at some mem-  
-ber, where every one is to  
at belonged to her from this  
ndle of silks, stuffs, laces,

I have hitherto given you  
of our diversion on ordinary  
; but must acquaint you  
t once a month we demolish  
at is, we get some queer  
ture in among us, and un-  
n instant. Our last month's  
so armed and fortified in  
and buckram, that we had  
to come at her; but you  
died with laughing to have  
e sober awkward thing look-  
e was forced out of her in-  
s. In short, Sir, it is im-  
-give you a true notion of our  
s you would come one night  
; and though it be directly  
ules of our society to admit

a male visitant, we repose so much con-  
fidence in your silence and taciturnity,  
that it was agreed by the whole club,  
at our last meeting, to give you entrance  
for one night as a spectator. I am your  
humble servant,

KITTY TERMAGANT.

P. S. We shall demolish a prude next  
Thursday.

Though I thank Kitty for her kind  
offer, I do not at present find in myself  
any inclination to venture my person  
with her and her romping companions.  
I should regard myself as a second Clo-  
dius, intruding on the mysterious rites  
of the Bona Dea, and should apprehend  
being demolished as much as the prude.

The following letter comes from a  
gentleman, whose taste I find is much  
too delicate to endure the least advance  
towards romping. I may perhaps here-  
after improve upon the hint he has given  
me, and make it the subject of a whole  
Spectator; in the mean time take it as it  
follows in his own words.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IT is my misfortune to be in love with  
a young creature who is daily com-  
mitting faults, which though they give  
me the utmost uneasiness, I know not  
how to reprove her for, or even acquaint  
her with. She is pretty, dresses well,  
is rich, and good-humoured; but either  
wholly neglects, or has no notion of  
that which polite people have agreed to  
distinguish by the name of Delicacy.  
After our return from a walk the other  
day, she threw herself into an elbow-  
chair, and professed before a large com-  
pany, that she was all over in a sweat.  
She told me this afternoon, that her  
stomach ached; and was complaining  
yesterday at dinner of something that  
'stuck in her teeth.' I treated her with  
a basket of fruit last summer, which she  
eat so very greedily, as almost made me  
resolve never to see her more. In short,  
Sir, I begin to tremble whenever I see  
her about to speak or move. As she  
does not want sense, if she takes these  
hints I am happy; if not, I am more  
than afraid, that these things which  
shock me even in the behaviour of a  
mistress, will appear insupportable in  
that of a wife.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M.

My next letter comes from a correspondent whom I cannot but very much value upon the account which she gives of herself.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am happily arrived at a state of tranquillity, which few people envy, I mean that of an old maid; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that medley of follies which our sex is apt to contract from their silly fondness of yours, I read your raileries on us without provocation. I can say with Hamlet—

—Man delights not me,  
Nor woman neither.——

Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own sex, do not be afraid of improving what is ridiculous in ours, and you will oblige at least one woman, who is your humble servant,

SUSANNA FROST.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am wife to a clergyman, and cannot help thinking that in your teeth or tithe character of womankind you meant myself; therefore I have no quarrel against you for the other nine characters. Your humble servant,

A. B.

X

## Nº CCXVIII. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

QUID DE QUOQUE VIRO, ET CUI DICAS, IMPE CAVE TO.

HOR. EP. XVIII. LIB. I. VER. 62.

—HAVE A CARE

OF WHOM YOU TALK, TO WHOM, AND WHAT, AND WHERE.

POGLY.

I Happened the other day, as my way is, to stroll into a little coffee-house beyond Aldgate; and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible men were talking of the Spectator. One said, that he had that morning drawn the great benefit-ticket; another wished he had; but a third shook his head and said, it was pity that the writer of that paper was such a sort of man, that it was no great matter whether he had it or no. 'He is, it seems,' said the good man, 'the most extravagant creature in the world; has run through vast sums, and yet been in continual want; a man, for all he talks so well of oeconomy, unfit for any of the offices of life by reason of his profuseness. It would be an unhappy thing to be his wife, his child, or his friend; and yet he talks as well of those duties of life as any one.' Much reflection has brought me to so easy a contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy accusation gave me no manner of uneasiness; but at the same time it threw me into deep thought upon the subject of fame in general; and I could not but pity such as were so weak, as to value what the common people say out of their own talkative temper to the advantage or diminution of those whom

they mention, without being moved either by malice or good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon the taste all mankind have of fame, and the inexpressible pleasure which there is in the approbation of worthy men, to all who are capable of worthy actions; but methinks one may divide the general word Fame into three different species, as it regards the different orders of mankind who have any thing to do with it. Fame, therefore, may be divided into glory, which respects the hero; reputation, which is preserved by every gentleman; and credit, which must be supported by every tradesman. These possessions in fame are dearer than life to those characters of men, or rather are the life of these characters. Glory, while the hero pursues great and noble enterprizes, is impregnable; and all the assailants of his renown do but shew their pain and impatience of it's brightness, without throwing the least shade upon it. If the foundation of an high name be virtue and service, all that is offered against it is but rumour, which is too short-lived to stand up in competition with glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the portion of every man, is also a great good; but

is glory, if it be well founded; common cause of human sorrow, ought concerned when we hear good behaviour calumniated: rich, according to a prevailing notion amongst us, every man has his in his own arm: and reproach checked, put out of countenance, taken by disgrace.

Most unhappy of all men, and exposed to the malignity and effects of the common voice, is the Credit is undone in whispers. A man's wound is received from more private and more cruel ruffian with the lanthorn and

The manner of repeating a name; as—'Mr. Cash, Oh! do give your money at his shop?' 'do you know Mr. Searoom?' 'indeed a general merchant.' I have seen, from the iteration of name, hiding one thought of explaining what you hide, by nothing to his advantage when, a merchant hurt in his credit; who every day he lived, lited to the value of his native undone by one who was only and a blemish to it. Since who knows the world is sensible of this great evil, how careful man to be in his language of a! It may possibly be in the of a very shallow creature to lay of the best family in the most ity; and the more so, the more deserves of his country; that the farther he places his wealth in hands, to draw home that of climate.

How can an ill word may change to want, and by a rash sentence

a free and generous fortune may in a few days be reduced to beggary. How little does a giddy prater imagine, that an idle phrase to the disfavour of a merchant may be as pernicious in the consequence, as the forgery of a deed to bar an inheritance would be to a gentleman! Land stands where it did before a gentleman was calumniated, and the state of a great action is just as it was before calumny was offered to diminish it; there is time, place, and occasion, expected to unravel all that is contrived against those characters; but the trader who is ready only for probable demands upon him, can have no armour against the inquisitive, the malicious, and the envious, who are prepared to fill the cry to his dishonour. Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction, in comparison of the babbling in the case of the merchant.

For this reason I thought it an imitable piece of humanity of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had great variety of affairs, and used to talk with warmth enough against gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing be urged against a merchant, with whom he had any difference, except in a court of justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a merchant, was to begin his suit with judgment and execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this occasion, than to repeat, that the merit of the merchant is above that of all other subjects; for while he is untouched in his credit, his hand-writing is a more portable coin for the service of his fellow-citizens, and his word the gold of Ophir to the country wherein he resides.

T

## CCXIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

VIX EA NOSTRA VOCO

— OVID. MET. LIB. XIII. VER. 141.

THESE I SCARCE CALL OUR OWN.

There are but few men who are ambitious of distinguishing in the nation or country where, and of growing considerable acquaintance with whom they converse, a kind of grandeur and respect, meanest and most insignificant rank and endeavour to procure

in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might

might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodize them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has it's rise from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope; majesty to kings; serenity or mildness of temper to princes; excellence or perfection to ambassadors; grace to archbishops; honour to peers; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied; but in the descendents they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shews the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on;

and is asked by a grave attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality, as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character; ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.

Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outline our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men in Scripture are called 'strangers and sojourners upon earth,' and life a 'pilgrimage.' Several Heathen, as well as Christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of settling up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. 'We are here,' says he, 'as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and we could act another better. But this,' says the philosopher, 'is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has cast our several parts, and is the great Disposer of the drama.'

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a slave. His motive to content

receives a very great enforcement the above-mentioned confidence if we remember that our present world will be new cast, and the kind will be there ranged in stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have yielded one another in virtue, and that in their several posts of life the rich belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in an apocryphal book, intitled, 'Wisdom of Solomon,' to set forth the glory of honour, and the like temptations which are in so great request among men, and to comfort those who do not the possession of them. It is in very warm and noble terms the encouragement of a good man in the world, and the great surprise will produce among those who are superiors in this. 'Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have despised him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall all be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the wisdom of his salvation, so far beyond that they looked for. And they shall be lamenting and groaning for an-

guish of spirit, shall say within themselves—"This was he whom we had some time in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!"

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity, and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place. In the meantime, since it is necessary in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept in the world, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life, would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence thought fit to distinguish them.

## 9 CCXX. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

RUMORESQUE SERIT VARIOS—

VIRG. ÆN. XII. V. 228.

A THOUSAND RUMOURS SPREADS.

Will you apply to my father or my love? I cannot help it if I give you my portion; but I assist is not in his power, nor even in, to give you my heart. Dear Sir, consider the ill-consequence of this match; you are fifty-five, I am twenty. You are a man of busily mightily conversant in arithmetical making calculations; be pleased to consider what proportion it bears to mine, and when you have a just estimate of the necessity on one side, and the redundancy on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is such language as you may not expect from a young man; my happiness is at stake, and I speak plainly. I mortally hate so, as you and my father

agree, you may take me or leave me: but if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige, Sir, your most humble servant,

HENRIETTA,

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE are so many artifices and modes of false wit, and such a variety of humour discovers itself among its votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a subject, if you would think fit to resume it. The following instances may, if you think fit, be added by way of appendix to your discourses on that subject.

That feat of poetical activity mentioned by Horace, of an author who could compose two hundred verses while he stood upon one leg, has been imitated, as I have heard, by a modern writer.



er; who priding himself on the hurry of his invention, thought it no small addition to his fame to have each piece minutely with the exact number of hours or days it cost him in the composition. He could taste no praise until he had acquainted you in how short space of time he had deserved it; and was not so much led to an ostentation of his art, as of his dispatch.

— *Accipe, si vis,  
Accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,  
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.*  
HOR. SAT. IV. L. 1. VER. 14.

Here's pen and ink, and time, and place;  
let's try,

Who can write most, and fastest, you or I.  
CREECH.

This was the whole of his ambition; and therefore I cannot but think the flights of this rapid author very proper to be opposed to those laborious nothings which you have observed were the delight of the German wits, and in which they so happily got rid of such a tedious quantity of their time.

I have known a gentleman of another turn of humour, who, despising the name of an author, never printed his works, but contracted his talent, and by the help of a very fine diamond which he wore on his little finger, was a considerable poet upon glass. He had a very good epigrammatic wit; and there was not a parlour or tavern-window where he visited or dined for some years, which did not receive some sketches or memorials of it. It was his misfortune at last to lose his genius and his ring to a sharper at play, and he has not attempted to make a verse since.

But of all contractions or expedients for wit, I admire that of an ingenious projector whose book I have seen. This virtuoso being a mathematician, has, according to his taste, thrown the art of poetry into a short problem, and contrived tables by which any one, without knowing a word of grammar or sense, may, to his great comfort, be able to compose, or rather to erect Latin verses. His tables are a kind of poetical logarithms, which being divided into several squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent words, appear to the eye somewhat like a fortune-telling screen. What a joy must it be to the unlearned operator to find that these words being carefully collected and writ

down in order according to the first start of themselves into hexameter pentameter verses? A friend of mine who is a student in astrology, with this book, performed the operation, by the rules there set down shewed his verses to the next of acquaintance, who happened to understand Latin; and being informed they described a tempest of wind, very prefixed them, together with a mention, to an almanack he was just printing, and was supposed to have told the last great storm.

I think the only improvement of this, would be that which the late of Buckingham mentioned to a pretender to poetry, as the project of a Dutch mechanic, viz. a mill to verses. This being the most tedious method of all which have yet proposed, may deserve the thought of our modern virtuosi who are eminent in new discoveries for the public and it may be worth the while to consider, whether in an island where content without being thought of will not be a common benefit, as well as labour should be made. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Often dine at a gentleman's where there are two young ladies themselves very agreeable, but very in their behaviour, because they stand me for a person that is to my mind, as the phrase is, very deny to one of them. But I take way to acquaint them, that I am love with either of them, in hope will use me with that agreeable friend and indifference which they do rest of the world, and not to draw one another only, but sometimes kind look, with their service to, Your humble servant

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a young gentleman, and for a piece of good-breeding I off my hat when I see any thing liably charming in any woman, whether I know her or not. I take care there is nothing ludicrous or arch manner, as if I were to betray man into a salutation by way of humour; and except I am acquainted with her, I find she ever takes it rule, that she is to look upon this

homage I pay to her supposed me- as an impertinence or forwardness ch she is to observe and neglect. I 1, Sir, you would settle the business alutation; and please to inform me I shall resist the sudden impulse I to be civil to what gives an idea of it; or tell these creatures how to be themselves in return to the esteem

I have for them. My affairs are such, that your decision will be a favour to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary expence of wearing out my hat so fast as I do at present. I am, Sir, yours,  
D. T.

P. S. There are some that do know me, and will not bow to me. T

N<sup>o</sup> CCXXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

—AN OVO  
USQUE AD MALA—

HOR. SAT. III. L. I. V. 6.

FROM EGGS WHICH FIRST ARE SET UPON THE BOARD,  
TO APPLES RIPE, WITH WHICH IT LAST IS STOR'D.

WHEN I have finished any of my speculations, it is my method to sider which of the ancient authors touched upon the subject that I t of. By this means I meet with e celebrated thought upon it, or a ight of my own expressed in better ds, or some similitude for the illus- ion of my subject. This is what s birth to the motto of a speculation, ch I rather choose to take out of the s than the prose-writers, as the for- generally give a finer turn to a ight than the latter, and by couching n few words, and in harmonious bers, make it more portable to the nory.

My reader is therefore sure to meet i at least one good line in every pa- and very often finds his imagina- entertained by a hint that awakens is memory some beautiful passage of ssic author.

was a saying of an ancient philoso-; which I find some of our writers : ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who aps might have taken occasion to re- it, 'that a good face is a letter of ommendation.' It naturally makes beholders insinuate into the person is the owner of it, and generally ossesses them in his favour. A hand- motto has the same effect; be- : that it always gives a supernume- beauty to a paper, and is some- s in a manner necessary when the er is engaged in what may appear a dox to vulgar minds, as it shews he is supported by good authorities, is not singular in his opinion. mult confess, the motto is of little

use to an unlearned reader, for which reason I consider it only as 'a word to 'the wise.' But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot relish the motto, I take care to make provision for them in the body of my paper. If they do not understand the sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the house; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain man's compliment, who, upon his friend's telling him that he would like the Spectator much better if he understood the motto, replied, 'that good wine needs no bush.'

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town, who endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest congregation. One of them being well versed in the fathers, used to quote every now and then a Latin sentence to his illiterate hearers, who it seems found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other finding his congregation mouldering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his parish a little Latin in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the fathers, he digested into his sermons the whole book of *Que Genus*, adding however such explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in præ-senti*, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This in a very little time thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagonist.

The natural love to Latin, which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my speculations fare never the worse among them from that little scrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations in an unknown tongue, is, that I hear the ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my Greek mottoes.

Designing this day's work for a dissertation upon the two extremities of my paper, and having already dispatched my motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single capital letters, which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of speculation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject. Some tell us that C is the mark of those papers that are written by the clergyman, though others ascribe them to the club in general: that the papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir Roger: that L signifies the lawyer, whom I have described in my second speculation; and that T stands for the trader or merchant: but the letter X, which is placed at the end of some few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except Xenophon and Xerxes, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any hand in these speculations.

In answer to these inquisitive gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by letter, I must tell them the reply of an ancient philosopher, who carried something hidden under his cloak. A certain acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully—"I cover 'it,' says he, 'on purpose that you 'should not know.' I have made use of these obscure marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of

evil eyes; for which reason I would not have my reader surprized, if hereafter he sees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word Abracadabra.

I shall, however, so far explain myself to the reader, as to let him know that the letters C, L, and X, are cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the philosophy of Pythagoras, and swear by the Tetractys, that is, the number Four, will know very well that the number Ten, which is signified by the letter X, (and which has so much perplexed the town) has in it many particular powers; that it is called by platonic writers the complete number; that one, two, three, and four, put together, make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But these are not mysteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A man must have spent many years in hard study before he can arrive to the knowledge of them.

We had a rabbinical divine in England, who was chaplain to the Earl of Essex in Queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge upon the first verse of the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in which, says he, you have the three following words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short text into many parts, and by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr. Alabaster, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr. Fuller's book of English Worthies. This instance will, I hope, convince my readers that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of these matters, I must refer them to time, which discovers all things.

C

NO CCXXII. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14

CUR ALTER PRATRUM CESSARE, ET LUDERF, ET UNGI,  
PRÆFERAT HERODIS PALMETIS PINGUIBUS—

HOR. EP. II. LIB. 2. VER. 184

WHY, OF TWO BROTHERS, ONE HIS PLEASURE LOVES,  
PRÆFERS HIS SPORTS TO HEROD'S FRAGRANT GROVES.

CREECI

R. SPECTATOR,

WHERE is one thing I have often looked for in your papers, and as often wondered to find myself disappointed; the rather, because I think subject every way agreeable to your pen, and by being left unattempted others, seems reserved as a proper employment for you: I mean a disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that men in the brightest parts, and most comprehensive genius, completely furnished with talents for any province in human affairs; such as by their wise lessons of economy to others have made it evident, they have the justest notions of good and of true sense in the conduct of it:—from what unhappy contrivances it proceeds, that persons so finished by nature and by art, should so often fail in the management of that which they so well understand, and want the address to make a right application of their own rules. This is mainly a prodigious inconsistency in behaviour, and makes much such a figure in morals as a monstrous birth in nature, with this difference only, which greatly aggravates the wonder, that it happens much more frequently; and that a blemish does it cast upon wit and shining in the general account of the world; and in how disadvantageous a light it does it expose them to the busy eyes of mankind, that there should be many instances of persons who have conducted their lives in spite of these splendid advantages, as neither to happy in themselves, nor useful to their friends; when every body sees it entirely in their own power to be content in both these characters? For part, I think there is no reflection more astonishing than to consider one of these gentlemen spending a fair fortune, living in every body's debt without least apprehension of a future rack-

oning, and at last leaving not only own children, but possibly those other people, by his means, in stark circumstances; while a fellow, who one would scarce suspect to have a man's soul, shall perhaps raise a vast estate out of nothing, and be the founder of a family capable of being very considerable in their country, and doing illustrious services to it. That this observation is just, experience has beyond all dispute. But though fact be so evident and glaring, yet causes of it are still in the dark; which makes me persuade myself, that it will be no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the town, to inquire into hidden sources of so unaccountable evil. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant

What this correspondent wonders has been matter of admiration ever since there was any such thing as human life. Horace reflects upon this inconsistency very agreeably in the character of Tigellius, whom he makes a mighty pretender to economy, and tells you you might one day hear him speak most philosophic things imaginable concerning being contented with a little and his contempt of every thing more necessaries, and in half a week after spend a thousand pound. When he says this of him with relation to pence, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other circumstance of life. And indeed, if we consider men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding enjoyment in their own minds. Mr. Dryden has expressed this very excellently in character of Zimri.

A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.  
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing

But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.  
Then all for women, painting, rhiming,  
drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in  
thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
In something new to with or to enjoy!  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

This loose state of the soul hurries the extravagant from one pursuit to another; and the reason that his expences are greater than another's, is, that his wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this way to their lives end, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the rest of mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. Tully says, it is the greatest of wickedness to lessen your paternal estate. And if a man would thoroughly consider how much worse than banishment it must be to his child, to rise by the estate which should have been his, had it not been for his father's injustice to him, he would be smitten with the reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to

think it had been happier for his son to have been born of any other man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless snoakers of tobacco and takers of snuff.

The slower part of mankind, whom my correspondent wonders should get estates, are the more immediately formed for that pursuit: they can expect distant things without impatience, because they are not carried out of their way either by violent passion or keen appetite to any thing. To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application—'No thanks to him; if he had no business, he would have nothing to do.' T

## Nº CCXXIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

O SUAVIS ANIMA! QUALEM TE DICAM BONAM,  
ANTERAC FUISSE, TALES CUM SINT RELIQUÆ!

PHÆDR. FAB. I. LIN. 3. VER. 5.

O SWEET SOUL! HOW GOOD MUST YOU HAVE BEEN HERETOFORE, WHEN YOUR  
REMAINS ARE SO DELICIOUS!

WHEN I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider time as an immense ocean in which many noble authors are intirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disappointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck; but the number of the last is very small.

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*

VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 112.

One here and there floats on the vast abyss.

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho.

They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her, in the remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were intire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit, with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry: she felt the passion in all it's warmth, and described it in all it's symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and by Plutarch is compared to Cadmus the son of Vulcan, who created

[REDACTED]

1

2

3

4



ing but flame. I do not know the character that is given of her whether it is not for the benefit and that they are lost. They died with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been generous to have given them a

withstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

constant lover, called Phaon, and great calamities to this poetess.

She fell desperately in love and took a voyage into Sicily, of him, he having withdrawn either on purpose to avoid her, that island, and on this occasion supposed to have made the Venus, with a translation of which I present my reader. Her ineffectual for the procuring of which she prayed for in vain was still obdurate, and so transported with the violence of passion, that she was resolved to die at any price.

There was a promontory in Acarled Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Venus.

In this temple it was usual for young lovers to make their vows and afterwards to fling them from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes found alive. This place was therefore called The Lover's Leap; and for no other reason they had been so resolved that could push so dreadful a remedy, or the which they often received in their wish all the tender sentiments and gave their spirits another use who had taken this leap and never relapsed into that state.

Sappho tried the cure, but in the experiment.

Having given this short account of, so far as it regards the subject, I shall subjoin the translation as it was sent me by a friend, in admirable Pastorals and Winter-poems already so well received. I will find in it that pathetic which is so peculiar to him, and suitable to the ode he has here written.

This ode in the Greek, these beauties observed by Maestri, has several harmonious words, which are not lost in English. I must farther add, that translation has preserved every sentiment of Sappho, not-

## AN HYMN TO VENUS.

## I.

O Venus, beauty of the skies,  
To whom a thousand temples rise,  
Gaily false in gentle smiles,  
Full of love-perplexing wiles;  
O goddess! from my heart remove  
The wasting cares and pains of love.

## II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft distress preferred,  
Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
O gentle goddess! hear me now.  
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,  
In all thy radiant charms confest.

## III.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,  
And all the golden roofs above:  
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,  
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;  
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,  
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

## IV.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)  
Bore back their empty car again:  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In ev'ry heavenly feature smil'd,  
And ask'd what new complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my aid?

## V.

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,  
And by what cure to be asswag'd?  
What gentle youth I would allure,  
Whom in my artful toils secure?  
'Who does thy tender heart subdue,  
'Tell me, my Sappho, tell me, who?

## VI.

'Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,  
'He soon shall court thy slighted charms;  
'Tho' now thy offerings he despise,  
'He soon to thee shall sacrifice;  
'Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
'And be thy victim in his turn.'

## VII.

Celestial visitant, once more  
Thy needful presence I implore!  
In pity come and ease my grief,  
Bring my distemp'rd soul relief,  
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,  
And give me all my heart desires.

Madam



Madam Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein Venus is described as landing, as it were, her chariot upon her arrival at Supp's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her. This ode was preferred by an eminent Greek critic, who inserted it among his works, as a pattern of perfection in the fluency of it.

Let me be assured another ode of this great poet, which is likewise admirable in it's kind, and has been trans-

lated by the same hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my reader with it in another paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own countrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into another tongue, so as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the translation.

C

## Nº CCXXIV. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16,

—FUGIENDE TRAHIT COMSTRICTOS GLORIA CURRU  
NON MINUS LINGUOTUS GENEROSI.—

HOR. SAT. VI. L. I. V. 25.

—THE ENTRAINING CHARIOT SWIFTLY DRAWS  
WITH IT, BEHIND THE NOBLE AND THE BASE.

CREECH.

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, combine in a principle that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is not an uncommon thing to meet with many, who by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, are carried to the height of power and greatness, who never let their hearts open to a commerce with of clients and dependants, nor contract any appendages or retinues; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance; but it is not necessary to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may be contented in other channels, and a man may be contented with one pursuit; the more so, as a man may be it the same; and yet a man may be contented with the desire of distinction.

There is the pure consciousness of superiority, abstracted from the view of the object, applicable to a general sense of human reward, yet the object of ambition was doubtless implanted in our nature as an additional

incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study and converse, will bring forth suitable effects as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition, or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praise-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition, therefore, is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken

of a principle of honour. This secret spring that pushes them forward and the superiority which they owe the undistinguished many, more than repair those wounds they received in the combat. It is Mr. S's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, not been master of the Roman world in all probability have a excellent wrestler.

Julius, on the mountains bred,  
perhaps or herd had led;  
the world subdu'd, had been  
best wrestler on the green.

He subdued the world, was owner of the accidents of art and knowledge had he not met with those adversaries, the same sparks of emulation have kindled within him, and led him to distinguish himself in the enterprise of a lower nature. Since, therefore, no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand things may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, prudent and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all fortuitous circumstances of fortune to bring him down in one's estimation to that low station of life, the cure of which bears some distant analogy to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may be exercising in miniature those qualities of nature, which being drawn out to their full length, are put to him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand one may raise uneducated merit to a pitch of greatness, as may be equal to the possible extent of his educated capacity.

Nature furnishes a man with a natural appetite of glory, education directs it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, however, in any instance more observable than the variety of outdresses and new notions, which the foolish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for nothing glaring or particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to be of good effect, that it catches the eye and will not suffer you to pass over it. A man so adorned without due notice of reservation. It has likewise, upon every account, been frequently resented

as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as falling out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses; with many other enterprizes of the like fiery nature: for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever shewed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is overrun with it a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance; for this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. 'A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may soothe his vanity by contradicting him.' Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable

capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. It is true, the wise man who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the splendour of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the dawning; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure; and yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hope and fears, there may be some danger of it's stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits in the vigour of youth neither can nor ought to remain at rest; if they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man, indeed, who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way; but he who is actuated by a nobler principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclama-

tions which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought, therefore, to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notions of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects: when these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion, therefore, were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life, is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part, and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society, as it inspires rational ambition, corrects love, and elegant desire.

CCXXV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

NULLUM NUMEN ABEST, SI SIT PRUDENTIA

JUV. SAT. 2. VER. 365.

PRUDENCE SUPPLIES THE WANT OF EVERY GOD.

often thought if the minds of were laid open, we should see difference between that of the wise and that of the fool. There are idle reveries, numberless extravaganzas, and a perpetual train of vanity which pass through both. The difference is, that the first knows to check and cull his thoughts for use, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the second lets them all indifferently fly out. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation with intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often are the weakest; for indeed the conversation with a friend is nothing else but a mutual display of talents.

It has therefore very justly been received as a precept delivered by some ancient philosophers, that a man should live in friendship with an enemy in such a manner, as to leave him room to become his friend, and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it might be in his power to hurt him.

It is a part of this rule, which respects our behaviour towards an enemy, to be very reasonable, as well as very cautious; but the latter part of it regards our behaviour towards a friend, and counsels us to be more of cunning than of honesty, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which consist in the freedoms of conversation with a friend. Besides that when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, as Sirach calls him, a bewrayer, the world is just enough to be suspicious of the perfidiousness of the friend, and the indiscretion of the person who has trusted in him.

Discretion does not only shew itself in the choice of friends, but in all the circumstances of friendship, and is like an under-agent of God in the world, to guide and direct us in all our concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this

indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little mean ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives the greater authority to the

the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses it's force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supercedes every little prospect of gain

and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in it's full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed, as described in the latter part of this paper, the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. It's advantages are infinite, but it's acquisition easy; or, to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper—'Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel: for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is perfection of wisdom, and whose watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.'

## Nº CCXXVI. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

MUTUM EST PICTURA POEMA.

HOR.

A PICTURE IS A POEM WITHOUT WORDS.

I have very often lamented and hinted my sorrow in several speculations, that the art of painting is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the passion

or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the painter's imagination, what strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be insilled into the mind from the labours of the pencil? This is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity.

and less expence of time, than is taught by writings; but the use is generally perverted, and that ble skill prostituted to the basest oft unworthy ends. Who is the man for beholding the most beaunus, the best wrought Bacchanal, ices of sleeping Cupids, languishmphs, or any of the representa-f gods, goddesses, demigods, falyphemes, sphinxes, or fawns? the virtues and vices, which are mes pretended to be represented such draughts, were given us by inter in the characters of real life, ie persons of men and women actions have rendered them laud-infamous; we should not see a nistory-piece without receiving an tive lecture. There needs no proof of this truth, than the tetti-of every reasonable creature who in the cartons in her Majesty's at Hampton Court: these are ntations of no leis actions than of our blessed Saviour and his s. As I now sit and recollect arm images which the admirable el has raised, it is impossible even he faint traces in one's memory one has not seen these two years, unmoved at the horror and ree which appear in the whole af- when the mercenary man fell dead; at the amazement of the orn blind, when he first receives or at the graceless indignation of cerer, when he is struck blind. me, when they first find strength r feet, stand doubtful of their new. The heavenly apostles appear these great things, with a deep f the infirmities which they re- but no value of themselves who ister to their weakness. They themselves to be but instruments; e generous distress they are paint- when divine honours are offered n, is a representation in the most te degree of the beauty of holi- When St. Paul is preaching to henians, with what wonderful art not all the different tempers of nd represented in that elegant au-? You see one credulous of all said, another wrapt up in deep ce, another saying there is some in what he says, another angry e apostle destroys a favourite opi-

nion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his hands in rapture, while the generality attend, and wait for the opinion of those who are of leading characters in the assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that chart on which is drawn the appearance of our blessed Lord after his resurrection. Present authority, late suffering, humility and majesty, despotic command, and divine love, are at once seated in his celestial aspect. The figures of the eleven apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently according to their characters. Peter receives his Master's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention: the two next with a more open extasy, though still constrained by the awe of the Divine presence: the beloved disciple, whom I take to be the right of the two first figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in love; and the last personage, whose back is towards the spectators, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St. Thomas, as abashed by the conscience of his former diffidence; which perplexed concern it is possible Raphael thought too hard a task to draw but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it.

The whole work is an exercise of the highest piety in the painter; and all the touches of a religious mind are expressed in a manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving eloquence. These invaluable pieces are very justly in the hands of the greatest and most pious sovereign in the world; and cannot be the frequent object of every one at their own leisure: but as an engraver is to the painter, what a painter is to an author, it is worthy her Majesty's name, that she has encouraged that noble artist, Monsieur Dorigny, to publish these works of Raphael. We have of this gentleman a piece of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a work second to none in the world.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our people of condition, after their large bounty to foreigners of no name or merit, should they overlook this occasion of having, for a trifling subscription, a work which it is impossible for a man of sense to behold, without being warmed with

with the noblest sentiments that can be inspired by love, admiration, compassion, contempt of this world, and expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest honour we can do our country, to distinguish strangers of merit who apply to us with modesty and diffidence, which generally accompanies merit. No opportunity of this kind ought to be neglected; and a modest behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that disadvantage in the possessor of that quality. My skill in paintings, where one is not directed by the passion of the pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am

in very great perplexity when I offer to speak of any performances of painters, of landscapes, buildings, or single figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the pieces which Mr. Boul exposes to sale by auction on Wednesday next in Chandos Street: but having heard him commended by those who have bought of him heretofore for great integrity in his dealing, and overheard him himself, though a laudable painter, say nothing of his own was fit to come into the room with those he had to sell, I feared I should lose an occasion of serving a man of worth, in omitting to speak of his auction.

T

## Nº CCXXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20:

Ἦ μὴ ἐν τῇ πελώρῃ; τὴ δὲ δύστροπος; οὐκ ὀρακοίς;  
 Τὰν βαλὼν ἀποδῶς εἰς κῆμα τὰ τένα ἀλευραῖ.  
 Ὡστε τῆς δύστροπος ἀποκρίσεται Ὀλφιν ὁ γρηγοῖς.  
 Κῆμα μὴ ποδῶν, τὸ γὰρ μὴ πῶν αὐτὸν τίπτεται.

THEOCR.

**I**N my last Thursday's paper I made mention of a place called The Lover's Leap, which I find has raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them that this leap was used to be taken from a promontory of Leucas. This Leucas was formerly a part of Acarnania, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea has by length of time overflowed and washed away; so that at present Leucas is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the Ionian sea. The promontory of this island, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called Leucate. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of Leucas under the name of St. Mauro, and the ancient promontory of Leucate under the name of The Cape of St. Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I must observe that Theocritus, in the motto prefixed to my paper, describes one of his despairing shepherds addressing himself to his mistress after the following manner: 'Alas! what will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I will throw off my clothes, and take a leap into that part of the sea which is to

' much frequented by Olphis the fisherman. And though I should escape with my life, I know you will be pleased with it.' I shall leave it with the critics to determine whether the place which this shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above mentioned Leucate, or at least some other lover's leap, which was supposed to have had the same effect. I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the issue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, that if he should escape with life, he knows his mistress would be pleased with it, which is according to our interpretation, that she would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader with some letters which I have received upon this subject. The first is sent me by a physician.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HE Lover's Leap, which you mention in your 223d paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual cure for love, and not only for love, but for all other evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was



*Vide: Page: 456.*





at rid of her passion for Leanan is in no danger of break-art, who breaks his neck to I know very well the won- h ancient authors relate con- is leap; and in particular that persons who tried it, escaped with their lives but their limbs.

means they got rid of their gh it may in part be ascribed ons you give for it; why may ppose that the cold bath into y plunged themselves, had also in their cure? A leap into into any creek of salt waters, gives a new motion to the d a new turn to the blood; for son we prescribe it in distem- a no other medicine will reach. roduce a quotation out of a erable author, in which the duced by love is compared to a is produced by the biting of g. But as this comparison is o coarse for your paper, and k as it were cited to ridicule r who has made use of it; I hint at it, and desire you to whether, if the phrenzy produc- two different causes be of the re, it may not very properly oy the same means. I am, Sir, t humble servant, and well-

ÆSCULAPIUS.

SPECTATOR,

young woman crossed in love. yory is very long and melan- To give you the heads of it: gentleman, after having made ations to me for three years to- and filled my head with a thou- oms of happiness, some few : married another. Pray tell at part of the world your pro- lies, which you call The eap, and whether one may go land? But alas, I am afraid it's virtue, and that a woman es would find no more relief such a leap, than in singing an Venus. So that I must cry Dido in Dryden's Virgil—

Heaven, that made no cure for love!

Your disconsolate servant,

ATHENAS.

MISTER SPECTATUR,

MY heart is so full of lofes and pas- sions for Mrs. Gwinifrid, and she is so pettish and over-run with cholers against me, that if I had the good hap- piness to have my dwelling (which is placed by my creat-grandsfather upon the pottom of an hill) no farther distance but twenty mile from the Loser's Leap, I would indeed indeafour to preak my neck upon it on purpose. Now, good Mister Spietatur of Creat Pritain, you must know it, there is in Caernar- vanfhire a very pig mountain, the clory of all Wales, which is named Penmain- maure, and you must also know, it is no creat journey on foot from me; but the road is stony and bad for shoes. Now, there is upon the forehead of this mountain a very high rock, (like a pa- rish steeple) that cometh a huge deal over the sea; so when I am in my me- lancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I do desire my fery good friend to tell me in his Spietatur, if I shall be cure of my griefous lofes; for there is the sea clear as clafs, and as creen as the leek: then likewise if I be drown and preak my neck, if Mrs. Gwinifrid will not lose me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your answers, for I am in creat halte, and it is my tesires to do my pusiness without loss of time. I remain with cor- dial affections, your ever losing friend,

DAVYTH AP SHENKYN.

P. S. My law-suits have brought me to London, but I have lost my causes; and so have made my resolutions to go down and leap before the frosts begin; for I am apt to take colds.

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love than sober advice, and I am of opinion, that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this passion, as any of the old philosophers. I shall there- fore publish very speedily the translation of a little Greek manuscript, which is sent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of those records which were kept in the temple of Apollo, that stood upon the promontory of Leucate. The reader will find it to be a summary account of several persons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the success they found in it. As there seem- to be in it some anachronisms and de- viations

viations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian sophisters, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature.

I speak this by way of precaution. I know there are several of uncommon erudition, who fail to expose my ignorance caught me tripping in a great moment.

## Nº CCXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER

PERCUNCTATOREM FUGITO, NAM GARRULUS IDEM EST.  
HOR. EP. XVIII. LIB. I.

SHUN THE INQUISITIVE AND CURIOUS MAN;  
FOR WHAT HE HEARS HE WILL RELATE AGAIN.

THERE is a creature who has all the organs of speech, a tolerable good capacity for conceiving what is said to him, together with a pretty proper behaviour in all the occurrences of common life; but naturally very vacant of thought in himself, and therefore forced to apply himself to foreign assistances. Of this kind is that man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good sense as any man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a jockey, giving an account of the many revolutions in his horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinences; and he as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This humour is far from making a man unhappy, though it may subject him to railery; for he generally finds it with a person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative friend. It is no ordered, that there is a great deal, as natural as the meeting of different fires, in these two characters, each other's wants. I had the honour the other day to sit in a room, where sat an inquisitive man, who was full of satisfaction upon the conversation of these talkers. The conversation was at last laid down by him, who was sitting, leaning on his elbow, and making an uneasy countenance, he began—“There is no more news to-day, I cannot tell

‘ what is the matter with me;  
‘ slept very ill last night;  
‘ caught cold or no, I know  
‘ fancy I do not wear shoes this  
‘ for the weather, and I have  
‘ all this week; it must be  
‘ custom of washing my head  
‘ and summer with cold water  
‘ any injury from the season  
‘ that way; so it must come  
‘ feet; but I take no notice of  
‘ corns so it goes. Most of  
‘ protect from too much re  
‘ and our faces are naturall  
‘ able to resist the cold as col  
‘ The Indian answered very  
‘ European, who asked him  
‘ could go naked.” I am all

I observed this discourse was come to my general inquirer, other of more consequence to be; but some body calling to another part of the room, he told the next man who sat by him, Mr. Such-a-ere, who was from him, used to wash his head with water every morning; and so almost verbatim all that had said to him. The truth is, the ears are the funnels of conversation, not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another, who are the channels through which good and evil that is spoken is conveyed. Such as are offended think they suffer by their behaviour, though they mend that inconsideration they are not a malicious people; you will supply them, you need not any thing they have said in their own mouths. A further of a thing is one of the greatest that can arrive to them; and it is that they are more particular than

will have it, or I have it from hand: so that there is room for you to know the matter more particularly, and for a better hand to convey what was said by a good one.

We are not known this humour more to us than in a father, who has earnestly solicitous to have an account his son has passed his leisure if it be in a way thoroughly innocent, there cannot be a greater joy inquirer discovers in seeing him so hopefully his own steps: but honour among men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is wholly proper for a third person and yet is in itself indifferent.

One day there came in a well-learned young fellow, and two gentlemen of this species immediately fell a talking his pedigree. I could over-hear, 'She was his aunt;' then he said—'Ay, she was of the mother's side then again in a little lower voice the father wore generally a darker colour, 'Not much. But this gentleman wears higher heels to his shoes.' The inquisitive, in my opinion, are generally very ready from a vacancy in their own notions, there is nothing, methinks, more curious as to communicate secrets to a man of the same temper of enquiry than as impertinently communicate to a man, though he converses with you, need put himself in their power, will be contented with matters of trifling import as well. When there is fuel for no matter what it is—Thus the sentences in the news-papers, assertions, confirmations; this occasions speculations, and time will dilate the event,' are read by them, considered not as mere expletives.

One may see now and then this humour accompanied with an insatiable curiosity knowing what passes, without it to any use in the world but their own entertainment. A man which is gratified this way is to humour and pleasantries, and is an unconcerned character in the world; and, like myself, to be a spectator. This curiosity, without any self-interest, lays up in the mind a magazine of circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are used in conversation. If one knows, from the man of the first rank or the meanest servant, the distinctions, sentiments, pleasures,

and interests of mankind, would it not be the most pleasing entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a farce, as the observing mankind much more different from themselves in their secret thoughts and public actions, than in their night-caps and long periwigs?

MR. SPECTATOR,

**PLUTARCH** tell us, that Caius Gracchus, the Roman, was frequently hurried by his passion into so loud and tumultuous a way of speaking, and so strained his voice as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this excess, he had an ingenious servant, by name Licinius, always attending him with a pitch-pipe, or instrument to regulate the voice; who, whenever he heard his master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft note; at which, it is said, Caius would presently abate and grow calm.

Upon recollecting this story, I have frequently wondered that this useful instrument should have been so long discontinued, especially since we find that this good office of Licinius has preserved his memory for many hundred years, which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the public good, yet for his own credit. It may be objected, that our loud talkers are so fond of their own noise, that they would not take it well to be checked by their servants: but granting this to be true, surely any of their hearers have a very good title to play a soft note in their own defence. To be short, no Licinius appearing, and the noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late long vacation to the good of my country; and I have at length, by the assistance of an ingenious artist, who works to the Royal Society, almost completed my design, and shall be ready in a short time to furnish the public with what number of these instruments they please, either to lodge at coffee-houses, or carry for their own private use. In the mean time, I shall pay that respect to several gentlemen, who I know will be in danger of offending against this instrument, to give them notice of it by private letters, in which I shall only write—'Get a 'Licinius.'

I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these pipes, which

which shall be left for you with Buck-  
ley; and which I hope will be serviceable  
to you, since as you are silent yourself,  
you are most open to the insults of the  
noisy. I am, Sir, &c.

W. B.

I had almost forgot to infor-  
that as an improvement in this  
ment, there will be a particu-  
which I call a hush-note; and  
to be made use of against a long  
swearing, obicenenels, and the li.

## N° CCXXIX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2

— SPIRAT ADHUC AMOR,  
VIVUNTQUE COMMISSI CALORES  
ÆOLIE FIDIBUS PUELLÆ.

HER. OD. IX. l. 4

SAPPHO'S CHARMING LYRE  
PRESERVES HER SOFT DESIRE,  
AND TUNES OUR RAVISH'D SOULS TO LOVE.

C

**A**MONG the many famous pieces  
of antiquity which are still to be  
seen at Rome, there is the trunk of a  
statue which has lost the arms, legs,  
and head; but discovers such an ex-  
quisite workmanship in what remains of  
it, that Michael Angelo declared he had  
learned his whole art from it. Indeed  
he studied it so attentively, that he made  
most of his statues, and even his pic-  
tures in that guiso, to make use of the  
Italian phrase; for which reason this  
maimed statue is still called Michael  
Angelo's school.

A fragment of Sappho, which I de-  
sign for the subject of this paper, is in  
a great reputation among the poets and  
critics, as the mutilated figure above-  
mentioned is among the statuary and  
painters. Several of our countrymen,  
and Mr. Dryden in particular, seem  
very often to have copied after it in their  
dramatic writings, and in their poems  
upon love.

Whatever might have been the oc-  
casion of this ode, the English reader  
will enter into the beauties of it, if he  
supposes it to have been written in the  
person of a lover sitting by his mistress.  
I shall let to view three different copies  
of this beautiful original: the first is a  
translation by Clauden, the second by  
Dacier, the third, and the last by a  
gentleman whose translation of the  
Iliad to Venus has been so deservedly  
admired.

### AD LESBIAM.

*Ille qui per ossa Deo videtur,  
Ille, si forte est, superare divos,  
Qui se totum ad æqueis spectandis te  
Spectat, & audit.*

*Dulce ridetur, misero quod er.  
Frisit sejos nabis nass simul t  
Lestia, ulspexi, nihil est super  
Quod loquar at*

*Lingua sed terpet: tenuis sub ai  
Flamma dimanat, seritu juapte  
Tinnant aures: gemina tegunt  
Lumina*

My learned reader will know  
well the reason why one of the  
is printed in Roman letter; an  
compares this translation with the  
original, will find that the three first  
are rendered almost word for word  
not only with the same elegar  
with the same short turn of ex  
which is so remarkable in the  
and so peculiar to the Sapphic ode  
not imagine for what reason  
Dacier has told us, that this ode  
pho is preserved entire in Longin  
it is manifest to any one who lo  
that author's quotation of it, th  
must at least have been another  
which is not transmitted to us.

The second translation of the  
ment which I shall here cite, is  
Monsieur Boileau.

*Heureux! qui près de toi, pour toi seul  
Qui j'ai du plaisir de t'entendre pas  
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui  
Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, qu  
L'égal?*

*J'ens de veine en veine une subtil  
Cœur par tout mon corps, si tôt que  
Et dans les doux transports, où s'op  
Je ne saurois trouver de langue, ai  
Un nuage confus se répand sur mon  
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de  
gureux;  
Et pile, sans balancer, interdant d'hand  
Un frisson me saisit, j'attends la je m*

a reader will see that this is rather imitation than a translation. The sentences do not lie so thick together and follow one another with that ease and emotion as in the original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has us all the poetry, but not all the sense of this famous fragment. I in the last place, present my reader the English translation.

## I.

ST as th' immortal gods is he,  
 Youth who fondly sits by thee,  
 Sees and feels thee all the while  
 Speak and sweetly smile.

## II.

this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
 His'd such tumults in my breast;  
 While I gaz'd, in transport lost,  
 Death was gone, my voice was lost:

## III.

From glow'd; the subtle flame  
 Sick thro' all my vital frame;  
 My dim eyes a darkness hung;  
 With hollow murmurs rung.

## IV.

My damps my limbs were chill'd;  
 And with gentle horrors thrill'd;  
 My pulse forgot to play;  
 And, sunk, and dy'd away.

Instead of giving any character of this translation, I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticisms which Longinus has made upon the original. It means he will know to which of

the translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add, that this translation is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such an hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the phrenzies of love.

I wonder that not one of the critics or editors, through whose hands this ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by Plutarch. That author in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and, not daring to discover his passion, pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper, by those symptoms of love which he had learnt from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress. This story of Antiochus is so well known, that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject.

C

## Nº CCXXX. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

RES AD DEOS NULLA RE PROPIUS ACCEDUNT, QUAM SALUTEM HOMINIBUS DANDO. TULL.

TO RESEMBLE THE GODS IN NOTHING SO MUCH, AS IN DOING GOOD TO THEIR FELLOW-CREATURES.

HUMAN nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful object according to the different lights in which it is viewed. When we see it inflamed with passions, or of wickedness, tearing one another to pieces in violence, or undermining each other by secret treachery; when we observe the narrow ends pursued by malicious and dishonest means; when we see bold men mixed in society as if it were the destruction of it; we are

even ashamed of our species, and out of humour with our own being: but in another light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous regard for the public prosperity, compassionating each other's distresses, and relieving each other's wants, we can hardly believe they are creatures of the same kind. In this view they appear gods to each other, in the exercise of the noblest power, that of doing good; and the greatest compliment we have

have ever been able to make to our own being, has been by calling this disposition of mind humanity. We cannot but observe a pleasure arising in our own breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper instance of this, than by a letter from Pliny, in which he recommends a friend in the most handsome manner; and, methinks, it would be a great pleasure to know the success of this epistle, though each party concerned in it has been so many hundred years in his grave.

## TO MAXIMUS.

**W**HAT I should gladly do for any friend of your's, I think I may now with confidence request for a friend of mine. Arianus Maturius is the most considerable man of his country; when I call him so, I do not speak with relation to his fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his integrity, justice, gravity, and prudence: his advice is useful to me in business, and his judgment in matters of learning; his fidelity, truth, and good understanding, are very great; besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot say thing that signifies a warmer affection. He has nothing that is aspiring; and though he might rise to the highest order of nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior rank; yet I think myself bound to use my endeavours to serve and promote him; and would therefore find the means of adding something to his honours while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome; and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing of this kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him also; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your favour as if he had asked it.

## MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HE reflections in some of your papers on the servile manner of education now in use, have given birth to an ambition, which, unless you discountenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, though not un-

grateful adventure. I am about to undertake, for the sake of the British youth, to instruct them in such a manner, that the most dangerous page in Virgil or Homer may be read by them with much pleasure, and with perfect safety to their persons.

Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the protection of some few of them, for I am not hero enough to rescue many, my design is to retire with them to an agreeable solitude; though within the neighbourhood of a city for the convenience of their being instructed in music, dancing, drawing, designing, or any other such accomplishments, which it is conceived may make as proper diversions for them, and almost as pleasant, as the little sordid games which ditty school-boys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined, how such a pretty society, conversing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted as perhaps not unentertaining parties amongst better company, commended and caressed for their little performances, and turned by such conversations to a certain gallantry of soul, might be brought early acquainted with some of the most polite English writers. This having given them some tolerable taste of books, they would make themselves masters of the Latin tongue by methods far easier than those in Lilly, with as little difficulty or reluctance as young ladies learn to speak French, or to sing Italian operas. When they had advanced thus far, it would be time to form their taste something more exactly: one that had any true relish of fine writing, might, with great pleasure both to himself and them, run over together with them the best Roman historians, poets, and orators, and point out their more remarkable beauties; give them a short scheme of chronology, a little view of geography, medals, astronomy, or what else might best feed the busy inquisitive humour so natural to that age. Such of them as had the least spark of genius, when it was once awakened by the shining thoughts and great sentiments of those admired writers, could not, I believe, be easily withheld from attempting that more difficult sister language, whose exalted beauties they would have heard so often celebrated as the pride and wonder of the whole learned world.

Wanted

ing any light pieces that ask more of fancy than of judgment: and that frequently in their native language, which every one, methinks, should be most concerned to cultivate, especially letters, in which a gentleman must have so frequent occasions to distinguish himself. A set of genteel good-natured youths fallen into such a manner of life, would form almost a little academy, and doubtless prove no such contemptible companions, as might not often tempt a wiser man to mingle himself in their diversions, and draw them into such serious sports as might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of their favourite plays, to contend which

of them should recite a beautiful part of a poem or oration most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a scene of Terence, Sophocles, or our own Shakespear. The cause of Milo might again be pleaded before more favourable judges, Cæsar a second time be taught to tremble, another race of Athenians be afresh enraged at the ambition of another Philip. Amidst these noble amusements, we could hope to see the early dawnings of their imagination daily brighten into sense, their innocence improve into virtue, and their unexperienced good-nature directed to a generous love of their country.

I am, &c.

T

## Nº CCXXXI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

O FUDOR! O PIETAS!

MART.

O MODESTY! O PIETY!

**L**OOKING over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**Y**OU, who are no stranger to public assemblies, cannot but have observed the awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent before them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which ingenuous minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making a speech before a body of his friends at home: one would think there was some kind of fascination in the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting all together upon one person. I have seen a new actor in a tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would have died above three acts before the dagger or cup of poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a ghoul, or a statue, until he

recovered his spirits, and grew fit for some living part.

As this sudden desertion of one's self shews a diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest respect to an audience that can be. It is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for their favour much better than words could do; and we find their generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late instance of this kind at the opera of *Almahide*, in the encouragement given to a young singer, whose more than ordinary concern on her first appearance, recommended her no less than her agreeable voice, and just performance. Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent: but modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders. I am, &c.

It is impossible that a person should exert himself to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great oppressions of modesty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our discourse led us into the enumeration of  
the



the several organs of speech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the nose, the palate, and the wind-pipe. Upon which, say my friends, you have omitted the most material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.

But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for it's offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us that he never liked an orator, who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My correspondent has taken notice that the bravest men often appear timorous on these occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

—*Lingua melior, sed frigida bella*  
Dextera —

VIRG. ÆN. II. VER. 338.

—Bold at the council-board;  
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword. DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of Drances in Virgil; as Homer, to express a man both timorous and saucy, makes use of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair-sex, was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue, what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

Seneca thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that Cato stands before us and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which most persons very often discover, who take themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to set up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practice of those duties

for the

dent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his head, after having disclosed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward show of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate abject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious mo-

desty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are; or, to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate Cæsar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels. C

## Nº CCXXXII. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

NIHIL LARGIUNDO GLORIAM ADEPTUS EST.

SALLUST.

BY BESTOWING NOTHING HE ACQUIRED GLORY.

**M**Y wife and good friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, divides himself almost equally between the town and the country: his time in town is given up to the public, and the management of his private fortune; and after every three or four days spent in this manner, he retires for as many to his seat within a few miles of the town, to the enjoyment of himself, his family, and his friend. Thus business and pleasure, or rather, in Sir Andrew, labour and rest, recommend each other. They take their turns with so quick a vicissitude, that neither becomes a habit, or takes possession of the whole man; nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our club in good humour, and yet sometimes too with an air of care in his looks: but in his country retreat he is always unbent, and such a companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other day, as soon as we were got into his chariot, two or three beggars on each side hung upon the doors, and solicited our charity with the usual rhetoric of a sick wife or husband at home, three or four helpless little children, all starving with cold and hunger. We were forced to part with some money to get rid of their importunity; and then we proceeded on our journey with

the blessings and acclamations of these people.

'Well then,' says Sir Andrew, 'we go off with the prayers and good-wishes of the beggars, and perhaps too our healths will be drunk at the next alehouse: so all we shall be able to value ourselves upon is, that we have promoted the trade of the victualler and the excises of the government. But how few ounces of wool do we see upon the backs of these poor creatures? And when they shall next fall in our way, they will hardly be better dressed; they must always live in rags to look like objects of compassion. If their families too are such as they are represented, it is certain they cannot be better clothed, and must be a great deal worse fed: one would think potatoes should be all their bread, and their drink the pure element; and then what goodly customers are the farmers like to have for their wool, corn, and cattle? Such customers, and such a consumption, cannot chuse but advance the landed interest, and hold up the rents of the gentlemen.'

'But of all men living, we merchants, who live by buying and selling, ought never to encourage beggars. The goods which we export are indeed the product of the lands, but much the greatest

greatest part of their value is the labour of the people: but how much of these people's labour shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very alms they receive from us are the wages of idleness. I have often thought that no man should be permitted to take relief from the parish, or to ask it in the street, until he has first purchased as much as possible of his own livelihood by the labour of his own hands; and then the public ought only to be taxed to make good the deficiency. If this rule was strictly observed, we should see every where such a multitude of new labourers, as would in all probability reduce the prices of all our manufactures. It is the very life of merchandize to buy cheap and sell dear. The merchant ought to make his outlet as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater profit upon his returns; and nothing will enable him to do this like the reduction of the price of labour upon all our manufactures. This too would be the ready way to increase the number of our foreign markets: the abatement of the price of the manufacture would pay for the carriage of it to more distant countries; and this consequence would be equally beneficial both to the landed and trading interests. As so great an addition of labouring hands would produce this happy consequence both to the merchant and the gentleman; our liberality to common beggars, and every other obstruction to the increase of labourers, must be equally pernicious to both.

Sir Andrew then went on to affirm, that the reduction of the prices of our manufactures by the addition of so many new hands, would be no inconvenience to any man: but observing I was somewhat startled at the assertion, he made a short pause, and then resumed the discourse. 'It may seem,' says he, 'a paradox, that the price of labour should be reduced without an abatement of wages, or that wages can be abated without any inconvenience to the labourer, and yet nothing is more certain than that both these things may happen. The wages of the labourers make the greatest part of the price of every thing that is useful; and if in proportion with the wages the prices of all other things should be

abated, every labourer with less wages would still be able to purchase as many necessities of life, where there would be the intemperance? But the price of labour may be reduced by the addition of more hands to a manufacture, and yet the wages of persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir William Petty has given examples of this in some of his writings: one of them, as I remember, is that of a watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present purpose. It is certain that a single watch could not be made so cheap in proportion by one only man, as a hundred watches by a hundred; for as there is a vast variety in the work, no one person could equally suit himself to all the parts of it; the manufacture would be tedious, and at last but clumsily performed: but if an hundred men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels to another, the springs to another, and every other part to a proper artist; as there would be no need of perplexing any one person with too much variety, every one would be able to perform his single part with greater skill and expedition; and the hundred watches would be finished in one fourth part of the time of the first one, and every one of them at one fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every man were equal. The reduction of the price of the manufacture would increase the demand of it, all the same hands would be still employed and as well paid. The same rule will hold in the cloathing, the shipping, and all other trades whatsoever. And thus an addition of hands to our manufactures will only reduce the price of them; the labourer will still have as much wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more conveniences of life; so that every interest in the nation would receive a benefit from the increase of our working people.

Besides, I see no occasion for this charity to common beggars, since every beggar is an inhabitant of a parish, and every parish is taxed to the maintenance of their own poor. For my own part, I cannot be mightily pleased with the laws which have done this

employ the poor. We have a law from our forefathers, that the first of those laws was made, were insulted with that famous

forrow, and cast away care, parish is bound to find us, &c.

If we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without work, they are no less in return than sing us Merry Beggars.

at then? am I against all acts of charity? God forbid! I know of no law in the Gospel that is in more forcible expressions recommended to us. "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat, thirsty and ye gave me no drink, naked and ye gave me not, a stranger and ye gave me not in, sick and in prison and ye visited me not." Our blessed Saviour treats the exercise or neglect of charity towards a poor man, as the honour or breach of this duty is himself. I shall endeavour to perform by the will of my Lord and Saviour: and therefore if an indolent man will submit to the hardest labour and sweat, rather than endure the shame of taking relief from the

parish, or asking it in the street, this is the hungry, the thirsty, the naked; and I ought to believe, if any man is come hither for shelter against persecution or oppression, this is the stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any countryman of our own is fallen into the hands of infidels, and lives in a state of miserable captivity, this is the man in prison, and I should contribute to his ransom. I ought to give to an hospital of invalids, to recover as many useful subjects as I can; but I shall bestow none of my bounties upon an alms-house of idle people; and for the same reason I should not think it a reproach to me if I had withheld my charity from those common beggars. But we prescribe better rules than we are able to practise; we are ashamed not to give into the mistaken customs of our country; but at the same time, I cannot but think it a reproach worse than that of common swearing, that the idle and the abandoned are suffered in the name of Heaven and all that is sacred, to extort from christian and tender minds a supply to a profligate way of life, that is always to be supported, but never relieved. Z

## CCXXXIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

—TANQUAM HÆC SINT NOSTRI MEDICINA FURORIS;  
AUT DEUS ILLE MALIS HOMINUM MITESCERE DISCAT.

VIRG. ECL. X. VER. 60.

AS IF BY THESE MY SUFFERINGS I COULD EASE,  
OR BY MY PAINS THE GOD OF LOVE APPEASE.

DRYDEN.

In this paper, discharge myself of the promise I have made to you, by obliging them with a notice of the little Greek manuscript which is said to have been a piece of records that were preserved in the temple of Apollo, upon the prophet Leucate: it is a short history of the Leap, and is inscribed—Account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the Pythian Apollo, in the sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love. The account is very dry in many

parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgement of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface take the account as follows.

Battus, the son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped for Bombyca the musician.

eian: got rid of his passion with the loss of his right-leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with Daphnis, very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of Æschines, being in love with Lycus; and Æschines her husband being in love with Eurilla; (which had made this married couple very uneasy to one another for several years) both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a virgin of Thessaly, deserted by Plexippus, after a courtship of three years; she stood upon the brow of the promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from Plexippus, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Simætha, in love with Daphnis the Myndian, perished in the fall.

Charixus, the brother of Sappho, in love with Rhodope the courtesan, having spent his whole estate upon her, was advised by his sister to leap in the beginning of his amour, but would not hearken to her until he was reduced to his last talent; being forsaken by Rhodope, at length resolved to take the leap. Perished in it.

Aridæus, a beautiful youth of Epirus, in love with Praxinoë, the wife of Thepis, escaped without damage, saving only that two of his fore teeth were struck out and his nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of Ephesus, being inconsolable for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with Dimmachus the Miletian, and after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of Apollo.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis, the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from Thestylis the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose croaky had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus being passionately fond of his own wife, who was enamoured of Bathyllus, leaped, and died of his fall; upon which his wife married her gallant.

Tetys, the dancing-master, in love with Olympia, an Athenian matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the usurer, in love with his cook-maid; he peeped several times over the precipice, but his heart mitigating him, he went back and married her that evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own name in the Pythian records, being asked the name of the person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Eunica, a maid of Paphos, aged nineteen, in love with Eurybates. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the second time of her leaping.

Helperus, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho, the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung an hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland of one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments, like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards, to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verse, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there was

came to the bottom of her leap, that she was changed into a swan as well, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether no the whiteness and fluttering of her wings might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she was not really be metamorphosed into a musical and melancholy bird, is still doubtful among the Lesbians.

Pindarus, the famous Lyric poet, who at some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promotion of Leucate that very evening, in

order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could be nowhere found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad 250.

Males	-	124
Females	-	126
Cured	- - - -	120
Males	-	51
Females	-	69

C

## CCXXXIV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

VELLEM IN AMICITIA SIC ERRAREMUS.

HOR. SAT. III. L. I. V. 41.

I WISH THIS ERROR IN OUR FRIENDSHIP REIGN'D. CREECH.

YOU very often hear people, after a story has been told with some amazing circumstances, tell it over with particulars that destroy the truth, and give light into the truth of the story. This sort of veracity, though impertinent, has something amiable because it proceeds from the love of truth, even in frivolous occasions. If honest amendments do not promise a reasonable companion, they do a friend; for which reason one should spare them so much of our time, if we admit their company, as to set us in matters that can do us no manifest harm, whether the facts be one or the other. Lyes which are told with arrogance and ostentation a man may detect in his own defence, because he could not be triumphed over; lyes which are told out of malice he should suspect, both for his own sake and that of the rest of mankind, because every body should rise against a common enemy. The officious liar many have excused, because it does no man good, and no man hurt. The man who made more than ordinary speed in a fight in which the Athenians were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete victory, and put the city into the utmost joy and exultation, was checked by the magistrates for falsehood; but excused himself by saying, 'O Athenians! am I your enemy because I gave you two happy days?' fellow did to a whole people what

an acquaintance of mine does every day he lives in some eminent degree to particular persons. He is ever lying people into good humour; and, as Plato said, it is allowable in physicians to lie to their patients to keep up their spirits, I am half doubtful whether my friend's behaviour is not as excusable. His manner is to express himself surprised at the cheerful countenance of a man whom he observes diffident of himself; and generally by that means makes him lie a truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the circumstance, ask one whom he knows at variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. Such-a-one, naming his adversary, does not applaud him with that heartiness which formerly he has heard him? 'He said indeed,' continues he, 'I would rather have that man for my friend than any man in England; but for an enemy—' This melts the person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright raillery from that side. According as he sees his practices succeed, he goes to the opposite party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that some people know one another so little; 'you spoke with so much coldness of a gentleman who said more good of you, than, let me tell you, any man living deserves.' The success of one of these incidents was, that the next time that one of the adversaries spied the other, he hem'd after him in the public street, and they must crack a bottle.

bottle at the next tavern, that used to turn out on the other's way to avoid one another's eye-shot. He will tell one beauty she was commended by another; nay, he will say she gave the woman he speaks to, the preference in a particular for which she herself is admired. The pleasant confusion imaginable is made through the whole town by my friend's indirect offices; you shall have a visit returned after a half year's absence, and mutual raising at each other every day of that time. They meet with a thousand lamentations for so long a separation, each party naming herself for the greatest delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no reason in the world, but from the knowledge of her goodness, to have her. Very often a whole train of railers of each side tire their horries in lasting matters right which they have said during the war between the parties; and a whole circle of acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing passions and sentiments, instead of the pangs of anger, envy, detraction, and malice.

The worst evil I ever observed this man's railhood or calumny, has been that he turned detraction into flattery. He is well skilled in the manners of the world, and by overlooking what men really are, he grounds his artifices upon what they have a mind to be. Upon this foundation, if two distant friends are brought together, and the cement seems to be weak, he never rests until he finds new appearances to take off all remains of ill-will, and that by new misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

#### TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR, DEVONSHIRE, NOV. 14, 1711.

I HAVE lived in this neighbourhood two or three years ago one of your gay gentlemen of the town, who being attended by his entry with a servant of his own, and a countryman he had taken up for his guide, excited the curiosity of the village to learn whence and what he might be. The countryman, to whom they applied as most easy of access, could be more than that the gentleman came from London to travel to Bath, and was, as he heard him call it, a free-thinker; what religion that he was, he could not tell; and for his country, if they had not told him the

man was a free-thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, a little better than a heathen; or only that he had been a good ge to him, and made him drunk one day, over and above what he bargained for.

I do not look upon the simplicity, and several odd inquiries which I shall not trouble you to deride at; much less can I think youths of fine wit, and enlarged standings, have any reason to There is no necessity that every in Great Britain should know what Free-thinker stands for; were much to be wished, that they value themselves upon that title were a little better instructed what it ought to stand for; and they would not persuade themselves really and truly a free-thinker tolerable sense, merely by virtue being an atheist, or an infidel other distinction. It may be with good reason, whether there was in nature a more abstract, and bigotted generation, than that of Beaux Esprits, at present springing in this island. Their pretence to be free thinkers, is no other than to have to be free-livers, and to be free-men; that is, they care whatever they have a mind to, and themselves up to whatever extravagancy of their inclinations their fancy shall suggest; they care as wildly as they talk and act, not endure that their wit should be troubled by such formal things as and common sense: deduction, consequence, consistency, and all the reason, they accordingly disdain precise and mechanical for men of liberal education.

This, as far as I could ever from their writings, or my own observation, is a true account of the free-thinker. Our visitor he gave occasion to this paper, has with him a new system of common particulars of which I am acquainted with, but will lose no opportunity of informing myself what contains any thing worth Mr. Spectator's notice. In the mean time cannot but think it would be good of mankind, if you would this subject into your own conversation, and convince the hopeful

our nation, that licentiousness is not freedom; or, if such a paradox will not be understood, that a prejudice towards

atheism is not impartiality. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
T PHILONOUS.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXXXV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

—POPULARES—  
VINCENTEM STRAFITUS—

HOB. ARS POET. v. 81.

AWES THE TUMULTUOUS NOISES OF THE PIT. ROSCOMMON.

**T**HERE is nothing which lies more within the province of a spectator than public shows and diversions; and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the 'Trunk-maker in the Upper-gallery.' Whether it be, that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artificers, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his day's work, used to unbind his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the play-house thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-

maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence: after which he composes himself in his former posture, until such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well-timed, that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time, and if the audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the play-house, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him until such time as he recovered; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places, that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies at the opera; and upon Nicolini's first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He is broken half a dozen or a dozen times.



Dogget, and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakspeare, without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only connive at his obstreperous approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own cost whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle-drum, the project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or, to raise my smile, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like Virgil's ruler of the winds, seated upon the top of a mountain, who when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it, roused an hurricane, and set the whole cavern in an uproar.

It is certain the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the interest of a bad

poet or a vicious player; but this is a surmise which has no foundation, his strokes are always just, and his admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. The inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shews the evidence and strength of his conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that whenever the trunk-maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crabtree-cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expence. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk-maker may not be missed by our posterity. C

## N<sup>o</sup> CCXXXVI. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

DARE JURA MARITIS.

HOR. ART POET. v. 398.

WITH LAWS CONJUGIAL TYRANTS TO RESTRAIN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**Y**OU have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the subject of Marriage as that important case deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the peculiarity in the youth of Great Britain, of railing and laughing at that institution; and when they fall into it, from a profligate habit of mind,

being insensible of the satisfaction in that way of life, and treating their wives with the most barbarous disrespect.

Particular circumstances and cast of temper, must teach a man the probability of mighty uneasiness in that state, for unquestionably some there are whose very dispositions are directly opposite to

con-

is by his own natural complexion  
 ted to teaze and torment another  
 reason but being nearly allied  
 : and can there be any thing more  
 r serve to sink a man so much be-  
 own distinguishing characteristic,  
 n reason, than returning evil for  
 in so open a manner, as that of  
 g an helpless creature with un-  
 fs, who has had so good an opi-  
 f him as to believe what he said  
 g to one of the greatest concerns  
 , by delivering her happiness in  
 orld to his care and protection?  
 not that man be abandoned even  
 manner of humanity, who can  
 e a woman with appearances of  
 on and kindness, for no other end  
 torment her with more ease and  
 ity? Is any thing more unlike a  
 man, than when his honour is en-  
 for the performing his promises,  
 e nothing but that can oblige him  
 to become afterwards false to his  
 and be alone the occasion of mi-  
 one whole happiness he but lately  
 ded was dearer to him than his  
 Ought such a one to be trusted in  
 mmon affairs, or treated but as  
 hose honesty consisted only in his  
 city of being otherwise?

re is one cause of this usage no  
 surd than common, which takes  
 among the more unthinking men;  
 at is the desire to appear to their  
 s free and at liberty, and without  
 rammels they have so much ridi-

To avoid this they fly into the  
 extreme, and grow tyrants that  
 ray seem masters. Because an un-  
 ulable command of their own ac-  
 s a certain sign of intire domi-  
 they will not so much as recede  
 he government even in one muscle  
 ir faces. A kind look they be-  
 would be fawning, and a civil an-  
 ielding the superiority. To this  
 ve attribute an austerity they be-  
 every action: what but this can  
 man out of humour in his wife's  
 ny, though he is so distinguish-  
 pleasant every where else? The  
 ss of his replies, and the severity  
 frowns to the tenderest of wives,  
 demonstrate, that an ill-ground-  
 of being thought too submissive,  
 he bottom of this, as I am willing  
 it, affected moroseness; but if it  
 b only, put on to convince his ac-  
 sance of his intire dominion, let

him take care of the consequence, which  
 will be certain, and worse than the pre-  
 sent evil; his seeming indifference will  
 by degrees grow into real contempt,  
 and, if it doth not wholly alienate the  
 affections of his wife for ever from him,  
 make both him and her more miserable  
 than if it really did so.

However inconsistent it may appear,  
 to be thought a well bred person, has  
 no small share in this clownish beha-  
 viour: a discourse therefore relating to  
 good-breeding towards a loving and a  
 tender wife, would be of great use to  
 this sort of gentlemen. Could you but  
 once convince them, that to be civil at  
 least is not beneath the character of a  
 gentleman, nor even tender affection  
 towards one who would make it reci-  
 procal, betrays any softness or effemi-  
 nacy that the most masculine disposition  
 need be ashamed of; could you satisfy  
 them of the generosity of voluntary  
 civility, and the greatness of soul that  
 is conspicuous in benevolence without  
 immediate obligations; could you re-  
 commend to people's practice the say-  
 ing of the gentleman quoted in one of  
 your speculations, 'That he thought  
 ' it incumbent upon him to make the  
 ' inclinations of a woman of merit go  
 ' along with her duty:' could you, I  
 say, persuade these men of the beauty  
 and reasonableness of this sort of be-  
 haviour, I have so much charity for  
 some of them at least, to believe you  
 would convince them of a thing they  
 are only ashamed to allow: besides, you  
 would recommend that state in it's truest,  
 and consequently it's most agreeable  
 colours; and the gentlemen who have  
 for any time been such professed enemies  
 to it, when occasion should serve, would  
 return you their thanks for assisting  
 their interest in prevailing over their pre-  
 judices. Marriage in general would by  
 this means be a more easy and comfort-  
 able condition; the husband would be  
 no where so well satisfied as in his own  
 parlour, nor the wife so pleasant as in  
 the company of her husband: a desire  
 of being agreeable in the lover would  
 be increased in the husband, and the  
 mistress be more amiable by becoming  
 the wife. Besides all which, I am apt  
 to believe we should find the race of men  
 grow wiser as their progenitors grew  
 kinder, and the affection of their parents  
 would be conspicuous in the wisdom of  
 their children; in short, men would in  
 general

general, be much better humoured than they are, did not they so frequently excite the worst turns of their temper where they ought to exert the best.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a woman who lost the admiration of this whole town, to throw myself, for love of wealth, into the arms of a fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of several men of sense who engaged for me; but my case is just. I believed my superior understanding would form him into a tractable creature. But, alas, my spouse has cunning and insfection, the inseparable companion of little minds; and every attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable air, a sudden cheerfulness, or a lively humour, he looks upon as the first steps towards an insurrection against his undivided dominion over me. Let every one, who is still to choose, and hopes to govern a fool, remember,

TRISTISSA.

ST. MARTINS, NOVEM

MR. SPECTATOR.

THIS is to complain of an ev  
tice which I think very well  
a redress, though you have no  
taken any notice of it: if you  
it in your paper, it may perhaps  
very good effect. What I mean  
disturbance some people give to  
at church, by their repetition of t  
ers, after the minister, and that  
in the prayers, but also the ab  
and the commandments fare n  
which are in a particular man  
priest's office: this I have know  
in so audible a manner, that so  
their voices have been as loud  
As little as you would think it  
frequently done by people seemi  
vout. This irreligious inadv  
a thing extremely offensive; bu  
net recommend it as a thing I g  
liberty to ridicule, but hope it  
amended by the bare mention.

Su, your very humble

T

## Nº CCXXXVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER

VENI CARENTEM MAGNA PARS VELITATET. SENECA IN OEE

TRUTH IS IN A GREAT MEASURE CONCEALED FROM THE BLIND

IT is very reasonable to believe, that part of the pleasure which happy minds shall enjoy in a future state, will arise from an enlarged contemplation of the wisdom and the government of the universe, and a discovery of the secret and various steps of Providence, from their beginning to the end of time. Nothing seems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we consider that curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting propensities implanted in us, and that speculation is one of our most pleasurable passions; and what a perpetual succession of enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our view in the society of superior spirits, who perhaps will join with us in to delightful a prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the punishment of such as are excluded from bliss, may consist, not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the same

time vastly increased, without any satisfaction afforded to them. In these, pursuit of knowledge shall, perhaps, to their infelicity, and bewilder them to labyrinths of error, darken their reason, and uncertainty of every but their own evil fate. Misery thus represented the fallen angels, lying together in a kind of respite from torments, and creating to them new disquiet amidst their very torments; he could not properly describe the sports of condemned without that cast of horror and choly he has so judiciously mingled them.

Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reach  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will,  
Fixt fate, free will, foreknowledge  
And found no end in wandering maze

In our present condition, w  
middle state, our minds are, as  
c

ered with truth and falshood; and our faculties are narrow, and our imperfect, it is impossible but our life must meet with many repulses. The business of mankind in this life becometh rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them sparingly.

Hence it is, that the reason of our mortality has so long been exercised with difficulties, in accounting for the unequal distribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in the world. From hence come all those vain complaints of so many tragical accidents, which happen to the wise and good; and of such surprising prosperity, which is often the reward of the good and the foolish; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a disposition.

Seneca expresses his abhorrence of some of the poets, which seem to represent the gods as the authors of iniquity; and lays it down as a principle, that whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any other evil things which seem to be evils, either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how sensible this maxim is to what we find recommended by a greater authority. Seneca has written a discourse purposely on this subject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoics, to shew that adversity is not in itself an evil; and quotes a noble saying of Demetrius, that nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known adversity. He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the divine Being to that wise father who would have his children exercised with labour, disappointment and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortune. It is occasion the philosopher rises in at celebrated sentiment—'That there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent than his works than a brave man subjected to his sufferings;' to which he adds that it must be a pleasure to justify himself to look down from heaven, as Cato, amidst the ruins of his country, preserving his integrity. This thought will appear yet more sensible, if we consider human life as

a state of probation; and adversity as the post of honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper situation to judge of the counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or according to the elegant figure in holy writ, 'We see but in part, and as in a glass darkly.' It is to be considered that providence in its oeconomy regards the whole system of time, and things together, so that we cannot discover the beautiful connexion between incidents which lie widely separated in time, and by losing so many links of the chain, our reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those parts of the moral world which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in respect of some other parts concealed from us, but open to his eye before whom 'past, present, and to come,' are set together in one point of view: and those events, the permission of which seems now to accuse his goodness, may in the consummation of things both magnify his goodness, and exalt his wisdom. And this is enough to check our presumption, since it is in vain to apply our measures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the consequences, the beginning nor the end.

I shall relieve my readers from this abstracted thought, by relating here a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which seems to be a kind of parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great prophet, it is said, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his

his purse, returns to search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his exprolation; 'Be

'not surpris'd, Moses, nor ask why the  
'Judge of the whole earth has suffer'd  
'this thing to come to pass: the child  
'is the occasion that the blood of the old  
'man is spilt; but know, that the old  
'man whom thou sawest, was the mur-  
'derer of that child's father.'

C

## Nº CCXXXVIII. MONDAY, DECEMBER 3.

NEQUICQUAM POPULO VIRULAS DONAVERIS AURES;  
RESPEX QUOD NON ES

PERSIUS, SAT. IV. VER. 50.

PLEASE NOT THYSELF THE FLATT'RING CROWD TO HEAR;  
'TIS FUL OF ME STUFF, TO PLEASE THY ITCHING EAR.  
SURVEY THY SOUL, NOT WHAT THOU DOST APPEAR,  
BUT WHAT THOU ART.

DRYDEN.

**A**MONG all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epide-mical or more pernicious than the love of flattery. For as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the disease rages with most violence: so in this distemper of the mind, where there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it cannot be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be over-turned; for like music, it

—So softens and disorders the mind,  
That not one arrow can resistance find.

First we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favours we so often see poured upon the parasite, are represented to us, by our self-love, as justice done to the man, who so agreeably reconciles us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and enlarding compliances, we gladly recompense the artifices that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weaknesses of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. It is the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are

not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man, who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill, and were as little designed for our wearing, as their cloaths. Instead of going out of our own complexional nature into that of others, it were a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable copy become a good original; for there is no temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but may in it's own peculiar cast and turn be brought to some agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life. A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behaviour, will, like Manly in the play, please by the grace which nature gives to every action wherein she is complied with; the brisk and lively will not want their admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to undo him, the flatterer stirs up that dormant weakness, and inspires him with merit enough to be a coxcomb. But if flattery be the most sordid art that can be complied with, the art of praising justly is as commendable: for it is laudable to praise well, as poets at one and the same time give immortality, and receive it themselves for a reward: both are pleasing, the one whilst he receives the recompence of merit, the other whilst he flatters, he knows how to discern it; but above all, that man is happy in this art, who like a skillful painter, retains the

tures and complexion, but still softens the picture into the most agreeable likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure, than that of praise unmixed with any possibility of flattery. Such was that which Germanicus enjoyed, when, the night before a battle, desirous of some sincere mark of the esteem of his legions for him, he is described by Tacitus listening in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his glory, whilst with an undesigned sincerity they praised his noble and majestic mien, his affability, his valour, conduct, and success in war. How must a man have his heart full blown with joy in such an article of glory as this? What a spur and encouragement still to proceed in those steps which had already brought him to so pure a taste of the greatest of mortal enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even enemies and envious persons bestow the sincerest marks of esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater pleasure, as extorted by merit, and freed from all suspicion of favour or flattery. Thus it is with Malvolio; he has wit, learning, and discernment, but tempered with an alloy of envy, self-love, and detraction: Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and good-humour of the company, if it center not in his person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only person admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to lessen the superiority he affects; but by this very method, he bestows such praise as can never be suspected of flattery. His uneasiness and distastes are so many sure and certain signs of another's title to that glory he desires, and has the mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good name is fitly compared to a precious ointment, and when we are praised with skill and decency, it is indeed the most agreeable perfume; but if too strongly admitted into a brain of a less vigorous and happy texture, it will, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves it was intended to refresh. A generous mind is of all others the most sensible of praise and dispraise; and a noble spirit is as much invigorated with it's due proportion of honour and ap-

plause, as it is depressed by neglect and contempt: but it is only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of these extremes; as in a thermometer, it is only the purest and most sublimated spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the season.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE translations which you have lately given us from the Greek, in some of your last papers, have been the occasion of my looking into some of those authors; among whom I chanced on a collection of letters which pass under the name of Arístænetus. Of all the remains of antiquity, I believe there can be nothing produced of an air so gallant and polite; each letter contains a little novel or adventure, which is told with all the beauties of language, and heightened with a luxuriance of wit. There are several of them translated, but with such wide deviations from the original, and in a stile so far differing from the author's, that the translator seems rather to have taken hints for the expressing his own sense and thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render those of Arístænetus. In the following translation, I have kept as near the meaning of the Greek as I could, and have only added a few words to make the sentences in English sit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The story seems to be taken from that of Pigmalion and the statue in Ovid: some of the thoughts are of the same turn, and the whole is written in a kind of poetical prose.

PHILOPINAX TO CHROMATION.

NEVER was man more overcome with so fantastical a passion as mine, I have painted a beautiful woman, and am despairing, dying for the picture, My own skill has undone me; it is not the dart of Venus, but my own pencil has thus wounded me. Ah me! with what anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own idol! How miserable am I, whilst every one must as much pity the painter as he praises the picture, and own my torment more than equal to my art! But why do I thus complain? Have there not been more unhappy and unnatural passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the representations of Phædra, Narcissus, and Pasiphaë. Phædra was un-  
happy

happy in her love; that of Pasiphae was monstrous; and whilst the other caught at his beloved likeness, he destroyed the watery image, which ever eluded his embraces. The fountain represented Narcissus to himself, and the picture both that and him, thirsting after his adored image. But I am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her presence continually, and if I touch her, I destroy not the beautiful form, but the looks pleased, and a sweet smile sits in the charming space which divides her lips. One would swear that voice and speech were issuing out, and that one's ears felt the melodious sound. How often have I, deceived by a lover's credulity, hearkened if she had not something to whisper me? and when frustrated of my hopes, how

often have I taken my revenge in kisses from her cheeks and eyes, and softly wooed her to my embrace, whilst she, as to me it seemed, only withheld her tongue the more to inflame me? But, madman that I am, shall I be thus taken with the representation only of a beautiful face, and flowing hair, and thus waste myself, and melt to tears for a shadow? Ah, sure it is something more, it is a reality! for see her beauties shine out with new lustre, and she seems to upbraid me with unkind reproaches. Oh may I have a living mistress of this form, that when I shall compare the work of nature with that of art, I may be still at a loss which to chuse, and be long perplexed with the pleasing uncertainty!

## Nº CCXXXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4:

—BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA!

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 86.

WARS, HORRID WARS!

DRYDEN.

I Have sometimes amused myself with considering the several methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The first races of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild logic, uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, until he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, seizes all the passes through which he can make an escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called Syllogisms. As in the Socratic way of dispute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the Aristotelic you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. Socrates conquers you by stratagem, Aristotle by force: the one takes the town by sap, the other by sword in hand.

The universities of Europe, for many years, carried on their debates by syllogism, in such a manner that we see the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers, and all the good

sense of the age cut and minced into almost an infinitude of distinctions.

When our universities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure of Aristotle. It was called the Argumentum Basilinum, others write it Baculinum or Baculicum, which is pretty well expressed in our English word, Club-law. When they were not able to confute their antagonist, they knocked him down. It was their method in these polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their clubs, until such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainfayers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile, to make use of a military term, where the partisans used to encounter, for which reason it still retains the name of Logic Lane. I have heard an old gentleman, a physician, make his boasts, that when he was a young fellow he marched several times at the head of a troop of Scotists, and cutt off a body of Smiglelians half the length of High Street, until they had dispersed themselves for shelter into their respective garrisons.

This humour, I find, went very far in Erasmus's time. For that author tells us, that upon the revival of Greek

most of the universities of Europe divided into Greeks and . The latter were those who bore mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, inasmuch that if they met any who understood it, they would fail to treat him as a foe. Erasmus himself had, it seems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of , who laid on him with so many blows and buffets, that he never forgot the ill-treatment to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which made use of by states and common-lawyers, when they draw up a hundred disputants on each side, and let them fight one another by dint of sword. A grand monarch was so sensible of this strength in this way of reasoning, that he writ upon his great guns *Pro ultima Regum*—The Logic of the last; but, God be thanked, he never prettively well baffled at his own sword. When one has to do with a scholar of this kind, one should remember the old gentleman's saying, who was engaged in an argument with one of the Roman emperors. Upon his telling him, that he wondered he did not give up the question, when he saw the better of the dispute—'never ashamed,' says he, 'to be defeated by one who is master of fifty swords.'

I but just mention another kind of reasoning, which may be called argument by poll; and another which is of the nature of a wager, in which wagers are made upon the strength of arguments, according to the method laid down in Hudibras.

The most notable way of managing controversy, is that which we may call argument by torture. This is a method of reasoning which has been made use of with the poor refugees, and was so fashionable in our country during the reign of Queen Mary, that the sage of an author quoted by Mr Bayle, it is said the price of a scaffold raised in England, by reason of the executions that were made in it. These disputants convince their adversaries with a Sorites, com-

monly called a pile of faggots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, gallies, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready-money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing, as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the Spectator.

C



## CCXL. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5.

—ALITER NON FIT, AVITE, LIBER.

MART. EP. XVII. LIB. I.

OF SUCH MATERIALS, SIR, ARE BOOKS COMPOS'D.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am of one of the most genteel trades in the city, and understand thus much of Liberal education, as to have an intense passion of being useful to mankind, and to think that the chief end of being is to this life. I had those good impressions given me from the humane behaviour of a learned, generous, and worthy man towards me, when I first began the world. Some dissimulation between me and my parents made me enter into it with less list of business than I ought; and for an ill this mistake, I gave myself to carnal pleasures, to excesses, and to a dissolute conduct. I knew not what the excellent man above-mentioned was, but had learned from the reputation of his wisdom and integrity, to throw myself fitly into my company. This made me soon hope that I had something in me worth cultivating, and his conversation made me find out a straighter and a regular way, which I had never before imagined. When he was grown familiar with me, he opened himself like a good angel, and told me, he had long laboured to raise me into a preparation to receive his friendship and favour, both which I should duly command, and the use of any part of his fortune, to apply the studies he should propose to me, for the improvement of my own. I assure you, I cannot recollect the goodness and correction of the good man when he spoke to this purpose to me, without melting into tears; but in a word, Sir, I must learn to tell you, that my heart being such great thanks to him, and he being such a man, that it can never be in my power to return him his favours in kind; but I am sure I have made him the most grateful satisfaction I can possibly, in being ready to live ever to my eternal shame, as far as is consistent with the modesty he prescribes to me. For Mr. Spectator, I do not overrate in only the good and virtuous of my own religion, who are

people of distinction, the present ease and plenty of my circumstances, but also the government of my passions, and regulation of my desires. I doubt not, Sir, but in your imagination such virtues as these of my worthy friend, bear as great a figure as actions which are more glittering in the common estimation. What I would ask of you, is to give us a whole Spectator upon heroic virtue in common life, which may incite men to the same generous inclinations, as have by this admirable person been shewn to, and raised in, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a country gentleman, of a good plentiful estate, and live as the rest of my neighbours with great hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the ladies the best company in the world, and have access as a sort of favourite. I never came in public but I saluted them, though in great assemblies, all around, where it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering my skirts in their petticoats, whilst I moved amongst them; and on the other side how prettily they courtied and received me, standing in proper rows, and advancing as fast as they saw their elders, or their betters, dismounted by me. But so it is, Mr. Spectator, that all our good-breeding, is of late lost by the unhappy arrival of a country, or town gentleman, who came lately amongst us: this person wherever he came into a room made a profound bow, and fell back, then recovered with a lift air, and made a bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then took the cross of the room, by passing by them in a continued bow until he arrived at the person he thought proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a grace and assurance, that it is taken for the present fashion; and there is no young gentleman within several miles of this place has been knail ever since his first appearance among us. We country gen-

cannot begin again, and learn mine and reserved airs; and our sation is at a stand, until we have judgment for or against kissing, by civility or salutation; which is entirely expected by your friends of sexes, but by none so much as humble servant,

RUSTIC SPRIGHTLY.

SPECTATOR, DEC. 3, 1711.  
On the other night at Philaster, where I expected to hear your famous maker, but was unhappily disappointed of his company, and saw another person who had the like ambition to ingratiate himself in a noisy manner by vociferation or talking; and partly by his bold agility, was a very lusty fellow, but without head, who getting into one of the boxes on the stage before the audience, was disposed to shew the audience his activity by leaping the pikes; he passed from thence to the entering doors, where he

took snuff with a tolerable good grace, displayed his fine cloaths, made two or three feint passes at the curtain with his cane, then faced about and appeared at the other door: here he affected to survey the whole house, bowed and smiled at random, and then shewed his teeth, which were some of them indeed very white: after this he retired behind the curtain, and obliged us with several views of his person from every opening.

During the time of acting, he appeared frequently in the prince's apartment; made one at the hunting-match, and was very forward in the rebellion. If there were no injunctions to the contrary, yet this practice must be confessed to diminish the pleasure of the audience, and for that reason presumptuous and unwarrantable: but since her Majesty's late command has made it criminal, you have authority to take notice of it. Sir, your humble servant,

CHARLES EAST.

T

## Nº CCXLI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

SEMPERQUE RELINQUI

SOLA SIBI, SEMPER LONGAM INCOMITATA VIDETUR

IRE VIAM.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 466.

SHE SEEMS ALONE

TO WANDER IN HER SLEEP THROUGH WAYS UNKNOWN,  
GUIDELESS AND DARK.

DRYDEN.

SPECTATOR,  
ALTHOUGH you have considered virtuous love in most of it's discourses, I do not remember that you have given us any dissertation upon the nature of lovers, or laid down any rules how they should support themselves under those long separations which are sometimes forced to undergo. at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of friends, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly be home for some years. His warm and constant affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he shewed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable. I think of him every moment of the day, and him every night in my dreams. Nothing I see puts me in mind of him, but I apply myself with more than

ordinary diligence to the care of his family and his estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used to converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair, and fall a weeping. I love to read the books he delighted in, and to converse with the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his picture a hundred times a day, and place myself over-against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my mind the discourses which have there passed between us: I look over the several prospects and points of view which we used to survey together, fix my eye upon the objects which he has made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand agreeable remarks which he has made

on these occasions. I write to him by every conveyance, and contrary to other people, am always in good humour when an evil wind blows, because it tells me this of his sending me a letter from him. Let me hear at ten, Sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my widowhood. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

ASTERIA.

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse. Ovid's *Epistles* are full of them. *Osway's Mimitia* talks very tenderly upon this subject—

—It was not kind  
To leave me like a turtle here alone,  
To drop and mourn the absence of my mate.  
When thou art from me, every place is desert:  
And I, methinks, am fever and forlorn.  
'Thy presence only this can make me blest,  
Heal my unequal mind, and tune my soul.

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by Asteria, there are many other motives of comfort, which are made use of by absent lovers.

I remember in one of Scudery's romances, a couple of honourable lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious absence. The romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed upon; and that whatever company or business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the clock warned them to retire. The romance further adds, that the lovers expected the return of this fixed hour with as much impatience, as if it had been a real assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an inexpressible satisfaction to these divided lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employed on the same kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderness and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more curious expedient for the alleviating of absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that

elegance of sentiments with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was, at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his novellas, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain locket, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

If Monsieur Scudery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of such

above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty

letters, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as 'Flames, Darts, Die, Language, Absence, Cupid, Heart, Eyes, Hang, Drown,' and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single touch of the needle.

C

N<sup>o</sup> CCXLII. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7.

CREDITUR, EX MEDIO QUIA RES ARCESSIT, HABERE  
SUDORIS MINIMUM—

HOR. EP. I. LIB. II. VER. 168.

TO WRITE ON VULGAR THEMES, IS THOUGHT AN EASY TASK.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**Y**OUR speculations do not so generally prevail over men's manners as I could wish. A former paper of your's concerning the misbehaviour of people, who are necessarily in each other's company in travelling, ought to have been a lasting admonition against transgressions of that kind: but I had the fate of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude fellow in a stage-coach, who entertained two or three women of us, for there was no man besides himself, with language as indecent as ever was heard upon the water. The impertinent observations which the coxcomb made upon our shame and confusion were such, that it is an unspeakable grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed against duelling, I hope you will do us the justice to declare, that if the brute has courage enough to send to the place where he saw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a lover who shall avenge the insult. It would certainly be worth your consideration, to look into the frequent misfortunes of this kind, to which the modest and innocent are exposed, by the licentious behaviour of such as are as much strangers to good-breeding as to virtue. Could we avoid hearing what we do not approve, as easily as we can seeing what is disagreeable, there were some consolation; but since in a box at a play, in an assembly of ladies, or even in a pew at church, it is in the power of a gross coxcomb to utter what a woman cannot avoid hearing, how miser-

able is her condition who comes within the power of such impertinents! and how necessary is it to repeat invectives against such a behaviour! If the licentious had not utterly forgot what it is to be modest, they would know that offended modesty labours under one of the greatest sufferings to which human life can be exposed. If one of these brutes could reflect thus much, though they want shame, they would be moved by their pity, to abhor an impudent behaviour in the presence of the chaste and innocent. If you will oblige us with a Spectator on this subject, and procure it to be pasted against every stage-coach in Great Britain, as the law of the journey, you will highly oblige the whole sex, for which you have professed so great an esteem; and in particular, the two ladies my late fellow-sufferers, and, Sir, your most humble servant,

REBECCA KIDINGHOOD.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HE matter which I am now going to send you, is an unhappy story in low life, and will recommend itself, so that you must excuse the manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken weaver in Spittlefields has a faithful laborious wife, who by her frugality and industry had laid by her as much money as purchased her a ticket in the present lottery. She had hid this very privately in the bottom of a trunk, and had given her number to a friend and confidant, who had promised to keep the secret, and bring her news of the success. The poor

poor adventurer was one day gone abroad, when her careless husband, suspecting she had saved some money, searches every corner, until at length he finds this same ticket; which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders away the money without the wife's suspecting any thing of the matter. A day or two after this, this friend, who was a woman, comes and brings the wife word, that she had a benefit of five hundred pounds. The poor creature overjoyed, flies up stairs to her husband, who was then at work, and desires him to leave his loom for that evening, and come and drink with a friend of his and her's below. The man received this cheerful invitation as bad husbands sometimes do, and after a cross word or two, told her he would not come. His wife with tenderness renewed her importunity, and at length said to him—"My love! I have within these few months, unknown to you, scraped together as much money as has bought us a ticket in the lottery, and now here is Mrs. Quick come to tell me, that it is come up this morning a five hundred pound prize." The husband replies immediately—"You lye, you slut, you have no ticket, for I have sold it." The poor woman upon this faints away in a fit, recovers, and is now run distracted. As she had no design to defraud her husband, but was willing only to participate in his good fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her husband's punishment but just. This, Sir, is matter of fact, and would, if the persons and circumstances were greater, in a well-wrought play be called 'Beautiful Distress.' I have only sketched it out with chalk, and know a good hand can make a moving picture with worse materials. Sir, &c.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am what the world calls a warm fellow, and by good success in trade I have raised myself to a capacity of making some figure in the world; but no matter for that. I have now under my guardianship a couple of nieces, who will certainly make me run mad; which you will not wonder at, when I tell you they are female virtuosos, and during the three years and a half that I have had them under my care, they never in the least inclined th

any one single part of the city a notable woman. Whilst I have been considering the projects for a sack-potter, you sh<sup>d</sup> a dispute concerning the magni of the loadstone, or perhaps th of the atmosphere: their lar peculiar to themselves, and t to express themselves on th trifle with words that are not a derivation. But this were st still, would they suffer me to uninterrupted ignorance; bu fall in with their abstrused things, as they call them, I expect to smoke one pipe in q a late fit of the gout I com<sup>d</sup> the pain of that distemper, niece Kitty begged leave to t that whatever I might think great philosophers, both an modern, were of opinion, t pleasure and pain were imagi tinctious, and that there was thing as either *in rerum natur*, often heard them affirm, that was not hot; and one day wh the authority of an old fellow one of them to put my blue my knees, she answered—"S reach the cloak; but take, do not do it as allowing you tion; for it might as well yellow as blue; for colour i but the various ins<sup>ns</sup> of of the sun." Miss Molly to day, that to say snow was w following a vulgar error; "F tains a great quantity of n ricles, it might more righ supposed to be black." In young hussies would persuade to believe one's eyes is a sure deceived; and have often ad by no means, to trust any thi ble as my senses. What I h of you now is, to turn one s to the due regulation of fem ture, to sit at least, as to m silent with the quiet of such it is to be liable to it's insid tell us the difference between man that should make cheese- raise passy, and a lady that and understands the mathema which you will extremely ch hearty friend and humble ser

ABRAHAM TH

N<sup>o</sup> CCXLIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

SI IAM QUIDEM IPSAM, MARCE FILI, ET TANQUAM FACIEM HONESTI VIDES;  
 ET SI OCULIS CERNEATUR, MIRABILES AMORES (UT AIT PLATO) EXCIT-  
 ET SAPIENTIE. TULL. OFFIC.

SEE, MY SON MARCUS, THE VERY SHAPE AND COUNTENANCE, AS IT WERE,  
 VIRTUE; WHICH IF IT COULD BE MADE THE OBJECT OF SIGHT, WOULD  
 (PLATO SAYS) EXCITE IN US A WONDERFUL LOVE OF WISDOM.

to not remember to have read any  
 scourse written expressly upon the  
 y and loveliness of virtue, without  
 lering it as a duty, and as the  
 s of making us happy both now  
 hereafter. I design therefore this  
 lation as an essay upon that sub-  
 in which I shall consider virtue no  
 r than as it is in itself of an ami-  
 ature, after having premised, that  
 lerstand by the word Virtue such a  
 al notion as is affixed to it by the  
 rs of morality, and which by de-  
 men generally goes under the name  
 ligion, and by men of the world  
 r the name of honour.

ypocritify itself does great honour, or  
 r justice, to religion, and tacitly  
 owledges it to be an ornament to  
 n nature. The hypocrite would  
 e at so much pains to put on the  
 rance of virtue, if he did not know  
 s the most proper and effectual  
 s to gain the love and esteem of  
 ind.

e learn from Hierocles, it was a  
 ion saying among the heathens,  
 e wise man hates nobody, but only  
 the virtuous.

illy has a very beautiful gradation  
 ights to shew how amiable virtue  
 We love a virtuous man, says he,  
 ives in the remotest parts of the  
 , though we are altogether out of  
 ach of his virtue, and can receive  
 it no manner of benefit; nay, one  
 lied several ages ago, raises a secret  
 ess and benevolence for him in our  
 s, when we read his story: nay,  
 is still more, one who has been  
 emy of our country, provided his  
 were regulated by justice and hu-  
 y, as in the instance of Pyrrhus,  
 Tully mentions on this occasion  
 olution to Hannibal. Such is the  
 al beauty and loveliness of virtue!  
 icism, which was the pedantry of

virtue, ascribes all good qualifications,  
 of what kind soever, to the virtuous  
 man. Accordingly Cato, in the cha-  
 racter Tully has left of him, carried  
 matters so far, that he would not allow  
 any one but a virtuous man to be hand-  
 some. This indeed looks more like a  
 philosophical rant than the real opinion  
 of a wise man; yet this was what Cato  
 very seriously maintained. In short,  
 the Stoics thought they could not suf-  
 ficiently represent the excellence of vir-  
 tue, if they did not comprehend in the  
 notion of it all possible perfections; and  
 therefore did not only suppose, that it  
 was transcendently beautiful in itself,  
 but that it made the very body amiable,  
 and banished every kind of deformity  
 from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the  
 most abandoned to all sense of goodness,  
 are apt to wish those who are related to  
 them of a different character; and it is  
 very observable, that none are more  
 struck with the charms of virtue in the  
 fair-sex, than those who by their very  
 admiration of it are carried to a desire of  
 ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is in-  
 deed a fine picture in a good light, and  
 therefore it is no wonder that it makes  
 the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable  
 and lovely nature, there are some parti-  
 cular kinds of it which are more so than  
 others, and these are such as dispose us  
 to do good to mankind. Temperance  
 and abstinence, faith and devotion, are  
 in themselves perhaps as laudable as any  
 other virtues; but those which make a  
 man popular and beloved, are justice,  
 charity, munificence, and, in short, all  
 the good qualities that render us bene-  
 ficial to each other. For which reason  
 even an extravagant man, who has no-  
 thing else to recommend him but a false  
 generosity, is often more beloved and  
 esteemed.

esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder it's natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it? A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to those qualities

which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should bear the same love towards a man of honour, who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us in the fore-mentioned passage every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity, and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? how many men of honour exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those therefore who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion to promote their cause, not of their cause to promote religion. C

## Nº CCXLIV. MONDAY, DECEMBER 10.

JUDEX ET CALLIDUS AUDIS.

HOR. SAT. VII. LIB. II. VER. 101.

A JUDGE OF PAINTING YOU, AND MAN OF SKILL.

CREECH.

COVENT GARDEN, DEC. 7.

Nº. SPECTATOR,

I Cannot, without a double injustice, forbear expressing to you the satisfaction which a whole clan of virtuosos have received from those hints which you have lately given the town on the cartoons of the inimitable Raphael. It should be methinks the business of a Spectator to improve the pleasures of sight, and there cannot be a more immediate way to it than recommending the study and observation of excellent drawings and pictures. When I first went to view those of Raphael which you have celebrated, I must confess I was but barely pleased; the next time I liked them better; but at last, as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them, like wise speeches they sunk deep into  
For you know, Mr. Spectator

man of wit may extremely affect one for the present, but if he has not discretion, his merit soon vanishes away; while a wise man that has not so great a stock of wit, shall nevertheless give you a far greater and more lasting satisfaction; just so it is in a picture that is smartly touched, but not well studied; one may call it a witty picture, though the painter in the mean time may be in danger of being called a fool. On the other hand, a picture that is thoroughly understood in the whole, and well performed in the particulars, that is, begun on the foundation of geometry, carried on by the rules of perspective, architecture, and anatomy, and perfected by a good harmony, a just and natural colouring, and such passions and expressions of the mind as are almost peculiar to Raphael;

until we can assemble all our  
to make but a tolerable judg-  
it. Other pictures are made  
es only, as rattles are made  
en's ears; and certainly that  
at only pleases the eye, with-  
senting some well-chosen part  
or other, does but shew what  
is are to be sold at the colour-  
mocks the works of the Crea-  
the best imitator of nature is  
esteemed the best painter, but  
makes the greatest show and  
colours; it will necessarily fol-

he who can array himself in  
gaudy draperies is best dressed,  
hat can speak loudest the best  
Every man when he looks on  
should examine it according to  
of reason he is master of, or  
in danger of making a wrong  
. If men as they walk abroad  
ake more frequent observations  
beauties of nature which every  
resent themselves to their view,  
ld be better judges when they  
well imitated at home: this  
elp to correct those errors which  
enders fall into, who are over-  
their judgments, and will not  
at reason come in for a share in  
on. It was for want of this  
mistake in this case, and in  
life, a wild extravagant pencil  
hat is truly bold and great, an  
t fellow for a man of true cou-  
bravery, hasty and unreason-  
ons for enterprizes of spirit and  
n, gaudy colouring for that  
truly beautiful, a false and in-  
; discourse for simple truth ele-  
commended. The parallel will  
ough all the parts of life and  
too; and the virtuosos above-  
ed will be glad to see you draw  
our terms of art. As the sha-  
picture represent the serious  
ncholy, so the lights do the  
and lively thoughts; as there  
be but one forcible light in a  
which should catch the eye and  
he hero; so there should be but  
et of our love, even the Author  
e. These and the like reflections  
proved, might very much contri-  
open the beauty of that art, and  
young people from being poison-  
ne ill gusto of any extravagant  
in that should be imposed upon  
am, Sir, your most humble ser-

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HOUGH I am a woman, yet I  
am one of those who confess them-  
selves highly pleased with a speculation  
you obliged the world with some time  
ago, from an old Greek poet you call  
Simonides, in relation to the several na-  
tures and distinctions of our own sex.  
I could not but admire how justly the  
characters of women in this age fall in  
with the times of Simonides, there be-  
ing no one of those sorts I have not at  
some time or other of my life met with  
a sample of. But, Sir, the subject of  
this present address, are a set of women  
comprehended, I think, in the ninth spe-  
cies of that speculation, called the apes,  
the description of whom I find to be  
— 'That they are such as are both ugly  
' and ill-natured, who have nothing  
' beautiful themselves, and endeavour to  
' detract from or ridicule every thing  
' that appears so in others.' Now, Sir,  
this sect, as I have been told, is very  
frequent in the great town where you  
live; but as my circumstance of life ob-  
liges me to reside altogether in the coun-  
try, though not many miles from Lon-  
don, I cannot have met with a great  
number of them, nor indeed is it a de-  
sirable acquaintance, as I have lately  
found by experience. You must know,  
Sir, that at the beginning of this sum-  
mer, a family of these apes came and  
settled for the season not far from the  
place where I live. As they were strangers  
in the country, they were visited by the  
ladies about them, of whom I was one,  
with an humanity usual in those that  
pass most of their time in solitude. The  
apes lived with us very agreeably our  
own way until towards the end of the  
summer, when they began to bethink  
themselves of returning to town; then it  
was, Mr. Spectator, that they began to  
set themselves about the proper and distin-  
guishing business of their character; and,  
as it is said of evil spirits, that they are  
apt to carry away a piece of the house  
they are about to leave, the apes, with-  
out regard to common mercy, civility,  
or gratitude, thought fit to mimic, and  
sail foul on the faces, dress and behavi-  
our, of their innocent neighbours, be-  
stowing abominable censures and dis-  
graceful appellations, commonly called  
nick-names, on all of them; and in  
short, like true fine ladies, made their  
honest plainness and sincerity matter of  
ridicule. I could not but acquaint you  
with these grievances, as well as the



fire of all the parties injured, as from my own inclination. I hope, Sir, if you cannot propose entirely to reform this evil, you will take such notice of it in some of your future speculations, as may put the deserving part of our sex on their guard against these creatures; and

at the same time the apes may be sensible, that this sort of mirth is so far from an innocent diversion, that it is in the highest degree that vice which is *hard* to comprehend all others. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T CONSTANTIA FIELD.

## N<sup>o</sup> CCXLV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11.

PICTA VOLUPTATIS CAUSA SINT PROXIMA VERIS.

HOR. ART. POET. VER. 336.

FICTIONS, TO PLEASE, SHOULD WEAR THE FACE OF TRUTH.

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence, when it has in it a dash of folly. At the same time that one esteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the simplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The Cordeliers tell a story of their founder St. Francis, that as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, lifted up his hands to Heaven with a secret thanksgiving, that there was still so much christian charity in the world. The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover for a salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any use of these my papers, it is this, that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent human nature in all it's changeable colours. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as Shakspeare expresses it, 'hackneyed in the ways of men,' may here find a picture of it's follies and extravagancies. The virtuous and the innocent may know in speculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without

being vitiated.

It is with an eye to my following correspondent, Mr. Timothy Doodle, who seems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this short preface, to which I shall subjoin a letter from the said Mr. Doodle.

SIR,

I Could heartily wish that you would let us know your opinion upon several innocent diversions which are in use among us, and which are very proper to pass away a winter night for those who do not care to throw away their time at an opera, or at the play-house. I would gladly know in particular, what notion you have of hot-cockles; as also whether you think that questions and commands, mottoes, suniles, and cross-purposes, have not more mirth and wit in them, than those public diversions which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our wives and daughters, who read your papers with a great deal of pleasure, some of those sports and pastimes that may be practised within doors, and by the fire-side, we who are masters of families should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have these sports and pastimes not only merry but innocent, for which reason I have not mentioned whist or lanterloo, nor indeed so much as one-and-thirty. After having communicated to you my request upon this subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my wife and I pass away these tedious winter evenings with a great deal of pleasure. Though she be young and handsome, and good-humoured to a miracle, she does not care for strolling abroad like some of

in the army, whom I am migh-  
ged to for his civilities, that  
see me almost every night; for  
one of those giddy young fel-  
it cannot live out of a play-  
When we are together, we very  
like a party at blind-man's buff,  
a sport that I like the better,  
there is a good deal of exercise  
The colonel and I are blinded  
, and you would laugh your  
to see what pains my dear takes  
sink us, so that it is impossible  
to see the least glimpse of light.  
or colonel sometimes hits his  
with a poit, and makes us die  
laughing. I have generally the  
care not to hurt myself, but am  
on above half an hour before I  
leave either of them; for you must  
hide ourselves up and down in  
that we may have the more sport.  
give you this hint as a sample of  
occasional diversions as I would have  
commend; and am, most esteemed  
or ever loving friend,

TIMOTHY DOODLE.

Following letter was occasioned  
last Thursday's paper upon the  
of lovers, and the methods  
mentioned of making such ab-  
portable.

ING the several ways of conso-  
on which absent lovers make use  
their souls are in that state of  
re, which you say is death in  
ere are some very material ones  
re escaped your notice. Among  
the first and most received is a  
shilling, which has administ-  
comfort to our forefathers, and  
made use of on this occasion with  
ed effect in most part of her ma-  
ominions. There are some, I  
who think a crown-piece cut into  
tal parts, and preserved by the  
overs, is of more sovereign vir-  
the former. But since opinions  
ded in this particular, why may  
same persons make use of both?  
ure of a heart, whether cut in  
calt in metal, whether bleeding  
altar, stuck with darts, or held  
and of a Cupid, has always been  
upon as talismanic in distresses  
nature. I am acquainted with

many a brave fellow, who carries his  
mistress in the lid of his snuff-box, and  
by that expedient has supported himself  
under the absence of a whole campaign.  
For my own part, I have tried all these  
remedies, but never found so much be-  
nefit from any as from a ring, in which  
my mistress's hair is platted together  
very artificially in a kind of true lover's  
knot. As I have received great benefit  
from this secret, I think myself obliged  
to communicate it to the public, for the  
good of my fellow subjects. I desire  
you will add this letter as an appendix  
to your consolations upon absence; and  
am, your very humble servant,

T. B.

I shall conclude this paper with a let-  
ter from an university gentleman, occa-  
sioned by my last Tuesday's paper,  
wherein I gave some account of the  
great feuds which happened formerly  
in those learned bodies, between the  
modern Greeks and Trojans.

SIR,

THIS will give you to understand,  
that there is at present in the society,  
whereof I am a member, a very consider-  
able body of Trojans, who, upon a proper  
occasion, would not fail to declare our-  
selves. In the mean while we do all we  
can to annoy our enemies by stratagem,  
and are resolved by the first opportunity  
to attack Mr. Joshua Barnes, whom we  
look upon as the Achilles of the oppo-  
site party. As for myself, I have had  
the reputation ever since I came from  
school, of being a trusty Trojan, and  
am resolved never to give quarter to the  
smallest particle of Greek, wherever I  
chance to meet it. It is for this reason  
I take it very ill of you, that you some-  
times hang out Greek colours at the  
head of your paper, and sometimes give  
a word of the enemy even in the body  
of it. When I meet with any thing of  
this nature, I throw down your specu-  
lations upon the table, with that form  
of words which we make use of when  
we declare war upon an author.

*Græcum est, non potest legi.*

I give you this hint, that you may for  
the future abstain from any such hos-  
tilities at your peril.

C

TROJAN.

Nº CCXLVI.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXLVI. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12.

Οὐκ ἔρα οὐ γὰρ παρὶς ἡ ἰσχυρὰ Παιδείς,  
 Οὐδὲ θείης αἰτός, γλαυκὸν δὲ σ' ἔτι δὲ Σάλασσα,  
 Πίπται τ' ἡλίκτου, ἐνὶ τῇ νύκτι, ἰὺν ἀνέρας.

HOM. ILLAD. I. VI. v. 35.

NO AMOROUS NERO EVER GAVE THEM BIRTH,  
 NOR EVER TENDER GODDESS BROUGHT THEM FORTH;  
 SOME RUGGED ROCK'S HARD ENTRAILS GAVE THEM FORM,  
 AND RAGING SEAS PRODUCED THEM IN A STORM;  
 A SOUL WELL SUITING THY TEMPERED KIND,  
 SO SOOTHY THY MANNERS, SO UNGUARDY THY MIND.

POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS your paper is part of the equipage of the tea-table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex on the most important circumstance of life, even the care of children. I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general; and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing children. It is unmerciful to see, that a woman endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is, ten thousand to one, neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the child, and never will take farther care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to; like Æsop's earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of it's own production. And since another's child is no more natural to a nurse than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive? And if it thrives,

must it not imbibe the groins  
 and qualities of the nurse, like

in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock? Do not we observe, that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much it's nature, nay even it's skin and wool into the goat kind? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it, with her milk, her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed; hence came that old saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his milk with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse. Hence Romulus and Remus were said to have been nursed by a wolf, Telephus the son of Hercules by a hind, Pelias the son of Neptune by a mare, and Ægisthus by a goat; not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some simpletons have imagined, but that their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved inclinations of their nurses, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire, and aversion. This Diodorus, lib. ii. witnesses, when he speaks, saying, that Nero the emperor's nurse had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit Nero received from his nurse, and was so very particular in this, that the people took so much notice of it, as instead of Tiberius Nero, they called him Bibulus Nero. The same Diodorus also relates of Caligula, predecessor to Nero, that his nurse used to moisten the nipples of her breast frequently with blood, to make Caligula take the better hold of them; which, says Diodorus, was the cause that made him so bloodthirsty and

n hand, but likewise wished human kind wore but one; he might have the pleasure off.' Such like degeneracies parents, who not knowing the child can take, see one eating, another to drinking, idity; yet all these are not ay, it is easy to demonstrate, l, although it be born from red nurse, may be corrupted by red nurse. How many children see daily brought into fits, is, rickets, &c. merely by ur nurses when in a passion ut indeed almost any disorder nurse is a disorder to the ew nurses can be found in ut what labour under some other. The first question ally asked a young woman o be a nurse, why she should o other people's children? is y her having an ill husband, y must make shift to live. I his very answer is enough to dy a shock, if duly consid- ill husband may, or ten to es not, bring home to his distemper, or at least vexa- disturbance. Besides, as she ild out of mere necessity, her e accordingly, or else very it; whence proceeds an ill- nd coarse food for the child; lood, so is the milk; and y very well assured proceeds the evil, and many other I beg of you, for the sake y poor infants that may and d by weighing this case se- exhort the people with the emence to let the children own mothers, both for the other and child. For the ument, that a mother is y giving suck to her chil- n and simple; I will main- ; mother grows stronger by have her health better than ave otherwise: she will find st cure and preservative for

the vapours and future miscarriages, much beyond any other remedy whatsoever: her children will be like giants, whereas otherwise they are but living shadows, and like unripe fruit; and certainly if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is beyond all doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever?

But I cannot well leave this subject as yet; for it seems to me very unnatural, that a woman that has fed a child as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire to nurse it farther, when brought to light and before her eyes, and when by it's cry it implores her assistance and the office of a mother. Do not the very cruellest of brutes tend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable? For how can she be called a mother that will not nurse her young ones? The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The generation of the infant is the effect of desire, but the care of it argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother cannot give suck, and then out of two evils the least must be chosen; but there are so very few, that I am sure in a thousand there is hardly one real instance; for if a woman does but know that her husband can spare about three or six shillings a week extraordinary, although this is but seldom considered, she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending indisposition. This cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom. Sir,  
Your humble servant.

T

N<sup>o</sup> CCXLVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1

Τὸ 3<sup>ον</sup> ἀνέκδοτὸν ἐστὶν αὐτῆς  
 ἡ ἐκ τῶν ἀνέκδοτων ἱστορία

HISTOR.

THEIR UNTID'D LIFE A WORDY TORRENT FOURS.

WE are told by some ancient authors, that Socrates was instructed in eloquence by a woman, whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Aspasia. I have indeed very often looked upon that art as the most proper for the female sex, and I think the universities would do well to consider whether they should not fill the rhetoric chairs with the professors.

It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery.

The first kind therefore of female orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions, a part of rhetoric in which Socrates his wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another! With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story? I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in

in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was with her in a fifth; and, in short, out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length having quite exhausted the fuel this side, she made a visit to the married pair, praised the wife's prudent choice she had made, and the unreasonable reflections which malicious people had cast upon her; desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are to only to be considered as help-course.

A third kind of female orators can be comprehended under the word fops. Mrs. Fiddle Faddle is accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions, christenings, runs divisions upon dress, knows every dish of meat served up in her neighbourhood, entertains her company a whole noon together with the wit of a boy, before he is able to speak.

The coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator; she gives herself the larger field for displaying the hates and loves in the same talk to her lap-dog or parrot, in all kinds of weather, and in all parts of the room: she has false and feigned obligations to all of her acquaintance; sighs when not sad, and laughs when she is merry. The coquette is in particular great mistress of that part of which is called action, and endeavours to speak for no other purpose, but to give her an opportunity of shewing her limb, or varying a feature, of her eyes, or playing with her hair.

As for news-mongers, politicians, story-tellers, with all rascals of that nature, which go to eloquence, they are as common among the men as the women; for reason I shall pass them over to

women should have this ready utterance in so much perfection than men. I have fancied that they have not a power, or the faculty of supplying their thoughts, as men have, they are necessitated to speak as they think; and if so, it may furnish a very strong argument for the supporters of their doctrine, that the soul links. But as several are of that the fair sex are not altogether to the art of dissembling their thoughts, I have not to relinquish that opinion, therefore endeavoured to seek a better reason. In order to find out mine who is an excellent poet, has promised me by the first opportunity to dissect a woman's tongue, to examine whether there may not be certain juices which render it so very volatile or slippery, or the fibres of it may not be made softer or more pliant thread, or there are not in it some particles which dart it up and such sudden glances and vision whether, in the last place, there not be some certain undidicounnels running from the head to the heart, to this little instrument, and conveying into it a influence of animal spirits. I omit the reason which Husbands given, why those who can rise speak with the greatest amenity, that the tongue is like a reed, which runs the faster the more it carries. Some of these reasons sooner may be taken as the most probable, I find an Irishman's thought was very good, who, after some hours conversation with a female orator, told her, she was asleep, for that it

had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of the Wanton Wife of Bath has the following remarkable lines:

I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues  
Of aspen leaves are made.

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, that when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

— *Compressam fortipe linguam  
Alpsidit ensifer. Radix micat ultima lingua.  
Ipsa jacet, terraque tremens immurmurat arx;  
Utrique salire solat mutilatæ cauda colubæ  
Palpiat.* — *MAT. lib. vi. ver. 556.*

— The blade had cut  
Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling  
root:

The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,  
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound;  
And, as a serpent wreaths his wounded train,  
Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain.

*CROXAL.*

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech, and accomplices of sound about it? I might here mention the story of the pippin-woman, had I not some reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by this dissertation is to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, gossiping, and coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.

## CCXLVIII. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14.

IMPERII OFFICIUM EST, UT QUIQUE MAXIME OPIS INDIGEAT, ITA ET  
POTISSIMUM OPITULARI. *TULL.*

THE PRINCIPAL POINT OF DUTY, TO ASSIST ANOTHER MOST, WHEN HE  
STANDS MOST IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE.

THESE are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of men, who do not make it their

endeavour to be beneficial to society: and who upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not

not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have placed them in conspicuous stations of life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble inclinations for the service of the world, or else such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue which so dazzle our imaginations, that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears some spice of romantic madness, for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures, to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy, but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life, but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinary men practise upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends as if he had done enterprizes which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many years ago since Lapius, in wrong of his elder brother, came to a great estate by gift of his father, by reason of the dissolute behaviour of the first-born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. Lapius, who observed his brother's amendment, sent him on a new-year's day in the morning the following letter:

HONOURED BROTHER.

I inclose to you the deeds whereby my father gave me this house and land; had he lived until now, he would not have bestowed it in that manner; he took it from the man you were, and I restore it to the man you are. I am, Sir, your affectionate brother, and humbly

As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion for glory; to do worthy minds in the domestic way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence which they bear to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to an heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighbourhood, and give work to the industrious, preserve the portion of the helpless infant, and raise the head of the mourning father. People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity. It would look like a city romance, to tell them of the generous merchant, who the other day sent this biller to an eminent trader under difficulties to support himself, in whose fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more spirit and true gallantry in it than in any letter I have ever read from Strephon to Phillis, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest stile in which it was sent.

SIR,

I Have heard of the casualties which have involved you in extreme distress at this time; and knowing you to be a man of great good nature, industry, and probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good cheer, the bank brings with him five thousand pounds, and has my order to answer your drawing as much more on my account. I did this in haste, for fear I should come too late for your relief; but you may value yourself with me to the sum of fifty thousand pounds; for I can very cheerfully run the hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest man whom I love. Your friend and servant, W. P.

I think there is somewhere in Montaigne mention made of a family book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that house to another were recorded. Were that such a method in the families which re-

to give, in their own, an instance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust step made to the disadvantage of a trader; and by how much such an act towards him is detestable, by so much an act of kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a bencher of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings for such a season, and allowing him his expences at the charge of the society. One of our kings, said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a com-

mittee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his majesty walking incog. in the cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world. The king out of his royal compassion privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a plaudite without farther examination, upon the recital of this article in them,

£. s. d.  
For making a man happy 10 : 00 : 00  
T

## Nº CCXLIX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.

Γέλας ἀκαίρος ἐν βροταῖς δεινὸν κακόν.

FRAG. VET. POET.

MIRTH OUT OF SEASON IS A GRIEVOUS ILL.

**W**HEN I make choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation, all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have in my forty-seventh paper raised a speculation on the notion of a modern philosopher, who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves, and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another; or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that the

vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome, on those words of the wise man, 'I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it?' Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul; and thus far may it be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man and fix our attention on his infirmities



to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good-sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more railery among the moderns, but more good-sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in

heroic verse, like that of the *Dispensary*, or in doggerel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggerel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shows that we naturally regard laughter, as what is itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason likewise *Venus* has gained the title of *Smiling*, the laughter-loving dame, as *Waller* has translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the goddess who delights in laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set down the passage at length.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heav'n yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,  
And by men, heart-raising mirth,  
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth,  
With two sister graces more,  
To ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore:  
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,  
And love to live in dimpled cheek:  
Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And *Laughter* holding both his fists.  
Come, and trip it, as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet *Liberty*;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprov'd pleasure free.

N<sup>o</sup> CCL. MONDAY, DECEMBER 17.

DISCE DOCENDUS ADHUC, QUÆ CENSET AMICULUS, UT SI  
CÆCUS ITER MONSTRARE VELIT; TAMEN ASPICE SI QUID  
ET NOS, QUOD CURES PROPRIUM FECISSE, LOQUAMUR.

HOR. EP. XVII. LIB. I. VER. 3.

YET HEAR WHAT THY UNSKILFUL FRIEND CAN SAY,  
AS IF ONE BLIND PRETENDS TO SHEW THE WAY;  
YET SEE A-WHILE, IF WHAT IS FAIRLY SHOWN  
BE GOOD, AND SUCH AS YOU MAY MAKE YOUR OWN.

CREECH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU see the nature of my request by the Latin motto which I address to you. I am very sensible I ought not to say many words to you, who are one of the few; but the following piece, as it relates to speculation in propriety of speech, being a curiosity in it's kind, begs your patience. It was found in a critical virtuoso's closet among his rarities; and since the several treatises of thumbs, ears, and noses, have obliged the world, this of eyes is at your service.

The first eye of consequence, under the invisible Author of all, is the visible ministry of the universe. This glorious spectator is said never to open his eyes at his rising in the morning, without having a whole kingdom of adorers Persian like waiting at his levee. Millions of creatures derive their sight from his original, who, besides his being the great director of optics, is the surest test whether eyes be of the same species with that of an eagle, or that of an owl: the more he emboldens with a manly assurance to look, speak, act, or plead, before the faces of a numerous assembly; the other he dazies out of countenance to a sheepish dejectedness. The sun-proof eye dares lead up a dance in a full court; and without blinking at the lustre of beauty, can distribute an eye of proper complaisance to a room crowded with company, each of which deserves particular regard: while the other incapable of conversation, like a fearful debtor, can never dares to look out, but when he can see nobody, and nobody him.

The next instance of optics is the famous Argus, who, to speak the language of Cambridge, was one of an hundred; and being used as a spy in the affairs of jealousy, was obliged to have

all his eyes about him. We have no account of the particular colours, casts, and turns, of this body of eyes; but as he was pimp for his mistress Juno, it is probable he used all the modern leers, fly glances, and other ocular activities, to serve his purpose. Some look upon him as the then king at arms to the heathenish deities; and make no more of his eyes than to many spangles of his herald's coat.

The next upon the optic list is old Janus, who stood in a double-sighted capacity, like a person placed betwixt two opposite looking-glasses, and so took a sort of retrospective cast at one view. Copies of this double-faced way are not yet out of fashion with many professions, and the ingenious artists pretend to keep up this species by double-headed canes and spoons; but there is no mark of this faculty, except in the emblematical way of a wise general having an eye to both front and rear, or a pious man taking a review and prospect of his past and future state at the same time.

I must own, that the names, colours, qualities, and turns of eyes, vary almost in every head; for, not to mention the common applications of the black, the blue, the white, the gray, and the like; the most remarkable are those that borrow their titles from animals, by virtue of some particular quality of resemblance they bear to the eyes of the respective creatures; as that of a greedily rapacious aspect takes it's name from the cat, that of a sharp piercing nature from the hawk, those of an amorous roguish look derive their title even from the sheep, and we say such an one has a sheep's eye, not so much to denote the innocence as the simple slyness of the cast: nor is this metaphorical inoculation a modern invention, for we find Homer taking the

freedom

freedom to place the eye of an ox, bull, or cow, in one of his principal goddesses, by that frequent expreſſion of

Βούτις βοτρία "Ηρα———

The ox-ey'd venerable Juno.

Now as to the peculiar qualities of the eye, that fine part of our constitution seems as much the reception and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations, as the mind itself; and at least it is as the outward portal to introduce them to the house within, or rather the common thorough-fare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride, and avarice, all visibly move in those little orbs. I know a young lady that cannot see a certain gentleman pass by without shewing a secret desire of seeing him again by a dance in her eye-balls; nay, she cannot for the heat of her help looking half a street's length after any man in a gay dress. You cannot behold a covetous spirit walk by a goldsmith's shop without casting a wishful eye at the heaps upon the counter. Does not a haughty person shew the temper of his soul in the supercilious roll of his eye? and how frequently in the height of passion does that moving picture in our head start and stare, gather a redness and quick flashes of lightning, and makes all it's humours sparkle with fire, as Virgil finely describes it.

—*Ardentis ab ore*

*Scintillæ abſistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.*

*ÆN. XII. V. 22. 101.*

—From his wide nostrils flies

A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes.

*DAVIDEN.*

As for the various turns of the eye-sight, such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole leer, I shall not enter into a very particular account of them, but let me observe, that oblique vision, when natural, was anciently the mark of bewitchery and magical fascination, and to this day it is a malignant ill look; but when it is forced and affected, it carries a wanton design, and in play-houses, and other public places, this ocular intimation is often an assignation for bad practices; but this irregularity in vision, together with such enormities as tipping the wink, the circumſpectiue roll, the side-peep through a thin hood or fan, must be put in the class

of heteroptics, as all wrong notions of religion are ranked under the general name of heterodox. All the pernicious applications of sight are more immediately under the direction of a Spectator; and I hope you will arm your readers against the mischiefs which are daily done by killing eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown friend,

*T. B.*

*MR. SPECTATOR,*

**Y**OU professed in several papers your particular endeavours in the province of Spectator, to correct the offence committed by starrers who disturb whole assemblies without any regard to time, place, or modesty. You complained also that a starrer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing, nor so easily rebuked, as to amend by admonitions. I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenient mechanical way, which may easily prevent or correct staring, by an optical contrivance of new perspective glasses, short and commodious like opera-glasses, fit for short-sighted people as well as others, these glasses making the objects appear, either as they are seen by the naked eye, or more distinct, though somewhat less than life, or bigger and nearer. A person may, by the help of this invention, take a view of another without the impertinence of staring; at the same time it shall not be possible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look towards his right or left hand, when he is supposed to look forward; this is set forth at large in the printed proposals for the sale of these glasses, to be had at Mr. Dillon's in Long Acre, next door to the White Hart. Now, Sir, as your Spectator has occasioned the publishing of this invention for the benefit of modest spectators, the inventor desires your admonitions concerning the decent use of it; and hopes, by your recommendation, that for the future beauty may be beheld without the torture and confusion which it suffers from the insolence of starrers. By this means you will relieve the innocent from an insult which there is no law to punish, though it is a greater offence than many which are within the cognizance of justice. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

*ABRAHAM STY.*

N<sup>o</sup> CCL. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18.

—LINGUÆ CENTUM SUNT, ORAQVE CENTUM.

FERRÆA VOX—

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 625.

—A HUNDRED MOUTHS, A HUNDRED TONGUES,

AND THROATS OF BRASS INSPIR'D WITH IRON LUNGS. DRYDEN.

ERE is nothing which more  
 onishes a foreigner, and frights  
 y 'squire, than the cries of Lon-  
 dy good friend Sir Roger often  
 , that he cannot get them out of  
 or go to sleep for them, the first  
 at he is in town. On the con-  
 Vill Honeycomb calls them the  
*de la Ville*, and prefers them to  
 ds of larks and nightingales,  
 the music of the fields and  
 I have lately received a letter  
 ne very odd fellow upon this sub-  
 ich I shall leave with my reader  
 saying any thing further of it.

man out of all business, and  
 I willingly turn my head to any  
 an honest livelihood. I have  
 several projects for raising many  
 of money without burdening  
 et, but I cannot get the parlia-  
 listen to me, who look upon  
 oth, as a crack, and a projector;  
 despairing to enrich either my-  
 y country by this public spirit-  
 would make some proposals to  
 ing to a design which I have  
 ch at heart, and which may  
 me a handsome subsistence, if  
 he pleased to recommend it to  
 of London and Westminster.  
 oost I would aim at, is to be  
 ler-general of the London cries,  
 e at present under no manner  
 or discipline. I think I am  
 all qualified for this place, as  
 nan of very strong lungs, of  
 ight into all the branches of our  
 ades and manufactures, and of  
 ent skill in music.  
 ries of London may be divided  
 I and instrumental. As for the  
 ey are at present under a very  
 order. A freeman of London  
 privilege of disturbing a whole  
 r an hour together, with the  
 of a brass kettle or a frying-  
 he watchman's thump at mid-

night startles us in our beds, as much  
 as the breaking in of a thief. The sow-  
 gelder's horn has indeed something mu-  
 sical in it, but this is seldom heard with-  
 in the liberties. I would therefore pro-  
 pose, that no instrument of this nature  
 should be made use of, which I have  
 not tuned and licensed, after having  
 carefully examined in what manner it  
 may affect the ears of her Majesty's liege  
 subjects.

Vocal cries are of a much larger ex-  
 tent, and indeed so full of incongruities  
 and barbarisms, that we appear a dis-  
 tracted city to foreigners, who do not  
 comprehend the meaning of such enor-  
 mous outcries. Milk is generally sold  
 in a note above *E la*, and in sounds so  
 exceeding shrill, that it often sets our  
 teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper  
 is confined to no certain pitch; he some-  
 times utters himself in the deepest base,  
 and sometimes in the sharpest treble;  
 sometimes in the highest, and sometimes  
 in the lowest note of the gamut. The  
 same observation might be made on the  
 retailers of small-coal, not to mention  
 broken glasses or brick-dust. In these  
 therefore, and the like cases, it should  
 be my care to sweeten and mellow the  
 voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before  
 they make their appearance in our streets,  
 as also to accommodate their cries to  
 their respective wares; and to take care  
 in particular, that those may not make  
 the most noise who have the least to sell,  
 which is very observable in the venders  
 of card-matches, to whom I cannot but  
 apply the old proverb of 'Much cry,  
 ' but little wool.'

Some of these last-mentioned musi-  
 cians are so very loud in the sale of these  
 trifling manufactures, that an honest  
 splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance  
 bargained with one of them never to  
 come into the street where he lived: but  
 what was the effect of this contract?  
 Why, the whole tribe of card-match-  
 makers which frequent that quarter,  
 passed by his door the very next day, in  
 hopes

hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

It is another great imperfection in our London cries, that there is no just time or measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire: yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an incampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infect our streets in turnip-season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tunable than the former; the cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without it's harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but alas, this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with

the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own: such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Watt.

I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public; I mean, that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and gingerbread from a grinder of knives and scissars. Nay, so strangely intuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know, that 'work if I had it,' should be the signification of a corn-cutter?

Forasmuch therefore as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper, that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets, that have not tunable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public. I am, Sir, &c.

RALPH CROUCH

C

TO THE  
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

**A**S it is natural to have a fondness for what has cost us much time and attention to produce, I hope your Grace will forgive and endeavour to preserve this work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect of the Duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot, indeed, without offence to yourself, observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left, almost, unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment? How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man, who had carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness! And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission, which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived enough both to nature and to glory; and your Grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at empire by an usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of Mindleheim may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

## DEDICATION.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempt prevail against it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your Grace not only upon your high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune: and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good princes, lawgivers, and heroes, when he in his due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

Most devoted, humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

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# THE S P E C T A T O R.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Nº CCLII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1711.

ERRANTI, PASSIMQUE OCULOS PER CUNCTA FERENTI.

VIRG. ÆN. II. VER. 570.

EXPLORING EVERY PLACE WITH CURIOUS EYES.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am very sorry to find by your discourse upon the eye, that you have not thoroughly studied the nature and force of that part of a beauteous face. Had you ever been in love, you would have said ten thousand things, which it seems did not occur to you: do but reflect upon the nonsense it makes men talk, the flames which it is said to kindle, the transport it raises, the dejection it causes in the bravest men; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an extravagance, yet you will own, that the influence of it is very great which moves men to that extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole strength of the mind is sometimes seated there; that a kind look imparts all, that a year's discourse could give you, in one moment. What matters it what she says to you? 'See how she looks,' is the language of all who know what love is. When the mind is thus summed up and expressed in a glance, did you never observe a sudden joy arise in the countenance of a lover? Did you never see the attendance of years paid, over-paid, in an instant? You a Spectator, and not know that the intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only; that good-breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart, and act a part of continual constraint, while nature has preserved the eyes to herself, *that she may not be disguised or misre-*

presented. The poor bride can give her hand, and say—'I do,' with a languishing air, to the man she is obliged by cruel parents to take for mercenary reasons, but at the same time she cannot look as if she loved; her eye is full of sorrow, and reluctance sits in a tear, while the offering of the sacrifice is performed in what we call the marriage ceremony. Do you never go to plays? Cannot you distinguish between the eyes of those who go to see, from those who come to be seen? I am a woman turned of thirty, and am on the observation a little; therefore if you or your correspondent had consulted me in your discourse on the eye, I could have told you that the eye of Leonora is slyly watchful while it looks negligent; she looks round her without the help of the glasses you speak of, and yet seems to be employed on objects directly before her. This eye is what affects chance-medley, and on a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all it's charms against an ogler. The eye of Lusitania is an instrument of premeditated murder; but the design being visible, destroys the execution of it; and with much more beauty than that of Leonora, it is not half so mischievous. There is a brave soldier's daughter in town, that by her eye has been the death of more than ever her father made fly before him. A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent



eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about it; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more than that the eye is in every part, that is to say, every other part would be mutilated, were not it's force represented more by the eye than even by itself. But this is heathen Greek to those who have not converted by glances. This, Sir, is a language in which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful observer be imposed upon by looks even among politicians and courtiers. If you do me the honour to print this among your speculations, I shall in my next make you a present of secret history, by translating all the looks of the next assembly of ladies and gentlemen into words, to adorn some future paper. I am, Sir, your faithful friend,

MARY HEARTFREE.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have a lot of a husband that lives a very scandalous life, and wastes away his body and fortune in debaucheries; and is immoveable to all the arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether in some cases a cudgel may not be allowed as a good figure of speech, and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female orator. Your humble servant,

BARBARA CRABTREE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH I am a practitioner in the law of some standing, and have heard many eminent pleaders in my time, as well as other eloquent speakers of both universities, yet I agree with you, that women are better qualified to succeed in oratory than the men, and believe this is to be resolved into natural causes. You have mentioned only the volubility of their tongue; but what do

you think of the silent flattery of their pretty faces, and the persuasion which even an insipid discourse carries with it when flowing from beautiful lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is certain too, that they are possessed of some springs of rhetoric which men want, such as tears, fainting fits, and the like, which I have seen employed upon occasion with good success. You must know I am a plain man, and love my money; yet I have a spouse who is so great an orator in this way, that she draws from me what sums she pleases. Every room in my house is furnished with trophies of her eloquence, rich cabinets, piles of china, Japan screens, and costly jars; and if you were to come into my great parlour, you would fancy yourself in an India warehouse: besides this, she keeps a squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to pay for the china he breaks. She is seized with periodical fits about the time of the subscriptions to a new opera, and is drowned in tears after having seen any woman there in finer cloaths than herself: these are arts of persuasion purely feminine, and which a tender heart cannot resist. What I would therefore desire of you is, to prevail with your friend who has promised to dissect a female tongue, that he would at the same time give us the anatomy of a female eye, and explain the springs and fluids which feed it with such ready supplies of moisture; and likewise shew by what means, if possible, they may be stopped at a reasonable expence: or indeed, since there is something so moving in the very image of weeping beauty, it would be worthy his art to provide, that these eloquent drops may no more be lavished on trifles, or employed as servants to their wayward wills; but reserved for serious occasions in life, to adorn generous pity, true penitence, or real sorrow.

T

I am, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20.

INDIGNOR QUICQUAM REPREHENDI, NON QUIA CRASSE  
COMPOSITUM, ILLEPIDEVE PUTETUR, SED QUIA NUPER.

HOR. EP. II. LIB. I. VER. 75.

I LOSE MY PATIENCE, AND I OWN IT TOO,  
WHEN WORKS ARE CENSUR'D, NOT AS BAD, BUT NEW.

POPE.

**T**HERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bassus and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir

John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works—

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise  
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraises  
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,  
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt  
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reigns,  
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred  
slain.

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in it's kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the later ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's *Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few pre-  
cepts

cepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those critics who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian, and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflections has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of his kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness, which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses.

These equal syllables alone require,  
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,  
While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view—

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That like a wounded snake drags its slow  
length along.

And afterwards,

"Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense. —  
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers  
flows :

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the tor-  
rent fall.

When Ajax strives some rock's vain weight  
to throw,

The line too labour, and the words more  
flow:

Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and swims  
along the main.

The beautiful distich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines, puts me in mind of a description in Homer's *Odyssey*, where none of the critics have taken notice of. It is where Sisyphus is represented lifting his stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the stone is admirably described in the numbers of these verses; as in the four first it is heaved up by several Spindles intermixed with proper breathing places, and at last trundles down in a continual line of *DaSylys*.

Καί μιν Σίσυφον, Σίσυφον, κρατὶρ' ἀπὸρ' ἔχοντα  
 Δάαν Βασίλῃ τε πελάεσσιν ἀμαρτήεσσιν.  
 Ἦτοι μὲν σκαρπητόμαστοι χλαροῖσι τι ποσὶ τι,  
 Δάαν ἄνω ἄθροια ποσὶ λάρυν, ἀλλ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν  
 Ἀκρον ὑπερχαλῖσιν, γὰρ ἀπορρυψάμενα κρατὶσι,  
 Αἷτις ἐπειτα πιδόντες ἀνλίδοντο λαῶς ἀσπείδου.

Οδύσ. Γ. 11

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd farry'd  
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian stone  
With many a weary step, and many a groan,  
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round  
stone:  
The huge round stone, resulting with a  
bound,  
Thunders impetuous down, and smashes a-  
long the ground.

For:

It would be endless to quote verse out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in it's kind; the essay on translated verse, the essay on the art of poetry, and the essay upon criticism.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLIV. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21.

Σταυρὸς ἱερὸς ἀρετῆς, ὃ δὲ κομπῶντος ἀρχὴς ἐφάλλει.

ON LOVE OF VIRTUE REVERENCE ATTENDS,  
BUT SENSUAL PLEASURE IN OUR RUIN ENDS.

WHEN I consider the false impressions which are received by ality of the world, I am troubled more than a certain levity of which many young women of ave entertained, to the hazard haracters, and the certain mis- f their lives. The first of the f letters may best represent the would now point at, and the o it the temper of mind in a character.

AS HARRIOT,

I art she, but oh how fallen, hanged, what an apostate! how that is gay and agreeable! To d I find is to be buried alive; conceive it more dismal to be a vault to converse with the my ancestors, than to be car- n to an old manor-house in the and confined to the conver- a sober husband and an auk- amber-maid. For variety I ou may entertain yourself with n her grogram gown, the spouse parish vicar, who has by this i sure well furnished you with i making falves and possets, cordial-waters, making syrups, ring poultices.

olitude! I wish thee joy, my hy loved retirement, which in- t would persuade me is very , and different enough from ive here described: but, child, aid thy brains are a little dis- ith romances and novels; after is marriage to hear thee talk und paint the country scenes so a little extravagant; one would i lived the lives of sylvan de- ived among the walks of para- : the first happy pair. But eave these whimsies, and come in order to live and talk like tals. However, as I am ex- nterested in your reputation, I llingly give you a little good our first appearance under the

character of a married woman: it is a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a matron; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public places with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's Park together: if you presume to enter the ring at Hyde-Park together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the play-house or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband; and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers: she never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly to think Portia, &c. Sabine and Roman wives much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far, as to come into public in the habit as well as air of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea-table; she says she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence: she dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given you, but she says she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as Bellamour to transform him to a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable: you see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than your humble servant,

LYDIA.

BE not in pain, good Madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous.

ridiculous. As for your wild railery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, shew yourselves to no other purpose than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession, the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if I dress, it is for him; if I read a poem or a play, it is to qualify myself for conversation agreeable to his taste; he is almost the end of my devotions; half my prayers are for his happiness—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish you happiness, but am sorry to see by the air of your letter that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place railery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper: matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with: she is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were, she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine ladies. The vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agree-

able conversation has brought me many sober happy hours; even I am shut out, and my desire is entertained only with his thoughts. These things, dear Madam, will be lasting satisfactions, as fine ladies, and the coxcombs they form themselves, are but ridiculous, ridiculous in old age.

Madam, your most humble servant

MARY

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU have no goodness in it, and are not in earnest in it, you say that is serious, if you send me a plain answer to this: I opened some days past to be at home during the time of performance, could not keep my eyes off from that young creature who sat by me, and who I have been since has no fortune. It would utterly ruin my reputation for discretion to marry one, and by what I can learn of her character of great modesty, she is nothing to be thought on in that way. My mind has ever since been wholly bent on her, that I am in danger of doing something very vagrant without your speedy advice. Sir, your most humble servant

I am sorry I cannot answer you more patient gentleman, but by another letter.

DEAR CORRESPONDENT,

WOULD you marry to please people, or yourself?

## Nº CCLV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

LAUDIS AMORE TUMES? SUNT CERTA PIACULA, QUAM TE  
TUA FURE LECTO POTERANT DECESSARE LIBELLO.

HOR. EP. I. LIB. I.

IMITATED.

KNOW, THERE ARE RHYMES, WHICH (FRESH AND TRESH APPEAL)  
WILL CHEER THE ABSENT 'T' PUFFY OF HIS PRIDE.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and

secution of his designs. At the end of the passions in general, particularly of ambition, which leads the soul to such actions as procure honour and reputation. But if we carry our passions higher, we may discover farther Providence in implanting the

is necessary for the world, that should be invented and improved, written and transmitted to posterity, and the nations conquered and civilized: the proper and genuine motives and the like great actions, would influence virtuous minds; there are but small improvements in the world were there not some common principle of action working equally with all. And such a principle is ambition or a desire of fame, by which endowments are not suffered to be lost, and usefulto the public, and vicious men, over-reached, as it is an engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and noble course of action. For we may observe, that men of the greatest talents are most fired with ambition: it is on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it. It is either that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of attaining at fame, or that he has not a full range of thought to look out for good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience, or that Providence, in the government of his soul, would not submit to such a passion as would be a torment to him in the world, and a torment to

himself. Is not this desire of fame very often the difficulty of obtaining it, the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from a vain pursuit.

Few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend themselves to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind! Providence has most part sets us upon a level, and gives a kind of proportion in its distribution towards us. If it renders us deficient in one accomplishment, it gives us a deficiency in another, so that we are careful rather of preserving ourselves from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of any single one eminent or extraordinary.

Among those who are the most endued by nature, and accompanied by their own industry, how few whose virtues are not obscured by ignorance, prejudice, or envy of holders! Some men cannot distinguish a noble and a mean action;

others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention; or others purposely misrepresent, or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is Sallust's remark upon Cato, that the less he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When, therefore, they have discovered the passionate desire of fame in the ambitious man, as no temper of mind is more apt to shew itself, they become sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to his person, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverseness of temper grow wary in their praises of one, who sets too great a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But farther, this desire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into such indecencies, as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private, lest his defects should be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastical recitals of his own performances: his discourse generally leans one way, and, whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn as large, and set to show by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with a generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves about us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain-glory, and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any

noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most men have so much either of ill-nature, or of weakness, as not to gratify or soothe the vanity of the ambitious man; and since this very thirst after fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper.

## Nº CCLVI. MONDAY, DECEMBER 24.

Θύμω γὰρ τι καὶ κερδιέται· εὖρε μὲν δόξας  
'ῥεῖα μὲν', ἀργαῖα δὲ φίλων.—

HERIOD.

DESIRE OF FAME BY VARIOUS WAYS IS CROIT,  
HARD TO BE GAIN'D, AND EASY TO BE LOST.

**T**HERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indefects; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them, and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man who

nary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading about the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admire. Others there are, who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward self-satisfaction and complacency, if they can but find out the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing and ordering a great man, they are secretly ordering at their own reputation.

erect kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an imaginary applause to themselves for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not, always, the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him: and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character, or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of

fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all, it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities as are no small diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or equals; by such as would set to shew their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour!

But were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendour. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit.



and yet if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: it is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest: but fame is a good so wholly foreign to our nature, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprizes. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men! There is not any circumstance in Cæsar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which Cicero tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation. That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame—*Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vivisse*. Many, indeed, have given over their pursuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which those are free from who have not such a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise where he expected it.

Nay, how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves! But if the ambitious man can be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? For the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little, therefore, is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind! especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may farther observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For though the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable; because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praises.

CCLVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25.

Ὅτι τὸ θεῖον Διὸς  
Ὀφθαλμοὶ· ἵστυς δ' ἱστῶσι πάντα κίνησι.

IN CERT. EX. STOR.

NO SLUMBER SEALS THE EYE OF PROVIDENCE,  
PRESENT TO EVERY ACTION WE COMMENCE.

IF I might not lose myself on a subject of so great extent of fame, I have treated it in a regular order and method. I have all considered the reasons why fame may have implanted in our hearts a principle of action. I have next place shewn from many reasons, first, that fame is a thing to be obtained, and easily lost; that it brings the ambitious a little happiness, but subjects much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. In the last place shew, that as we are from obtaining an end we have abilities to acquire, and are accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that by this end that happiness is reserved for us in another which every one has abilities to, and which will bring along with it fulness of joy and pleasures for ever.

the the pursuit after fame may be in the attainment of this great shall leave the reader to collect the three following considerations.

Because the strong desire of fame seeds several vicious habits in the

first, Because many of those actions which are apt to procure fame, in their nature conducive to this great happiness.

Secondly, Because if we should allow these actions to be the proper instruments both of acquiring fame, and of enjoying this happiness, they would be less fail in the attainment of this, if they proceeded from a desire of fame.

Thirdly, Because three propositions are self-evident: those who are versed in speculation, morality. For which reason I do not enlarge upon them, but propose a point of the same nature, which is new to us a more uncommon field of action,

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest folly to seek the praise or approbation of any being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two reasons; because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits; and because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

In the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation; many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can express the intire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man? That secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition? that inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good? that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another? these and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in his sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjunction

conjuncture of circumstances, for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action. He discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter intitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixt a nature and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through it's outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object: so that on this account also, He is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never shew the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only shew us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of

provement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last intire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all it's progress, until it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in it's full beauty and perfection. Thus we see that none but the supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions; which can never give them a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of shewing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or, should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the degree, strength, and perfection of those principles.

And as the supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way; and that he may propose to himself a *same* worthy of his ambition, let him consider that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the presence of the whole creation that best and most significant of applauses—  
 'Well done, thou good and faithful  
 servant, enter thou into the Kingdom'

CCLVIII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26.

DIVIDE ET IMPERA.

DIVIDE AND RULE.

ASURE and recreation of one and or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from constant attention and labour: therefore public diversions are to it, it behoves persons of distinction with their power and example, to govern them in such a manner as to any thing that tends to the correction of manners, or which is too trivial for the entertainment of the creatures. As to the diversion of this kind in this town, we owe to the arts of poetry and music: in private opinion, with relation to recreations, I have heretofore with all the frankness imaginable; concerns those arts at present the shall have from my correspondence. The first of the letters with which I myself for this day, is written who proposes to improve our amusements of dramatic poetry; and never comes from three persons, as soon as named, will be thought of advancing the present state of

dramatic theatre licensed for the delight and profit of this extensive metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the convenience of such of it's inhabitants as are too distant from Covent Garden, that another Theatre of Ease may be erected in some spacious part of the city; and that the direction thereof may be made a franchise in fee to me, and my heirs for ever. And that the town may have no jealousy of my ever coming to an union with the set of actors now in being, I do further propose to constitute for my deputy my near kinsman and adventurer, Kit Crochet, whose long experience and improvements in those affairs need no recommendation. It was obvious to every spectator, what a quite different foot the stage was upon during his government; and had he not been bolted out of his trap-doors, his garrison might have held out for ever, he having by long pains and perseverance arrived at the art of making his army fight without pay or provisions. I must confess it with a melancholy amazement, I see so wonderful a genius laid aside, and the late slaves of the stage now become it's masters, dunces that will be sure to suppress all theatrical entertainments and activities that they are not able themselves to shine in!

SPECTATOR,

considerably obliged to you for your speedy publication of my last letter of the 18th instant, and am in all hopes of being settled in the comptroller of the cries. Of all objections I have hearkened after in coffee-houses, there is but one seems to carry any weight with it, that such a post would come too near the nature of a monopoly. Now, because I would have all sorts of made easy, and being willing to fore strings than one to my bow; that of comptroller should fail have since formed another provision which being grounded on the dissolution of a present monopoly, I hope to give the public an equivalent to all content. You know, Sir, it is said that the business of the stage the Latin has it, *jucunda et idonea visio*. Now there being but one

Every man that goes to a play is not obliged to have either wit or understanding; and I insist upon it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a way of which they are capable. In short, Sir, I would have something done as well as said on the stage. A man may have an active body, though he has not a quick conception; for the imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal wits or nimble fellows, I would insist ask any of the present mismanagers, why should not rope-dancers, vaulters, tumblers, ladder-walkers, and posture-masters, appear again on our stage? After such a representation, a five-bar gate would be leaped with a better grace next time any of the audience went a hunting.

bunting. Sir, these things cry aloud for reformation, and fall properly under the province of Spectator General; but how indeed should it be otherwise, while fellows, that for twenty years together were never paid but as their master was in the humour, now presume to pay others more than ever they had in their lives; and in contempt of the practice of persons of condition, have the insolence to owe no tradesman a farthing at the end of the week. Sir, all I propose is the public good; for no one can imagine I shall ever get a private shilling by it; therefore I hope you will recommend this matter in one of your this week's papers, and desire when my house opens you will accept the liberty of it for the trouble you have received from, Sir,

Your humble servant,

RALPH CROTCHET.

P. S. I have assurances that the trunk-maker will declare for us.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WE whose names are subscribed, think you the properest person to signify what we have to offer the town in behalf of ourselves, and the art which we profess, music. We conceive hopes of your favour from the speculations on the mistakes which the town run into with regard to their pleasure of this kind; and believing your method of judging is, that you consider music only valuable, as it is agreeable to, and heightens the purpose of poetry, we consent that that is not only the true way of relishing that pleasure, but also that without it a composition of music is the same thing as a poem, where all the rules of poetical numbers are observed, though the words have no sense or meaning; to say it shorter, mere musical sounds are in our art no other than nonsensical verses are in poetry. Music therefore is to aggravate what is intended by poetry; it must always have some passion or sentiment to express, or else violins, voices, or any other organs of sound, afford an entertainment very little above the rattles of children. It was from this opinion of the matter, that when Mr. Clayton had finished his studies in Italy, and brought over the opera of *Artinôe*, that Mr. Haym and Mr. Dieupart, who had the he-

hility and gentry, were zealously inclined to assist, by their solicitations, in introducing so elegant an entertainment as the Italian music grafted upon English poetry. For this end Mr. Dieupart and Mr. Haym, according to their several opportunities, promoted the introduction of *Artinôe*, and did it to the best advantage so great a novelty would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with particulars of the just complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, that without regard to our obliging pains, we are all equally set aside in the present opera. Our application, therefore to you is only to insert this letter in your papers, that the town may know we have all three joined together to make entertainments of music for the future at Mr. Clayton's house in York Buildings. What we promise ourselves, is, to make a subscription of two guineas, for eight times; and that the entertainment, with the names of the authors of the poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the house, with an account of the several authors of the vocal as well as the instrumental music for each night; the money to be paid at the receipt of the tickets, at Mr. Charles Lillie's. It will, we hope, Sir, be easily allowed, that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit by our joint force and different qualifications all that can be done in music; but lest you should think so dry a thing as an account of our proposal should be a matter unworthy your paper, which generally contains something of public use; give us leave to say, that favouring our design is no less than reviving an art, which runs to ruin by the utmost barbarism under an affliction of knowledge. We aim at establishing some settled notions of what is music, at recovering from neglect we want very many families, who depend upon it; at making all foreigners who pretend to succeed in England to learn the language of it as we ourselves have done; and not be so insolent as to expect a whole nation, a refined and learned nation, should submit to learn them. In a word, Mr. Spectator, with all deference and humility, we hope to behave ourselves in this undertaking in such a manner, that all Englishmen who have any skill in music may be furthered in it for their profit or diversion.

well known and received as

that any thing which is a sci-  
not attainable by all men of all  
who have proper genius for it:  
Sir, what we hope for is not  
will arrive to us by contermining  
ut through the utmost diligence. T

recommending ourselves. We are, Sir,  
your most humble servants,

THOMAS CLAYTON.

NICOLINO HAYM.

CHARLES DIEUPART.

° CCLIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27.

CET HONESTUM EST, ET QUOD HONESTUM EST DECEAT.

TULL.

IS BECOMING IS HONOURABLE, AND WHAT IS HONOURABLE IS BE-  
COMING.

ERE are some things which  
not come under certain rules,  
th one would think could not  
m. Of this kind are outward  
and salutations. These one  
nagine might be regulated by  
an's common sense, without the  
in instructor; but that which we  
amon sense suffers under that  
or it sometimes implies no more  
t faculty which is common to  
but sometimes signifies right  
nd what all men should consent  
th's latter acceptance of the  
it is no great wonder people err  
against it, since it is not every  
is possessed of it, and there are  
who, against common rules and  
, dare obey it's dictates. As to  
ns, which I was about to talk  
serve, as I stroll about town,  
e great enormities committed  
gard to this particular. You  
ometimes see a man begin the offer  
station, and observe a forbidding  
escaping eye, in the person he is  
salute, and stop short in the pole  
eck. This in the person who  
he could do it with a good  
nd was refused the opportunity,  
resented with a coldness the  
suing season. Your great beau-  
ople in much favour, or by any  
r for any purpose over-flattered,  
to practise this, which one may  
preventing aspect, and throw  
sention another way, lest they  
onser a bow or a courtesy upon a  
who might not appear to deserve  
nity. Others you shall find so  
ous, and so very courteous, as  
no escaping their favours of this  
Of this sort may be a man who  
fifth or sixth degree of favour  
inister; this good creature is

resolved to shew the world, that great  
honours cannot at all change his man-  
ners; he is the same civil person he ever  
was; he will venture his neck to bow  
out of a coach in full speed, at once,  
to shew he is full of business, and yet is  
not so taken up as to forget his old  
friend. With a man who is not so well  
formed for courtship and elegant beha-  
viour, such a gentleman as this seldom  
finds his account in the return of his  
compliments, but he will still go on, for  
he is in his own way, and must not  
omit; let the neglect fall on your side,  
or where it will, his business is still to  
be well-bred to the end. I think I have  
read, in one of our English comedies,  
a description of a fellow that affected  
knowing every body, and for want of  
judgment in time and place, would bow  
and smile in the face of a judge sitting  
in the court, would sit in an opposite  
gallery and smile in the minister's face  
as he came up into the pulpit, and nod  
as if he alluded to some familiarities be-  
tween them in another place. But  
now I happen to speak of salutation at  
church, I must take notice that several  
of my correspondents have importuned  
me to consider that subject, and settle  
the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the best cour-  
tier in the world, but I have often on  
public occasions thought it a very great  
absurdity in the company (during the  
royal presence) to exchange salutations  
from all parts of the room, when cer-  
tainly common sense should suggest,  
that all regards at that time should be  
engaged, and cannot be diverted to any  
other object, without disrespect to the  
sovereign. But as to the complaint of  
my correspondents, it is not to be ima-  
gined what offence some of them take  
at the custom of saluting in places of  
worship.

worship. I have a very angry letter from a lady, who tells me of one of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and a pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in time of divine service, and is the most religious woman for no other reason but to appear a woman of the best quality in the church. This absurd custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent evils of no higher a nature than this is; but I am informed of objections much more considerable; a dissenter of rank and distinction was lately prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greatest congregations of the church of England about town: after the service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: as to this point he was in a state of despair, and feared he was not

well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many scandals of this kind given to our protestant dissenters from the outward pomp and respect we take to ourselves in our religious assemblies. A Quaker who came one day into a church, fixed his eye upon an old lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An Anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his family, within few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two eldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church: it is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward people with scrupulous consciences, a good Christian of the best air in the world ought not rather to deny herself the opportunity of shewing so many graces, than keep a bashful profelyte without the pale of the church,

T

## Nº CCLX. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28.

SINGULA DE NOBIS ANNI PERDANTUR EVNTES.

HOR. EP. 13. L. 2. VAL. 55.

YEARS FOLLOWING YEARS STEAL SOMETHING EVERY DAY,  
AT LAST THEY STEAL US FROM OURSELVES AWAY.

POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life. But how is it, Sir, that my appetites are increased upon me with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this, like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon what reformation they please to make in themselves in their youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond opinion some have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our debres they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my dress, and as slipshod as I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires, or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain thoughts, sit with my spe

writing love-letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy action done for my country? If I had laid out that which I profused in luxury and wantonness, in acts of generosity or charity? I have lived a bachelor to this day, and instead of a numerous offspring, with which, in the regular ways of life, I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better subject, than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture you must propose, that no one set his heart upon what is transient, but

It imperceptibly, for want of re-  
that all things around him are  
x, and continually changing:  
s in the space of ten or fifteen  
rounded by a new set of people,  
anners are as natural to them as  
hts, method of thinking, and  
living, were formerly to him  
riends. But the mischief is, he  
on the same kind of errors which  
elf was guilty of with an eye  
, and with that sort of ill-will  
en entertain against each other  
ent opinions: thus a crazy con-  
and an uneasy mind, is fretted

atious passions for young men's  
olishly what it is folly to do at  
ar Sir, this is my present state  
I hate those I should laugh at,  
those I condemn. The time  
and vigorous manhood, passed  
in which I have disposed of it,  
ed with these consequences; but  
who live and pass away life as  
ht, all parts of it are equally  
; only the memory of good and  
actions is a feast which must  
uicker relish to the soul than  
ould possibly taste in the highest  
nts or jollities of youth. As  
if I sit down in my great chair  
in to ponder, the vagaries of a  
not more ridiculous than the  
ances which are heaped up in  
ory; fine gowns, country dances,  
unes, interrupted conversations,  
night quarrels, are what must  
ly compose my soliloquy. I beg  
o print this, that some ladies of  
aintenance, and my years, may be  
d to wear warm night-caps this  
son: and that my old friend  
wdry may buy him a cane, and  
p with the air of a strut. I  
d to all this, that if it were not  
pleasure, which I thought a very  
re until of very late years, I  
ave no great satisfaction left;  
live to the 10th of March, 1714,  
my securities are good, I shall  
a fifty thousand pound. I am,  
r most humble servant,

JACK AFTERDAY.

SPECTATOR,

will infinitely oblige a distressed  
r, if you will insert in your very  
er, the following letter to my mis-

triss. You must know, I am not a per-  
son apt to despair, but she has got an  
odd humour of stopping short unac-  
countably, and, as she herself told a  
confident of her's, she has cold fits.  
These fits shall last her a month or six  
weeks together; and as she falls into  
them without provocation, so it is to be  
hoped she will return from them with-  
out the merit of new services. But life  
and love will not admit of such inter-  
vals, therefore pray let her be admonished  
as follows.

MADAM,

I Love you, and I honour you; there-  
fore pray do not tell me of waiting  
till decencies, till forms, till humours,  
are consulted and gratified. If you have  
that happy constitution as to be indo-  
lent for ten weeks together, you should  
consider that all that while I burn with  
impatiences and fivers; but still you say  
it will be time enough, though I and  
you too grow older while we are yet  
talking. Which do you think the more  
reasonable, that you should alter a state  
of indifference for happiness, and that to  
oblige me; or I live in torment, and that  
to lay no manner of obligation upon  
you? While I indulge your insensi-  
bility, I am doing nothing; if you fa-  
vour my passion, you are bestowing  
bright desires, gay hopes, generous cares,  
noble resolutions, and transporting rap-  
tures, upon, Madam,

Your most devoted humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

HERE is a gentlewoman lodges in  
the same house with me, that I never  
did any injury to in my whole life; and  
she is always railing at me to those she  
knows will tell me of it. Do not you  
think that she is in love with me? Or  
would you have me break my mind yet  
or not? Your servant,

T. B.

MR. SPECTATOR.

I Am a footman in a great family, and  
am in love with the house maid. We  
were all at hot-cockles last night in the  
hall these holidays; when I lay down  
and was blinded, she pulled off her shoe,  
and hit me with the heel such a rap, as  
almost broke my head to pieces. Pray,  
Sir, was this love or spite?

T



N<sup>o</sup> CCLXI: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

Τὸ πρῶτον ἀποφασίζομεν ὅτι ἡ ἀρετὴ ἐστὶν ἀκαταμάχητος.

FRAG. VET. POET.

WEDLOCK'S AN ILL MEN EAGERLY EM' ACK.

**M**Y father, whom I mentioned in my first speculation, and whom I must always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the subject of marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtship of a person who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my first approaches seem to have any aversion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from shewing myself to the best advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly fellow, and being resolved to regard merit more than any thing else in the persons who made their applications to her, she married a captain of dragoons who happened to be beating up for recruits in those parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an aversion to pretty fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair-sex. The observations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above-mentioned, have produced the following essay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing motions of the soul, rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love, to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences, and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides, that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy, that are

passion should strike root, and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate: where the parties chuse for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniencies and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they suppose; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise, but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder, when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be embittered with fears and jealousies.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is most

ceded by a long courtship

le the multitude, than consult  
per interests; and, as I have else-  
bserved, it is one of the most  
ntable passions of human na-  
at we are at greater pains to ap-  
sy and happy to others, than  
o make ourselves so. Of all dis-  
, that in humour makes the most  
y marriages, yet scarce enters  
r thoughts at the contracting of

Several that are in this respect  
lly yoked, and uneasy for life,  
person of a particular character,  
ave been pleased and happy with  
n of a contrary one, notwith-  
g they are both perhaps equally  
s and laudable in their kind.

re marriage we cannot be too in-  
e and discerning in the faults of  
on beloved, nor after it too dim-  
and superficial. However per-  
d accomplished the person ap-  
o you at a distance, you will find  
blemishes and imperfections in  
nour, upon a more intimate ac-

quaintance, which you never discovered,  
or perhaps suspected. Here therefore  
discretion and good-nature are to shew  
their strength; the first will hinder your  
thoughts from dwelling on what is dis-  
agreeable, the other will raise in you all  
the tenderness of compassion and hu-  
manity, and by degrees soften those very  
imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our  
happiness and miseries. A marriage of  
love is pleasant; a marriage of interest  
easy; and a marriage, where both meet,  
happy. A happy marriage has in it all  
the pleasures of friendship, all the en-  
joyments of sense and reason, and in-  
deed all the sweets of life. Nothing is  
a greater mark of a degenerate and vi-  
cious age, than the common ridicule  
which passes on this state of life. It is,  
indeed, only happy in those who can  
look down with scorn or neglect on the  
impieties of the times, and tread the  
paths of life together in a constant uni-  
form course of virtue.

## Nº CCLXII. MONDAY, DECEMBER 31.

NULLA VENENATO LITTERA MISTA JOCO EST.

OVID. TRIST. L. 2. V. 566.

SATIRICAL REFLECTIONS I AVOID.

ink myself highly obliged to the  
lic for their kind acceptance of a  
which visits them every morning,  
is in it none of those seasonings  
commend so many of the writings  
are in vogue among us.

on the one side, my paper has not  
single word of news, a reflection  
tics, nor a stroke of party; so on  
her, there are no fashionable  
s of infidelity, no obscene ideas,  
ires upon priesthood, marriage,  
e like popular topics of ridicule;  
vate scandal, nor any thing that  
end to the defamation of particu-  
fons, families, or societies.

re is not one of those above-men-  
subjects that would not sell a  
adifferent paper, could I think of  
ing the public by such mean and  
ethods. But notwithstanding I  
rejected every thing that favours  
ty, every thing that is loose and  
al, and every thing that might  
uneasiness in the minds of parti-  
persons, I find that the demand  
papers has increased every month

since their first appearance in the world.  
This does not perhaps reflect so much  
honour upon myself, as on my readers,  
who give a much greater attention to  
discourses of virtue and morality, than  
ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great  
body of writers who have employed their  
wit and parts in propagating vice and  
irreligion, I did not question but I should  
be treated as an odd kind of fellow, that  
had a mind to appear singular in my  
way of writing: but the general recep-  
tion I have found, convinces me that  
the world is not so corrupt as we are  
apt to imagine; and that if those men of  
parts who have been employed in vitiat-  
ing the age had endeavoured to rectify  
and amend it, they needed not have sa-  
crificed their good sense and virtue to  
their fame and reputation. No man is  
so sunk in vice and ignorance, but there  
are still some hidden seeds of goodness  
and knowledge in him; which give him  
a relish of such reflections and specula-  
tions as have an aptness to improve the  
mind, and make the heart better.

I have

I have shewn in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason, when I draw any faulty character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expense of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular person's reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public character; for which reason I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his holiness and his attendants, notwithstanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous speculations. Among those advantages which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the least, that it draws men's minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions, were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while

he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation, that I have forbore mentioning even such authors as I could not name with honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial; for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished that those who have appeared against this paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while, I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: nor shall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticise the author, so long as I keep clear of the person.

In the mean while, until I am provoked to such hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.

As the first place among our English poets is due to Milton; and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every Saturday until I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a very large extent, and every particular master in this art has his favourite passages in an author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many beauties or imperfec-

tions which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which Horace has expressed in those two famous lines—

—*Si quid novisti rebus istis,  
Candidus imperti; si non, tunc utere mecum.*

EP. VI. LIB. I. VER. ULT.

If you have made any better remarks of your own, communicate them with candour: if not, make use of these I present you with. C

## Nº CCLXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1712.

GRATULOR QUOD EUM QUEM NECESSE ERAT DILIGERE, QUALISCUNQUE ESSET, TALEM HABEMUS UT LIBENTER QUOQUE DILIGAMUS.

TREBONIUS APUD TULL.

I REJOICE, THAT THE PERSON, WHOM IT WAS MY DUTY TO LOVE, GOOD OR BAD, IS SUCH AN ONE, THAT I CAN LOVE HIM WITH A WILLING MIND.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am the happy father of a very towards son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur to many secret instincts, and biases of human nature which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will do something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that these are numberless little crimes

which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong mind towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is to us unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood to desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason

interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying—"Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone," Camillus knows, being in his favour, is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine, and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy—"There they go."

You cannot, Mr. Spectator, pass your time better than in insinuating the delights which these relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit to actions

the most insignificant. W

round the world, and observe the many misunderstandings which are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest servants between people thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated that men would be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection, and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct?

It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another; and when men act by instinct, hatreds will descend when good offices are forgotten. For the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is more easily transferred to our children than our love. Love always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spoils the person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him: from this degeneracy therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

One would think there should need no more to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflection would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you with two letters which passed between a mother and son very lately, and are as follows.

DEAR FRANK,

IF the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it, as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. Lennox, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my income, and that you would

eight hundred a year to the prejudice of his son. What Letacre said to you upon that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well-beloved servant, than to have called him country-put. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you, I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my jointure! I lived upon much less, Frank, when I carried you from place to place in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing for feeding and tending you a weakly child, and shedding tears when the convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my care you out grew them, to throw away the vigour of your youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your mother what is not yours to detain.

Both your sisters are crying to see the passion which I smother; but if you please to go on thus like a gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall immediately enter upon your estate for the arrears due to me, and without one tear more condemn you for forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as you have the example of your father. O Frank, do I live to omit writing myself, your affectionate mother,  
A. T.

MADAM,

I Will come down to-morrow and pay the money on my knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall, for I will be for ever hereafter your most dutiful son,  
F. T.

I will bring down new heads for my sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.  
T

## CCLXIV. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2.

———SECRETUM ITER ET FALLENTIS SEMITA VITÆ.

HOK. EP. XVIII. LIB. I. VER. 103.

———CLOSE RETIREMENT, AND A LIFE BY STEALTH.

CREECH.

**I**T has been from age to age an affection to love the pleasure of solitude, among those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing life in that manner. This people have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that subject, for which we are beholden to excellent persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the pleasures that enchant the generality of the world. This way of life is recommended indeed with great beauty, and in such a manner as disposes the reader for the time to a pleasing forgetfulness, or negligence of the particular hurry of life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that state which he is charmed with in description. But when we consider the world itself, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophic solitude, we shall be apt to change a regard to that sort of solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying time after the way a man himself likes best in the world, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it.

I have often observed, there is not a man breathing who does not differ from all other men, as much in the sentiments of his mind, as the features of his face. The felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an innocent method of enjoying a man's self, and turning out of the general tracks wherein you have crowds of rivals, there are those who pursue their own way out of a sourness and spirit of contradiction: these men do every thing which they are able to support, as if guilt and impunity could not go together. They chuse a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable constancy in matters of no manner of moment. Thus sometimes an old fellow shall wear this or that sort of cut in his cloaths with great integrity, while all the rest of the world are degenerated into buttons, pockets, and loops unknown to their ancestors. As insignificant as even this

is, if it were searched to the bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the fashion in his heart, and holds out from mere obstinacy. But I am running from my intended purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing away life, and is a contradiction to no man, but a resolution to contract none of the exorbitant desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a man's self from the world, is to give up the desire of being known to it. After a man has privy'd his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time spent his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a slave. If they who affect show and pomp knew how many of their spectators derided their trivial taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an inclination to examine the merit of all they have to do with: they would soon find out that there are many who make a figure below what their fortune or merit entitles them to, out of mere choice, and an elegant desire of ease and disincumbrance. It would look like a repugnance to tell you in this age of an old man who is contented to pass for an humourist, and one who does not understand the figure he ought to make in the world, while he lives in a lodging of ten shillings a week with only one servant: while he dresses himself according to the season in cloth or in stuff, and has no one necessary attention to any thing but the bell which calls to prayers twice a day. I say it would look like a fable to report that this gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great fortune, by secret methods, to other men. If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and of professors of service to him, he has every day he lives the confidence that the widow, the fatherless, the mourner, and the stranger, bless his unseen hand in their prayers. This humourist gives up all the compliments which people of his own constitution could make him, for the pleasures of helping the afflicted, supplying the needy, and befriending the neglected. This humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast refuse of his superfluities to purchase heaven, and by freeing others from the temptations of worldly want, to carry a picture with him thither.

*Of all men who affect living*

in a particular way, next to this admirable character, I am the most enamoured of Irus, whose condition will not admit of such largesses, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. Irus, though he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the world, in his real character, since five and twenty, at which age he ran out a small pauper, and spent some time after with rakes who had lived upon him: a course of ten years time, passed in all the little alleys, by-paths, and sometimes open taverns and streets of this town, gave Irus a perfect skill in judging of the inclinations of mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general horror which most men have of all who are in that condition. Irus judged very rightly, that while he could keep his poverty a secret, he should not feel the weight of it; he improved this thought into an observation of closeness and covetousness. Upon this one principle he resolved to govern his future life; and in the thirty-sixth year of his age he repaired to Long Lane, and looked upon several dwellings which hung there deserted by their first masters, and exposed to the purchase of the best bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay shabbiness of cloaths fit for a much younger man, to warlike ones that would be decent for a much older one. Irus came out thoroughly equipped from head to foot, with a little coken cane in the form of a substantial man that did not mind his dreis, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty pounds of ready-money; and in this habit, with this fortune, he took his present lodging in St. John's Street, at the mansion-house of a taylor's widow, who washes and can clear-starch his bands. From that time to this he has kept the main stock, without alteration under or over, to the value of five pounds. He left off all his old acquaintance to a man, and all his art of life, except the play of backgammon, upon which he has more than bore his charges. Irus has, ever since he came into this neighbourhood, given all the intimation he skillfully could of being a close hunk worth money: nobody comes to visit him, he receives no letters, and tells his money morning and evening. He has, from the public papers, a knowledge of what naturally

but shrugs his shoulders when you talk of securities; he denies his being rich with the air, which all do who are vain of being so: he is the oracle of a neighbouring justice of peace, who meets him at the coffee-house; the hopes that what he has must come to somebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect wherever he is known, that he every day has three or four invitations to dine at different places, which he generally takes care to chuse in such a manner, as not to seem inclined to the richer man. All the young men respect him, and say he is just the same man he was when they were boys. He uses no artifice in the world, but makes use of men's designs upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain peevishness, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His mien, his dress, his carriage, and his language, are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the active part of his life he had been a sensible citizen, or a scholar that knew the world. These are the great circumstances in the life of Irys, and thus does he pass away his days a stranger to mankind; and at his death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an inclination to print the following letters; for that I have heard the author of them has somewhere or other seen me, and by an excellent faculty in mimicry my correspondents tell me he can assume my air, and give my taciturnity a slyness which diverts more than any thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my silence is atoned for to the good company in town. He has carried his skill in imitation so far, as to have forged a letter from my friend Sir Roger in such a manner, that any one but I, who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

MR. SPECTATOR,

HAVING observed in Lilly's Grammar how sweetly Bacchus and Apollo run in a verse: I have, to preserve the amity between them, called in

Bacchus to the aid of my profession of the theatre. So that while some people of quality are bespeaking plays of me to be acted upon such a day, and others, hogheads for their houses against such a time; I am wholly employed in the agreeable service of wit and wine: Sir, I have sent you Sir Roger de Coverley's letter to me, which pray comply with in favour of the Bumper Tavern. Be kind, for you know a player's utmost pride is the approbation of the Spectator. I am your admirer, though unknown,  
RICHARD ESTCOURT.

TO MR. ESTCOURT, AT HIS HOUSE  
IN COVENT GARDEN.

COVERLEY, DEC. THE 18th, 1711.

OLD COMICAL ONES,

THE hogheads of neat port came safe, and have gotten thee good reputation in these parts; and I am glad to hear, that a fellow who has been laying out his money ever since he was born, for the mere pleasure of wine, has bethought himself of joining profit and pleasure together. Our sexton (poor man) having received strength from thy wine since his fit of the gout, is hugely taken with it: he says it is given by nature for the use of families, that no steward's table can be without it, that it strengthens digestion, excludes surfeits, fevers, and phlegm; which green wines of any kind cannot do. Pray get a pure snug room, and I hope next term to help fill your bumper with our people of the club; but you must have no bells stirring when the Spectator comes; I forbore ringing to dinner while he was down with me in the country. Thank you for the little hams and Portugal onions; pray keep some always by you. You know my supper is only good Cheshire cheese, best mustard, a golden pippin, attended with a pipe of John Sly's best. Sir Harry has stolen all your songs, and tells the story of the Fifth of November to perfection.

Yours, to serve you,  
ROGER DE COVERLEY.

We have lost old John since you were here.

T



N<sup>o</sup> CCLXV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3.DIXERIT E MULTIS ALIQUIS, QUIB VISUS IN ANGUST  
ADJICIS? ET RAPIDA TRADIDIT LUXU?

OVID. DE ART. AM. LIB. III. VER. 7.

BUT SOME EXCLAIM—WHAT PRESENCE RULES YOUR MIND?  
WOULD YOU INCREASE THE CRAFT OF WOMAN-KIND;  
TEACH THEM NEW WILES AND ARTS? AS WELL YOU MAY  
INSTRUCT A SNAKE TO BITE, OR WOLF TO PREY.

CONGRUUM.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be *‘femina pulcherrima—An animal that delights in finery.’* I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head, which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commodore.

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress: whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting season, with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambric, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament

be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodores. But our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, *‘that if you light your fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.’*

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philemot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from observing any farther the colour of their hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, inasmuch that the Whig and Tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to shew their principles in their head-dress. Nay, if I may believe

certain old coquette of his acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not questioning but that among such variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend Will, who very much values himself upon his great insight into gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When Melesinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution. 'When she covers it with purple, I would not,' says he, 'advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of the box with safety.'

Will informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. 'Why else,' says he, 'does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?'

Such are my friend Honeycomb's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity of colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion in the faces of my pretty countrywomen. Ovid in his Art of Love has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion, white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend Will, who pretends to be a greater master in this art than Ovid, tells me, that

the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarfanet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet; and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun. 'This,' says he, 'your Ovid himself has hinted where he treats of these matters, when he tells us that the blue water nymphs are dressed in sky-coloured garments; and that Aurora, who always appears in the light of the rising sun, is robed in saffron.'

Whether these his observations are justly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the ladies, praise or dispraise the complexion of a face which he never saw, from observing the colour of her hood, and has been very seldom out in these his guesses.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair-sex, I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the British ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense, as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies: in the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old Greek poet—

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τῆρεος, καὶ ὁ χρομία.

C

## Nº CCLXVI. FRIDAY, JANUARY 4.

IN VERO EST, QUOD EGO MINI PUTO PALMARIIUM,  
ME REPERISSE. QUOMODO ADOLESCENTULUS  
MERETRICUM INGENIA ET MORES POSSIT NOSCERE:  
MATURE UT CUM COGNORIT PERPETUO ODERIT.

TER. EUN. ACT. V. SC. 4.

I LOOK UPON IT AS MY MASTER-PIECE, THAT I HAVE FOUND OUT HOW A YOUNG FELLOW MAY KNOW THE DISPOSITION AND BEHAVIOUR OF HARLOTS, AND BY EARLY KNOWING COME TO DETEST THEM.

NO vice or wickedness which people fall into from indulgence to desires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the compassion of the virtuous part of the world; which indeed often makes me a little apt to su-

spect the sincerity of their virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other people's personal sins. The unlawful commerce of the sexes is of all other the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which you shall hear the rigidest part of wo-

man-kind

maankind speak of with so little mercy. It is very certain that a modest woman cannot abhor the breach of chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for herself, and only pity it in others. Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies, the outrageously virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon failures in general, with relation to the gift of chastity, but at present only enter upon that large field, and begin with the consideration of poor and public whores. The other evening passing along near Covent Garden, I was jogged on the elbow as I turned into the piazza, on the right-hand coming out of James Street, by a young slim girl of about seventeen, who with a pert air asked me if I was for a pint of wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my curiosity in having some chat with her, but that I am informed the man of the Bumper knows me; and it would have made a story for him not very agreeable to some part of my writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any scene I am in, but merely as a spectator. This impediment being in my way, we stood under one of the arches by twilight; and there I could observe as exact features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable shape, the finest neck and bosom, in a word, the whole person of a woman exquisitely beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced wantonness in her look and air; but I saw it checked with hunger and cold: her eyes were wan and eager, her dress thin and tawdry, her mien genteel and childish. This strange figure gave me much anguish of heart, and to avoid being seen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a crown. The poor thing sighed, curtsied, and with a blessing expressed with the utmost vehemence, turned from me. This creature is what they call 'newly come upon the town,' but, who, I suppose, falling into cruel hands, was left in the first month from her dishonour, and exposed to pass through the hands and discipline of one of those hags of hell whom we call bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this subject, and be myself outrageously good, I shall turn to a scene in one of Fletcher's plays, where this character is drawn, and the economy of whoredom most admirably described. The passage I would point to is in the third

scene of the second act of the Humorous Lieutenant. Leucippe, who is agent for the king's lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her minutes as a person of business, with two maids, her under-secretaries, taking instructions at a table before her. Her women, both those under her present tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her book; and she is looking over the letter C, in a muttering voice, as if between soliloquy and speaking out, she says—

Her maidenhead will yield me; let me see now;  
She is not fifteen they say: for her complexion—

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here I have her,  
Cloe, the daughter of a country gentleman;  
Her age upon fifteen. Now her complexion.  
A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,

The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,  
Sings most enticingly: these helps considered,  
Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,

Or three hundred and fifty crowns, 'twill  
bear it handsomely,

Her father's poor, some little share deducted,  
To buy him a hunting nag——

These creatures are very well instructed in the circumstances and manners of all who are any way related to the fair-one whom they have a design upon. As Cloe is to be purchased with three hundred and fifty crowns, and the father taken off with a pad; the merchant's wife next to her, who abounds in plenty, is not to have downright money, but the mercenary part of her mind is engaged with a present of plate and a little ambition. She is made to understand that it is a man of quality who dies for her. The examination of a young girl for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every other circumstance in the scene, are imitatively excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy; though it were to be wished the author had added a circumstance which should make Leucippe's baseness more odious.

It must not be thought a digression from my intended speculation, to talk of bawds in a discourse upon wenches; for a woman of the town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the education of one of these houses. But the compassion





many is, that they are taken  
ands without any the least  
vious temptation, or admo-  
at place they are going.  
k I went to an inn in the  
e for some provisions which  
a waggon out of the coun-  
waited in one of the boxes  
herlain had looked over his  
d an old and a young voice  
: questions and responses  
catechism. I thought it  
good-manners to peep at a  
look in at people so well  
ut who should I see there  
ft artful procuress in the  
ing a most beautiful coun-  
had come up in the same  
my things—' Whether she  
ucated, could forbear play-  
nton with servants and idle  
which this town,' says she,  
' at the same time, whe-  
v enough of breeding, as  
vire or gentleman, or one  
betters, should give her a  
she should curtesy and be-  
theless. Her innocent For-  
s, And't please you's, and

She would do her endeavour, moved the  
good old lady to take her out of the  
hands of a country humkin her brother,  
and hire her for her own maid. I staid  
till I saw them all marched out to take  
coach; the brother loaded with a great  
cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for  
her civilities to his sister. This poor  
creature's fate is not far off that of her's  
whom I spoke off above, and it is not  
to be doubted, but after she has been  
long enough a prey to lust, she will be  
delivered over to famine. The ironical  
commendation of the industry and cha-  
rity of these antiquated ladies, these di-  
rectors of sin, after they can no longer  
commit it, makes up the beauty of the  
inimitable dedication to the Plain-Dea-  
ler, and is a master-piece of raillery on  
this vice. But to understand all the pur-  
lieus of this game the better, and to il-  
lustrate this subject in future discourses,  
I must venture myself, with my friend  
Will, into the haunts of beauty and  
gallantry; from pampered vice in the  
habitations of the wealthy, to distressed  
indigent wickedness expelled the har-  
bours of the brothel.

T

## CCLXVII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5.

CEDITE ROMANI SCRIPTORES, CEDITE GRATI.

PROPERT. EL. XXXIV. LIB. 2. VER. 65.

GIVE PLACE, YE ROMAN, AND YE GRECIAN WITS.

It is nothing in nature so irk-  
s general discourses, especi-  
y turn chiefly upon words.  
on I shall wave the discus-  
point which was started some  
whether Milton's Paradise  
e called an heroic poem?  
will not give it that title,  
if they please, a divine  
ill be sufficient to it's per-  
has in it all the beauties of  
ind of poetry; and as for  
ledge it is not an heroic  
advance no more to the di-  
than if they should say  
Æneas, nor Eve Helen.  
erefore examine it by the  
poetry, and see whether it  
the Iliad or Æneid, in the  
ch are essential to that kind

The first thing to be con-  
in epic poem, is the fable,

which is perfect or imperfect, according  
as the action which it relates is more or  
less so. This action should have three  
qualifications in it. First, it should be  
but one action. Secondly, it should be  
an entire action; and, thirdly, it should  
be a great action. To consider the ac-  
tion of the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradise  
Lost, in these three several lights. Ho-  
mer, to preserve the unity of his action,  
hastens into the midst of things, as Ho-  
race has observed: had he gone up to  
Leda's egg, or begun much later even  
at the rape of Helen, or the investing of  
Troy, it is manifest that the story of the  
poem would have been a series of several  
actions. He therefore opens his poem  
with the discord of his princes, and art-  
fully interweaves, in the several succeed-  
ing parts of it, an account of every  
thing material which relates to them,  
and had passed before that fatal dissen-  
sion.

sion. After the same manner *Æneas* makes his first appearance in the *Tyrrhene* seas, and within the sight of *Italy*, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, *Virgil* makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the *Æneid*. The contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though for preserving of this unity of action they follow them in the disposition of the poem. *Milton*, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his *Paradise Lost*, with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, which preceded in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, which would have intirely destroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order they happened, he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

*Aristotle* himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critic and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* also labours in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem, which we have now under our consideration, hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in it's nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as *Virgil*, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of it's great rival, the *Carthaginian* commonwealth; *Milton*, with the like art in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many od

in such an episode, it's running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in the *Spanish Friar*, or the *Double Discovery*, where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem, is, that it should be an entire action; an action is entire when it is complete in all it's parts; or, as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from it's original to it's consummation. Thus we see the anger of *Achilles* in it's birth, it's continuance and effects; and *Æneas*'s settlement in *Italy*, carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it, both by sea and land. The action in *Milton* excels, I think, both the former in this particular: we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by Heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is it's greatness. The anger of *Achilles* was of such consequence, that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of *Troy*, and engaged all the gods in factions. *Æneas*'s settlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæsar*, and gave birth to the Roman empire. *Milton*'s subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, is

has a proper part assigned it in the noble poem.

Poetry, as in architecture, not only the sole, but the principal members, every part of them, should be great. I do not presume to say, that the books in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad* are of this nature, nor to read Virgil's simile of the top, and other of the same kind in the same as liable to any censure in this manner; but I think we may say, that it derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an unreasonable magnificence in every part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much more than could have been formed in any pagan system.

Aristotle, by the greatness of the does not only mean that it should be in its nature, but also in its manner, or in other words, that it should be of due length in it, as well as what properly call greatness. The justice of this kind of magnitude he is by the following similitude. A grain of incense, no bigger than a mite, can appear perfect to the eye, because it takes it in at once, and has a confused idea of the whole, and a distinct idea of all its parts; if on the contrary you should suppose an antient ten thousand furlongs in length, it would be so filled with a single part, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these are to the eye, a very short or a long action would be to the measure.

The first would be, as it were, swallowed up by it, and the second difficult to be contained in it. And Virgil have shewn their particular in this particular; the action in the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, themselves exceeding short, but beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like

poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books, as in the best invented story I ever met with. It is possible, that the traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more circumstances in them than the history of the Fall of Man, as it is related in Scripture. Besides, it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the restraints he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* the space of time which is taken up by the action of each of those poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticism on Milton's *Paradise Lost* shall be carried on in the following Saturday's papers.

L

## Nº CCLXVIII. MONDAY, JANUARY 7.

MINUS APTUS ACUTIS

NARIUS HORUM HOMINUM

HOR. SAT. III. LIB. I. VER. 29.

HE CANNOT BEAR THE RAILLERY OF THE AGE. CREECH.

It is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that I wholly forbear any attempt

towards it: I am of opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the world the plain letters of my correspondents in the articles



article's dress in which they hastily send them, that the reader may see I am not accuser and judge myself, but that the indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the criminal.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS you are Spectator-General, I apply myself to you in the following case, viz. I do not wear a sword, but I often divert myself at the theatre, where I frequently see a set of fellows pull plain people, by way of humour and frolic, by the nose, upon frivolous or no occasions. A friend of mine the other night applauded what a graceful exit Mr. Wilks made; one of these nose-wingers overhearing him, pinched him by the nose. I was in the pit the other night, when it was very much crowded, a gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his hand; for which he pulled me by the nose. I would not resent it in so public a place, because I was unwilling to create a disturbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, renders the nose-puller odious, and makes the person pulled by the nose look little and contemptible. This grievance I humbly request you will endeavour to redress. I am your admirer, &c.

JAMES EASY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOUR discourse of the 19th of December on love and marriage is of so useful a kind, that I cannot forbear adding my thoughts to your's on that subject. Methinks it is a misfortune, that the marriage state, which in it's own nature is adapted to give us the completest happiness this life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the mischief generally proceeds from the unwise choice people make for themselves, and an expectation of happiness from things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good qualities of the person beloved can be a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion; and whoever expect happiness from any thing but virtue, wisdom, good-humour, and a similitude of manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make riches their chief if not their only aim? How

for man, when he engages himself in the thoughts of marriage, to place his hopes of having in such a woman a constant agreeable companion? one who will divide his cares and double his joys? who will manage that share of his estate he entrusts to her conduct with prudence and frugality, govern his house with oeconomy and discretion, and be an ornament to himself and family? Where shall we find the man who looks out for one who places her chief happiness in the practice of virtue, and makes her duty her continual pleasure? No, men rather seek for money as the complement of all their desires; and regardless of what kind of wives they take, they think riches will be a minister to all kind of pleasures, and enable them to keep mistresses, horses, hounds, to drink, fust, and game with their companions, pay their debts contracted by former extravagancies, or some such vile and unworthy end; and indulge themselves in pleasures which are a shame and scandal to human nature. Now as for the women; how few of them are there who place the happiness of their marriage in the having a wise and virtuous friend? One who will be faithful and just to all, and constant and loving to them? who with care and diligence will look after and improve the estate, and without grudging allow whatever is prudent and convenient? rather, how few are there who do not place their happiness in outshining others in pomp and show? and that do not think within themselves, when they have married such a rich person, that none of their acquaintances shall appear so fine in their equipage, so adorned in their persons, or so magnificent in their furniture, as themselves? Thus their heads are filled with vain ideas; and I heartily wish I could say that equipage and show were not the chief good of so many women as I fear it is.

After this manner do both sexes deceive themselves, and bring reflections and disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable state of life; whereas if they would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find felicity in the marriage state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

Sir, if you think that I am right

to give them a better dress, and let them pass abroad; and you will oblige your admirer,

A. B.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS I was this day walking in the street, there happened to pass by on the other side of the way a beauty, whose charms were so attracting, that it drew my eyes wholly on that side, in so much that I neglected my own way, and chanced to run my nose directly against a post; which the lady no sooner perceived, but fell out into a fit of laughter, though at the same time she was sensible that herself was the cause of my misfortune, which in my opinion was the greater aggravation of her crime. I being busy wiping off the blood which trickled down my face, had not time to acquaint her with her barbarity, as also with my resolution, viz. never to look out of my way for one of her sex more: therefore, that your humble servant may be revenged, he desires you to insert this in one of your next papers, which he hopes will be a warning to all the rest of the women-gazers, as well as to poor

ANTHONY GAPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Desire to know in your next, if the merry game of 'the Parson has lost his cloke,' is not mightily in vogue amongst the fine ladies this Christmas; because I see they wear hoods of all colours, which I suppose is for that purpose: if it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some of those hoods with me to our ladies in Yorkshire; because they enjoined me to bring them something from London that was very new. If you can tell any thing in which I can

obey their commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform me, and you will extremely oblige

Your humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR, OXFORD, DEC. 29.

SINCE you appear inclined to be a friend to the distressed, I beg you would assist me in an affair under which I have suffered very much. The reigning toast of this place is Patetia; I have pursued her with the utmost diligence this twelvemonth, and find nothing stands in my way but one who flatters her more than I can. Pride is her favourite passion; therefore if you will be so far my friend as to make a favourable mention of me in one of your papers, I believe I should not fail in my addresses. The scholars stand in rows, as they did to be sure in your time, at her pew-door; and she has all the devotion paid to her by a crowd of youths who are unacquainted with the sex, and have inexperience added to their passion: however, if it succeeds according to my vows, you will make me the happiest man in the world, and the most obliged amongst all your humble servants.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Came to my mistress's toilet this morning, for I am admitted when her face is stark naked: she frowned, and cried Pish when I said a thing that I stole; and I will be judged by you whether it was not very pretty. 'Madam,' said I, 'you shall forbear that part of your dress; it may be well in others, but you cannot place a patch where it does not hide a beauty.'

T

Nº CCLXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8.

—EVO RARISSIMA NOSTRO  
SIMPLICITAS—

OVID. *ARS AM. LIB. I. VER. 241.*

AND BRINGS OUR OLD SIMPLICITY AGAIN.

DRYDEN.

I Was this morning surpris'd with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I im-

mediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-Inn walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately

lately received any letter from him, he told me that his matter was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugene, for so the knight always calls him; to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's-Inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, to make use of his own phrase, and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow. 'I have left,' says he, 'all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.'

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand in his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-popper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for hazel sticks out of one of

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. 'But for my own part,' says Sir Roger, 'I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.'

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chimes very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a firing of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' says Sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand regular tricks upon these occasions.'

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the church of England; and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas-day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made formal in-

drew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness—'Tell me truly,' says he, 'do not you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's procession?'—but without giving me time to answer him, 'Well, well,' says he, 'I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.'

The knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general; and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window,

which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room, who seemed to take pleasure in serving him, were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniencies about him.

L

## Nº CCLXX. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9.

DISCIT ENIM CITIUS, MEMINITQUE LIBENTIVS ILLUD,  
QUOD QUIS DERIDET, QUAM QUOD PROBAT—

HOR. EP. I. LIE. 2. VER. 262.

FOR WHAT'S DERIDED BY THE CENSURING CROWD,  
IS THOUGHT NO MORE THAN WHAT IS JUST AND GOOD.

CREECH.

I Do not know that I have been in greater delight for these many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the last time the Scornful Lady was acted. So great an assembly of ladies placed in gradual rows in all the ornaments of jewels, silks, and colours, gave so lively and gay an impression to the heart, that methought the season of the year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill expression of a young fellow who stood near me, that called the boxes those beds of tulips. It was a pretty variation of the prospect, when any one of these fine ladies rose up and did honour to herself and friend at a distance, by curtesying; and gave opportunity to that friend to shew her charms to the same advantage in returning the salutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful, as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent.

By the way, I must take the liberty to observe, that I did not see any one who is usually so full of civilities at church, offer at any such indecorum during any part of the action of the play. Such beautiful prospects gladden our minds, and when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty, may fix his imagination to his disquiet; but the contemplation of a whole assembly together, is a defence against the incroachment of desire: at least to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abstracted from the consideration of it's being the object of desire; at power, only as it sits upon another, without any hopes of partaking any share of it; at wisdom and capacity, without any pretensions to rival or envy it's acquisitions: I say to me, who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the persons of beautiful women,

men, or warming myself into ambition from the successes of other men, this world is not only a mere scene, but a very pleasant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I should have more imitators, than the powerfullest man in the nation has followers. To be no man's rival in love, or competitor in business, is a character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your heart on the same things which the generality dote on. By this means, and with this easy philosophy, I am never let at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with action as in that place; for most men follow nature no longer than while they are in their night-gowns, and all the busy part of the day are in characters which they neither become nor act in with pleasure to themselves or their beholders. But to return to my ladies: I was very well pleased to see in great a crowd of them assembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phrase is, is so just a picture of the vanity of the sex in tormenting their admirers. The lady who pines for the man whom she treats with so much impertinence and inconstancy, is drawn with much art and humour. Her resolutions to be extremely civil, but her vanity arising just at the instant that she resolved to express herself kindly, are described as by one who had studied the sex. But when my admiration is fixed upon this excellent character, and two or three others in the play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost indignation at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural representation of the chaplain. It is possible there may be a pedant in holy orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the world; but such a driveller as Sir Roger, so bereft of all manner of pride, which is the characteristic of a pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the head of the same man who drew the rest of the play. The meeting between Welford and him shews a wretch without any notion of the dignity of his function; and it is out of all common sense that he should give an

**himself** 'as one sent four or

'in a morning on foot for eggs.' It is not to be denied, but this part and that of the maid, whom he makes love to, are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in itself, grows still more so by the success in the execution of it. It is so mean a thing to gratify a loose age with a scandalous representation of what is reputable among men, not to say what is sacred, that no beauty, no excellence in an author ought to atone for it; nay, such excellence is an aggravation of his guilt, and an argument that he errs against the conviction of his own understanding and conscience. Wit should be tried by this rule, and an audience should rise against such a scene as throws down the reputation of any thing which the consideration of religion or decency should preserve from contempt. But all this evil arises from this one corruption of mind, that makes men resent offences against their virtue, less than those against their understanding. An author shall write as if he thought there was not one man of honour or woman of chastity in the house, and come off with applause for an insult upon all the ten commandments with the little critics, is not so bad as the breach of an unity of time and place. Half wits do not apprehend the miseries that must necessarily flow from degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the support of society. Sir Roger and his mistress are monsters of the poet's own forming; the sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in fools of their education. We all know that a silly scholar, instead of being below every one he meets, is apt to be exalted above the rank of such as are really his superiors: his arrogance is always founded upon particular notions of distinction in his own head, accompanied with a pedantic scorn of all fortune and pre-eminence, when compared with his knowledge and learning. This very one character of Sir Roger, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the disparagement of holy orders, and consequently of virtue itself, than all the wit that author or any other could make up for in the conduct of the longest life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself airs of more virtue than my neighbours, but assert it from the great

are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth in the recommendation of what is praise-worthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with

all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the people.

## Nº CCLXXI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10.

MILLE TRANENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 710.

DRAWING A THOUSAND COLOURS FROM THE LIGHT.

DRYDEN.

I Receive a double advantage from the letters of my correspondents; first, as they shew me which of my papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place, as they furnish me with materials for new speculations. Sometimes, indeed, I do not make use of the letter itself, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; sometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of speaking and thinking; and always, if it can be done without prejudice to the sense, omit the many compliments and applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the letters that are sent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the skilful management of the subscribing part at the end of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the ease, both of myself and reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to myself, and am the only punctual correspondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the public stuffed with my own commendations; and if, instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I shall leave these wise conjecturers to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

SIR,

I Was last Thursday in an assembly of ladies, where there were thirteen different coloured hoods. Your Spectator of that day lying upon the table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear voice, until I came to the Greek verse at the end of it. I

must confess I was a little startled at it's popping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my confusion as well as I could, and after having muttered two or three hard words to myself, laughed heartily, and cried—'A very good jest, 'faith.' The ladies desired me to explain it to them; but I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear, they might be sure the author would not have wrapped it up in Greek. I then let drop several expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a company of ladies. Upon which the matron of the assembly, who was dressed in a cherry-coloured hood, commended the discretion of the writer for having thrown his filthy thoughts into Greek, which was likely to corrupt but few of his readers. At the same time she declared herself very well pleased, that he had not given a decisive opinion upon the new fashioned hoods; 'For to tell you truly,' says she, 'I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to shew our heads.' Now, Sir, you must know, since this unlucky accident happened to me in a company of ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious man, I have consulted one who is well versed in the Greek language, and he assures me upon his word, that your late quotation means no more than That manners and not dress are the ornaments of a woman. If this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring myself off handsomely. In the mean while, I give you this account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of your well-wishers into the like inconveniencies. It is in the number of these that I beg leave to subscribe myself,

TOM TRIPIT.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**Y**OUR readers are so well pleased with your character of Sir Roger de Coverley, that there appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house, upon hearing the old knight was come to town. I am now with a knot of his admirers, who make it their joint request to you, that you would give us public notice of the window or balcony where the knight intends to make his appearance. He has already given great satisfaction to several who have seen him at Squire's coffee-house. If you think fit to place your short face at Sir Roger's left-elbow, we shall take the hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a favour. I am, Sir, your most devoted humble servant,

C. D.

SIR,

**K**NOWING that you are very inquisitive after every thing that is curious in nature, I will wait on you if you please in the dusk of the evening, with my show upon my back, which I carry about with me in a box, as only consisting of a man, a woman, and an horse. The two first are married, in which state the little cavalier has so well acquitted himself, that his lady is with child. The big-bellied woman, and

her husband, with their whimsical paltry, are so very light, that when they are put together into a scale, an ordinary man may weigh down the whole family. The little man is a bully in his nature; but when he grows choleric, I confine him to his box until his wrath is over, by which means I have hitherto prevented him from doing mischief. His horse is likewise very vicious, for which reason I am forced to tie him close to his manger with a pack-thread. The woman is a coquette. She struts as much as it is possible for a lady of two foot high, and would ruin me in silk, were not the quantity that goes to a large pin-cushion sufficient to make her a gown and petticoat. She told me the other day, that she heard the ladies wore coloured hoods, and ordered me to get her one of the finest blue. I am forced to comply with her demands whilst she is in her present condition, being very willing to have more of the same breed. I do not know what she may produce me, but provided it be a show, I shall be very well satisfied. Such novelties should not, I think, be concealed from the British Spectator; for which reason I hope you will excuse this presumption in your most dutiful, most obedient, and most humble servant,

L

S. T.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXXII. FRIDAY, JANUARY 11.

LONGA EST INJURIA, LONGA  
AMRAGES

VING. ÆN. I. VER. 345.

GREAT IS THE INJURY, AND LONG THE TALE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HE occasion of this letter is of so great importance, and the circumstances of it such, that I know you will but think it just to insert it, in preference of all other matters that can present themselves to your consideration. I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I am in love. The circumstances of my passion I shall let you understand as well as a disordered mind will admit. That cursed pick-thank Mrs. Jane! alas, I am railing at one to you by her name as familiarly as if you were acquainted with her as well as myself; but I will tell you all, as fast as the alternate interruptions of love and an,

me leave. There is a most agreeable young woman in the world whom I am passionately in love with, and from whom I have for some space of time received as great marks of favour as will fit for her to give, or me to desire. The successful progress of the affair of all others the most essential towards a man's happiness, gave a new life and spirit not only to my behaviour and discourse, but also a certain grace to all my actions and the commerce of life in all things though never so remote from love. You know the predominant passion spreads itself through all a man's transactions, and exalts or depresses him according to the nature of each.

have not yet begun my story, and what is making sentences and observations, when a man is pleading for his life? To begin then: this lady has corresponded with me under the names of love, she my Belinda, I her Cleanthes. Though I am thus well got into the account of my affair, I cannot keep in the thread of it so much as to give you the character of Mrs. Jane, whom I will not hide under a borrowed name; but let you know that this creature has been since I knew her very handsome, (though I will not allow her even she has been for the future) and during the time of her bloom and beauty was so great a tyrant to her lovers, so over-valued herself, and under-rated all her pretenders, that they have deserted her to a man; and she knows no comfort but that common one to all in her condition, the pleasure of interrupting the amours of others. It is impossible but you must have seen several of these volunteers in malice, who pass their whole time in the most laborious way of life, in getting intelligence, running from place to place with new whispers, without reaping any other benefit but the hopes of making others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. Jane happened to be at a place where I, with many others well acquainted with my passion for Belinda, passed a Christmas evening. There was among the rest a young lady, so free in mirth, so amiable in a just reserve that accompanied it; I wrong her to call it a reserve, but there appeared in her a mirth or cheerfulness which was not a forbearance of more immoderate joy, but the natural appearance of all which could flow from a mind possessed of an habit of innocence and purity. I must have utterly forgot Belinda to have taken no notice of one who was growing up to the same womanly virtues which shine to perfection in her, had I not distinguished one who seemed to promise to the world the same life and conduct with my faithful and lovely Belinda. When the company broke up, the fine young thing permitted me to take care of her home. Mrs. Jane saw my particular regard to her, and was informed of my attending her to her father's house. She came early to Belinda the next morning, and asked her if Mrs. Such-a-one had been with her? 'No.' If Mr. Such-a-one's

lady? 'No.'—'Nor your cousin Such-a-one?'—'No.'—'Lord,' says Mrs. Jane, 'what is the friendship of women?'—'Nay, they may well laugh at it. And did no one tell you any thing of the behaviour of your lover Mr. What-d'ye-call last night? But perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young Mrs. — on Tuesday next.' Belinda was here ready to die with rage and jealousy. Then Mrs. Jane goes on: 'I have a young kinsman who is clerk to a great conveyancer, who shall shew you the rough draught of the marriage-settlement. The world says her father gives him two thousand pounds more than he could have with you.' I went innocently to wait on Belinda as usual, but was not admitted; I writ to her, and my letter was sent back unopened. Poor Betty her maid, who is on my side, has been here just now blubbering, and told me the whole matter. She says she did not think I could be so base; and that she is now so odious to her mistress for having so often spoke well of me, that she dare not mention me more. All our hopes are placed in having these circumstances fairly represented in the Spectator, which Betty says she dare not but bring up as soon as it is brought in; and has promised when you have broke the ice to own this was laid between us: and when I can come to an hearing, the young lady will support what we say by her testimony, that I never saw her but that once in my whole life. Dear Sir, do not omit this true relation, nor think it too particular; for there are crowds of forlorn coquettes who intermingle themselves with other ladies, and contract familiarities out of malice, and with no other design but to blast the hopes of lovers, the expectation of parents, and the benevolence of kindred. I doubt not but I shall be, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CLEANTHES.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JAN. 10.

SIR,

THE other day entering a room adorned with the fair-sex, I offered, after the usual manner, to each of them a kiss; but one, more scornful than



than the rest, turned her cheek. I did not think it proper to take any notice of it until I had asked your advice. Your humble servant,

E. S.

The correspondent is desired to say which cheek the offender turned to him.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM THE PARISH-VESTRY, JAN. 9.

ALL ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods, are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation.

T

RALPH.

## Nº CCLXXIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

—NOTANDI SUNT TIBI MORES.

HOR. ART. POET. VER. 136.

NOTE WELL THE MANNERS.

HAVING examined the action of *Paradise Lost*, let us in the next place consider the actors. This is Aristotle's method of considering, first the fable, and secondly the manners; or, as we generally call them in English, the fable and the characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his characters: every god that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His princes are as much distinguished by their manners, as by their dominions; and even those among them, whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not ascribe to the person that speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a person who had lived thrice the age of man, and conversed with Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the first race of heroes. His principal actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewise a place in his poem, and the venerable Trojan prince, who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in these several characters of Homer, a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a

Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. *Aeneas* is indeed a perfect character; but as for *Achates*, though he is styled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deserve that title. *Gyus*, *Mnestheus*, *Sergestus*, and *Cloanthus*, are all of them men of the same stamp and character.

—*Fortemque Gyas, fortemque Cloanthum.*

There are indeed several natural incidents in the part of *Aeneas*; as that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lausus* and *Mezentius* are almost parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The characters of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In short, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the persons of the *Aeneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the characters of *Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole species of mankind was in two persons at the time to which the subject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct characters in these two persons. We see man and woman in the highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last characters are, indeed, very common and ordinary; but the two first are not only more magnificent, but

a buffoon among his  
sages among his mor

Milton was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of Sin and Death, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of this allegory may atone for it in some measure, I cannot think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper actors in an epic poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them, which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall shew more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an actress in the *Æneid*, but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*, several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, and may perhaps be used as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion such characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part, I should be glad the reader would think so, for the sake of the poem I am now examining; and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey* is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the subtlety of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than Ulysses, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader.

We may likewise observe with how much art the poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in his *infernal assembly*. On the contrary,

how has he represented the whole God-head exerting itself towards man in it's full benevolence under the threefold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the person of Raphael, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for man, shews such a dignity and condescension in all his speech and behaviour, as are suitable to a superior nature. The angels are indeed as much diversified in Milton, and distinguished by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing ascribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to those two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having chosen for their heroes persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and *Æneas* the remote founder of Rome. By this means their countrymen, whom they principally proposed to themselves for their readers, were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes, and victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or disappointments that befel him; as a Greek must have had the same regard for Achilles. And it is plain that each of those poems have lost this great advantage, among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers, or indifferent persons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of it's readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to it's advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives. We have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of Aristotle, which hath been very much misrepresented in the quotations

tions of some modern critics. 'If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person.' But as that great philosopher adds, 'If we see a man of virtue mixt with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity but our terror; because we are afraid that the like misfortunes may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character of the suffering person.'

I shall take another opportunity to observe, that a person of an absolute and consummate virtue should never be introduced in tragedy, and shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of Aristotle, though it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune

are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry, which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer, cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time; since it is plain his rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the *Æneid* which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Aristotle. C

## Nº CCLXXIV. MONDAY, JANUARY 14.

AUDIRE EST OPERÆ PARTIUM, PROCEDERE RECTE  
QUI MOECHIS NON VULTIS

HOR. SAT. II. LIB. I. VER. 37.

ALL YOU, WHO THINK THE CITY NE'ER CAN THRIVE,  
TELL EVERY CUCKOLD-MAKER'S FLAY'D ALIVE,  
ATTEND.

POPE.

I Have upon several occasions, that have occurred since I first took into my thoughts the present state of fornication, weighed with myself in behalf of guilty females, the impulses of flesh and blood, together with the arts and gallantries of crafty men; and reflect with some scorn that most part of what we in our youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an habit of indulging a pruriency that way. It will cost some labour to bring people to so lively a sense of this, as to recover the manly modesty in the behaviour of my men readers, and the bashful grace in the faces of my women; but in all cases which come into debate, there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true light into the subject matter; therefore it will, in the first place, be necessary to consider the impotent wenchers and industrious hags, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying, new sacrifices to the devil of lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as

it already, that the great

is made in the habitations of beauty and innocence, is committed by such as can only lay waste and not enjoy the soil. When you observe the present state of vice and virtue, the offenders are such as one would think should have no impulse to what they are pursuing; as in business, you see sometimes tools pretend to be knaves, so in pleasure, you will find old men set up for wenchers. This latter sort of men are the great basis and fund of iniquity in the kind we are speaking of; you shall have an old rich man often receive straw from the several quarters of the town, with descriptions of the new wares in their hands, if he will please to send word when he will be waited on. This interview is contrived, and the innocent is brought to such indecencies as from time to time banish shame and raise desire. With these preparatives the hags break their wards by looks and sighs, until they are ready to be

ofscript of a hag to a young fellow whom she invites to a new woman she has, I assure you, seen none older than Mr. Such-a-one.' It pleases the fellow that the nymph is brought unadorned, and from his bounty accommodated with enough to serve for other lovers. This is the ordinary method of bringing beauty and poverty into the possession of the one, but the particular cases of kind and skilful pimps, and all others who give a separate trade, and are not of the general society or commerce of the town, require distinct consideration. At the same time that we are thus severely abandoned, we are to represent ourselves to others with that mitigation of circumstances demand. Calling a woman does no good; to speak worse of her than it deserves, does only hurt from the credit of the accuser, and is implicitly the force of an apology on the behalf of the person accused. All therefore, according as the circumstances differ, vary our appellations of these criminals: those who offend against themselves, and are not dangerous to society, but out of defiance

the sober part of the world, have so much good left in them as to be ashamed, and not be huddled in the common due to the worst of women; but it is to be had to their circumstances when they fall, to the uneasiness under which they lived under their parents, to the imputation of poverty, to the violence of passion in its beginning well grounded, and all other alleviations which make pity women resign the characteristic of their sex, modesty. To do otherwise than this, would be to act like a pedantic who thinks all crimes alike, and make an impartial Spectator, who upon them with all the circumstances that diminish or enhance the

I am in hopes, if this subject be pursued, women will hereafter from infancy be treated with an eye to their future state in the world; and not their tempers made too untractable by an improper sourness or pride, or implying from familiarity or familiarity-contracted at their own houses.

These hints on this subject, I shall give in my paper with the following letter; and desire all who think may be concerned in future speculation on this subject, to send in what

they have to say for themselves for some incidents in their lives, in order to have proper allowances made for their conduct.

MR. SPECTATOR, JAN. 5, 1711.

THE subject of your yesterday's paper is of so great importance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very useful to the preservation of many an innocent young creature, that I think every one is obliged to furnish us with what lights he can, to expose the pernicious arts and practices of those unnatural women called bawds. In order to this the inclosed is sent you, which is *verbatim* the copy of a letter written by a bawd of figure in this town to a noble lord. I have concealed the names of both, my intention being not to expose the persons but the thing. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

MY LORD,

I Having a great esteem for your honour, and a better opinion of you than of any of the quality, makes me acquaint you of an affair that I hope will oblige you to know. I have a niece that came to town about a fortnight ago. Her parents being lately dead, she came to me, expecting to have found me in so good a condition as to set her up in a milliner's shop. Her father gave fourscore pound with her for five years: her time is out, and she is not sixteen: as pretty a black gentlewoman as ever you saw, a little woman, which I know your lordship likes: well shaped, and as fine a complexion for red and white as ever I saw; I doubt not but your lordship will be of the same opinion. She designs to go down about a month hence, except I can provide for her, which I cannot at present: her father was one with whom all he had died with him, so there is four children left destitute; so if your lordship thinks fit to make an appointment where I shall wait on you with my niece, by a line or two, I stay for your answer; for I have no place fitted up since I left my house, fit to entertain your honour. I told her she should go with me to see a gentleman, a very good friend of mine; so I desire you to take no notice of my letter, by reason she is ignorant of the ways of the town. My lord, I desire if you meet us to come alone; for upon my word and honour you are the first that

ever

ever I mentioned her to. So I remain, I beg of you to burn it when  
your lordship's most humble servant to have read it.  
command.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15.

—TERTIUS ANTICYPRIUS CAPUT INSEANABILE—

HOR. AET. PORT. VET. 300.

A HEAD NO HELLBORE CAN CURE.

I Was yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, inasmuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have

been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set whole company a sneezing, and by scent discovered itself to be right Sassafras. The several other cells were also with commodities of the same kind, which it would be tedious to give a reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, with promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and lute musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled with wind or froth. But the largest entered into a great cavity of the skull from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance which the French anatomists call *glandulae*, and the English *nostrils*.

The skin of the forehead was extremely tough and thick, and, what much surprised us, had not in them a single blood-vessel that we were able





; either with or without our from whence we concluded, that y when alive must have been in- deprived of the faculty of blush-

os cribriforme was exceedingly and in some places damaged iff. We could not but take no- particular of that small muscle : not often discovered in dissec- and draws the nose upwards, expresses the contempt which the f it has, upon seeing any thing not like, or hearing any thing not understand. I need not tell ned reader, this is that muscle performs the motion so often ed by the Latin poets, when k of a man's cocking his nose, ng the rhinoceros.

id not find any thing very re- in the eye, saving only, that sculi amatorii, or as we may it into English, the ogling mus- ve very much worn and decayed ; whereas, on the contrary, the , or the muscle which turns the urds heaven, did not appear to nused at all.

: only mentioned in this dissec- new discoveries as we were able , and have not taken any notice parts which are to be met with in heads. As for the skull, the id indeed the whole outward d figure of the head, we could ver any difference from what ve in the heads of other men.

We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all it's apartments, and it's several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into it's proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quick-silver.

He applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burthen my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day. L

## CCLXXVI. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16.

ERRORI NOMEN VIRTUS POSUISSET HONESTUM.

HOR. SAT. III. LIB. I. VER. 42.

MISCONDUCT SCREEN'D BEHIND A SPECIOUS NAME.

PECTATOR,  
: you have philosophy enough : capable of bearing the men- our faults. Your papers which e fallen part of the fair-sex, ink, written with an indelicacy akes them unworthy to be in- the writings of a moralist who e world. I cannot allow that at liberty to observe upon the f mankind with the freedom u seem to resolve upon; at least o so, you should take along

with you the distinction of manners of the world, according to the quality and way of life of the persons concerned. A man of breeding speaks of even misfortune among ladies, without giving it the most terrible aspect it can bear: and this tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of vices. All mankind are so far related, that care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in terms which shall disgust another. Thus to tell a rich



carry all the horror of shame and contempt: if you paint an impertinent self-love, an artful glance, an assumed complexion, you say all which you ought to suppose they can be possibly guilty of. When you talk with this limitation, you behave yourself so as that you may expect others in conversation may second your raillery; but when you do it in a stile which every body else forbears in respect to their quality, they have an easy remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their faults. A man that is new and then guilty of an intemperance is not to be called a drunkard; but the rule of polite raillery, is to speak of a man's faults as if you loved him. Of this nature is what was said by Cæsar: when one was railing with an uncourtly vehemence, and broke out—'What must we call him \* who was taken in an intrigue with another man's wife?' Cæsar answered very gravely—'A careless fellow.' This was at once a reprimand for speaking of a crime which in those days had not the abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as an intimation that all intemperate behaviour before superiors loses its aim, by accusing in a method unfit for the audience. A word to the wise. All

most delight in me as a woman, is to talk over all his old amours in my presence, to play with my neck, say 'the time was,' give me a kiss, and bid me to be sure to follow the directions of my guardian, (the above-mentioned lady) and I shall never want. The truth of my case is, I suppose, that I was educated for a purpose he did not know he should be unfit for when I came to years. Now, Sir, what I ask of you, as a casuist, is to tell me how far in these circumstances I am innocent, though submissive; he guilty, though impotent?

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

PUCELLA.

TO THE MAN CALLED THE SPECTATOR.

FRIEND,

**F**ORASMUCH as at the birth of thy labour, thou didst promise upon thy word, that letting alone the vanities that do abound, thou wouldst only endeavour to strengthen the crooked morals of this

our Babylon, I gave credit to thy fan speeches, and admitted one of thy papers, every day save Sunday, into my house; for the edification of my daughter Tabitha, and to the end that Susannah the wife of my bosom might profit thereby. But alas! my friend, I find that thou art a liar, and that the truth is not in thee; else why didst thou in a paper which thou didst lately put forth, make mention of those vain coverings for the heads of our females, which thou lovest to liken unto tulips, and which are lately sprung up among us? Nay, why didst thou make mention of them in such a seeming, as if thou didst approve the invention, inasmuch that my daughter Tabitha beginneth to wax wanton, and to lust after these foolish vanities? Surely thou dost see with the eyes of the flesh. Verily therefore, unless thou dost speedily amend and leave off following thine own imaginations, I will leave off thee. Thy friend as hereafter thou dost demean thyself,

T HEZEKIAH BROADBRIM.

Nº CCLXXVII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17.

—FAS EST ET AB HOSTE DOCERI.

UVID. MET. LIB. IV. VER. 428.

RECEIVE INSTRUCTION FROM AN ENEMY.

**I** Presume I need not inform the polite part of my readers, that before our correspondence with France was unhappily interrupted by the war, our ladies had all their fashions from thence; which the milliners took care to furnish them with by means of a jointed baby, that came regularly over once a month, habited after the manner of the most eminent toasts in Paris.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest time of the war, the sex made several efforts, and raised large contributions towards the importation of this wooden Mademoiselle.

Whether the vessel they set out was lost or taken, or whether it's cargo was seized on by the officers of the custom-house as a piece of contraband goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain, their first attempts were without success, to the no small disappointment of our whole female world; but as their constancy and application, in a matter of so great importance, can

never be sufficiently commended, I am glad to find, that in spite of all opposition, they have at length carried their point, of which I received advice by the two following letters.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Am so great a lover of whatever is French, that I lately discarded an humble admirer, because he neither spoke that tongue, nor drank claret. I have long bewailed, in secret, the calamities of my sex during the war, in all which time we have laboured under the insupportable inventions of English tirewomen, who, though they sometimes copy indifferently well, can never compose with that goût they do in France.

I was almost in despair of ever more seeing a model from that dear country, when last Sunday I overheard a lady in the next pew to me, whisper another, that at the Seven-Stars in King Street, Covent Garden, there was a Mademoiselle

moiselle completely dressed just come from Paris.

I was in the utmost impatience during the remaining part of the service; and as soon as ever it was over, having learnt the milliner's address, I went directly to her house in King Street, but was told that the French lady was at a person of quality in Pall Mall, and would not be back again until very late that night. I was therefore obliged to renew my visit early this morning, and had then a full view of the dear moppet from head to foot.

You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculously I find we have all been trussed up during the war, and how infinitely the French dress exceeds ours.

The mantua has no leads in the sleeves, and I hope we are not lighter than the French ladies, so as to want that kind of ballast; the petticoat has no whalebone, but sits with an air altogether gallant and degagé: the coiffure is inexpressibly pretty, and in short, the whole dress has a thousand beauties in it, which I would not have as yet made too public.

I thought fit, however, to give this notice, that you may not be surpris'd at my appearing *à la mode de Paris* on the next birth-night. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

TERAMINTA.

Within an hour after I had read this letter, I received another from the owner of the puppet.

SIR,

ON Saturday last, being the 22th instant, there arriv'd at my house in King Street, Covent Garden, a French baby for the year 1712. I have taken the utmost care to have her dress'd by the most celebrated tire-women and mantua-makers in Paris, and do not find that I have any reason to be sorry for the expence I have been at in her cloaths and importation; however, as I know no person who is so good a judge of dress as yourself, if you please to call at my house in your way to the city, and take a view of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall disapprove in your next paper, before I exhibit her as a pattern to the public. I am, Sir, your most humble adviser, and most obedient servant,

BETTY

As I am willing to do any reason for the service of my women, and had much rather faults than find them, I went to the house of the above-m Mrs. Cross-stitch. As soon as enter'd, the maid of the shop, suppose, was prepared for my without asking me any question introduced me to the little dam ran away to call her mistress.

The puppet was dress'd in a coloured gown and petticoat, short working apron over it, which covered her shape to the most advantage. Her hair was cut and divid'd prettily, with several ribbons fasten'd and down in it. The milliner said, that her complexion was as was worn by all the ladies of fashion in Paris. Her head was extremely high, on which subject I long since declared my sentiments. I shall say nothing more to it at present. I was also offend'd at a small piece of lace worn on her breast, which I cannot suppose is plac'd there with any design.

Her necklace was of an immense length, being tied before in the same manner, that the two ends hung down to her girdle; but whether these were the place of kissing strings in my country, and whether our ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious consideration.

After having observ'd the parts of her dress, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the shop-maid, who was a pert wench, told me that Madam had something very curious in the bottom of her garters; but as I pay due regard even to a pair of sticks when I am under petticoats, I did not examine that particular.

Upon the whole, I was well pleas'd with the appearance of the puppet-lady, and the more so because she was not talkative, a quality very rare in our puppet-mat with in the rest of her countrywomen.

As I was taking my leave, the milliner farther inform'd me, that with the assistance of a watch-maker, and her neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. Powel, she had also contriv'd a new puppet, which by the help of little springs to be wound up with a key could move all it's limbs, and it

and bendings of the head, the risings of the bosom, the courtesey and recovery, the genteel trip, and the agreeable jet, as they are now practised at the court of France.

She added that she hoped she might depend upon having my encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this

was a petition of too great importance to be answered *extempore*, I left her without reply, and made the best of my way to Will Honeycomb's lodgings, without whose advice I never communicate any thing to the public of this nature. X

## Nº CCLXXVIII. FRIDAY, JANUARY 18.

—SERMONES EGO MALLEM  
REPENTES PER HUMUM—

HOR. EP. I. LIB. 2. VER. 250.

I RATHER CHOOSE A LOW AND CREEPING STYLE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

SIR,

YOUR having done considerable services in this great city, by rectifying the disorders of families, and several wives having preferred your advice and directions to those of their husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this time. I am a shop-keeper, and though but a young man, I find by experience that nothing but the utmost diligence both of husband and wife, among trading people, can keep affairs in any tolerable order. My wife at the beginning of our establishment shewed herself very assiduous to me in my business as much as could lie in her way, and I have reason to believe it was with her inclination; but of late she has got acquainted with a schoolman, who values himself for his great knowledge in the Greek tongue. He entertains her frequently in the shop with discourses of the beauties and excellencies of that language; and repeats to her several passages out of the Greek poets, wherein he tells her there is unspeakable harmony and agreeable sounds that all other languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatuated her with his jargon, that instead of using her former diligence in the shop, she now neglects the affairs of the house, and is wholly taken up with her tutor in learning by heart scraps of Greek, which she vents upon all occasions. She told me some days ago, that whereas I use some Latin inscriptions in my shop, she advised me with a great deal of concern to have them changed into Greek; it being a language less understood, would be more conformable to the mystery of my profession;

that our good friend would be assiduous to us in this work; and that a certain faculty of gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me, that they would infallibly make my fortune: in short, her frequent importunities upon this and other impertinencies of the like nature make me very uneasy; and if your remonstrances have no more effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin myself to procure her a settlement at Oxford with her tutor, for she is already too mad for Beulam. Now, Sir, you see the danger my family is exposed to, and the likelihood of my wife's becoming both troublesome and useless, unless her reading herself in your paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned that I cannot pretend by word of mouth to argue with her. She laughed out at your ending a paper in Greek, and said it was a hint to women of literature, and very civil not to translate it to expose them to the vulgar. You see how it is with, Sir, your humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IF you have that humanity and compassion in your nature that you take such pains to make one think you have, you will not deny your advice to a distressed damsel, who intends to be determined by your judgment in a matter of great importance to her. You must know then, there is an agreeable young fellow, to whose person, wit, and humour, no body makes any objection, that pretends to have been long in love with me. To this I must add, whether it proceeds from the vanity of my nature, or the seeming sincerity of my lover,

lover, I will not pretend to say, that I verily believe he has a real value for me; which if true, you will allow may justly augment his merit with his mistress. In short, I am so sensible of his good qualities, and what I owe to his passion, that I think I could sooner resolve to give up my liberty to him than any body else, were there not an objection to be made to his fortunes, in regard they do not answer the utmost mine may expect, and are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the reproachful phrase, so commonly used, that she has played the fool. Now, though I am one of those few who heartily despise equipage, diamonds, and a cockcomb, yet since such opposite notions from mine prevail in the world, even amongst the best, and such as are esteemed the most prudent people, I cannot find in my heart to resolve upon incurring the censure of those wise folks, which I am conscious I shall do, if when I enter into a married state, I discover a thought beyond that of equalling, if not advancing my fortunes. Under this difficulty I now labour, not being in the least determined whether I shall be governed by the vain world, and the frequent examples I meet with, or hearken to the voice of my lover, and the motions I find in my heart in favour of him. Sir, your opinion and advice in this affair, is the only thing I know can turn the balance; and which I earnestly entreat I may receive soon; for until I have your thoughts upon it, I am engaged not to give my swain a final discharge.

Besides the particular obligation you will lay on me, by giving this subject room in one of your papers, it is possible it may be of use to some others of my sex, who will be as grateful for the favour as, Sir, your humble servant,

FLORINDA.

P. S. To tell you the truth, I am married to him already, but pray say something to justify me.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU will forgive us professors of music if we make a second application to you, in order to promote our design of exhibiting entertainments of music in York Buildings. It is industriously insinuated that our intention is to destroy operas in general, but we beg of you to insert this plain explanation of ourselves in your paper. Our purpose is only to improve our circumstances, by improving the art which we profess. We see it utterly destroyed at present, and as we were the persons who introduced operas, we think it a groundless imputation that we should set up against the opera itself. What we pretend to assert is, that the songs of different authors injudiciously put together, and a foreign tone and manner which are expected in every thing now performed amongst us, has put music itself to a stand; inasmuch that the ears of the people cannot now be entertained with any thing but what has an impertinent gaiety, without any just spirit, or a languishment of notes, without any passion or common sense. We hope those persons of sense and quality who have done us the honour to subscribe, will not be ashamed of their patronage towards us, and not receive impressions that patronising us is being for or against the opera; but truly promoting their own diversions in a more just and elegant manner than has been hitherto performed. We are, Sir, your most humble servants,

THOMAS CLAYTON.

NICOLINO HAYM.

CHARLES DIEUXART.

There will be no performances in York Buildings until after that of the subscription.

T

CCLXXIX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

REDDERE PERSONÆ SCIT CONVENIENTIA CUIQUE.

HOR. ARS. POET. VER. 316.

HE KNOWS WHAT BEST BEFITS EACH CHARACTER.

E have already taken a general survey of the fable and character of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The which remain to be considered, according to Aristotle's method, are the sentiments and language. Before I begin upon the first of these, I must address myself to my reader, that it is my design, as I have finished my general remarks upon these four several heads, to particularise instances out of the poem now before us of beauties and actions which may be observed in each of them, as also of such particulars as may not properly belong to any of them. This I thought requisite, that the reader may not be so hastily of this piece of criticism, upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

The sentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the poet ascribes to the persons whom he invents, and are just when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise relation to things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the poet endeavours to praise or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for those ends. He is censured by the critics for his want of this particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though at the same time those, who have treated of that poet with candour, have admitted this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and of Homer, if there wants that propriety in some of his sentiments, which appears in the works of men of a superior genius. Besides, if there is an infinite beauty in the greatest of them. In short, if there are poets who would not have fallen

into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. Milton shines likewise very much in this particular; nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in history, or in ordinary conversation. Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shews a greater genius in Shakespeare to have drawn his Caliban, than his Hotspur or Julius Cæsar: the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history, and observation. It was much easier, therefore, for Homer to find proper sentiments for an assembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diversify his infernal council with proper characters, and inspire them with a variety of sentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has passed between other persons. Adam and Eve, before the fall, are a different species from that of mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a poet of the most unbounded invention, and the most exquisite judgment, could have filled their conversation and behaviour with so many apt circumstances during their state of innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are natural, unless it abound also with such as are sublime. Virgil in this particular falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his

and, second, and sixth books. The seventh, which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, though not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor consequently so perfect in the epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has observed on several passages in Homer, and he will find parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil: he has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are so often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural. H. C.

able in the whole  
ing else but a string  
too very indifferent

heir plight,  
in derision call'd.  
ne not on those victors

re were coming, and

air with *open front*,  
ould we more?) pro-

ht they chang'd their

trange vagaries fell  
: yet for a dance they

int, and wild; perhaps

' For joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose  
' If our proposals once again were *heard*,  
' We should compel them to a quick *result*.  
To whom thus Belial in like gamester's  
mood:

' Leader, the terms we sent were terms of  
' *weight*,

' Of *hard contents*, and full of force urg'd  
' home;

' Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
' And *stumbled* many: who receives them

' right,

' Had need from head to foot well *understand*;

' Not *understood*, this gift they have besides;

' They shew us when our foes *walk not*  
' *upright*."

Thus they among themselves in pleasant  
vein

Stood scoffing——

L

### XXX. MONDAY, JANUARY 21.

NEUS PLACUISSE VIRIS NON ULTIMA LAUS EST.

HOR. EP. XVII. LIB. I. VER. 35.

SEE THE GREAT IS NOT THE SMALLEST PRAISE.

CREECH.

easing makes a man  
unwelcome to those  
erises, according to  
rich that inclination  
If your concern for  
s from innate bene-  
fails of success; if  
cel, it's disappoint-  
uin. What we call  
he who is endowed  
nt to do acceptable  
nt he takes in them  
id the affectation of  
at constitutes a fop.  
s one may draw up  
any manner of fi-  
mb show. A ra-  
nversation is com-  
who have the talent  
licacy of sentiments  
l chastity of thought;  
is frequently made  
mirth, and is usu-  
oustrained, obscene,  
ms. Now and then  
un, so exactly form-  
it is no matter what  
ing, that is to say,  
anner of importanee  
n gain upon every  
beholds him. This  
ift of nature only,

but must be attended with happy cir-  
cumstances, which add a dignity to the  
familiar behaviour which distinguishes  
him whom we call an agreeable man.  
It is from this that every body loves  
and esteems Polycarpus. He is in the  
vigour of his age and the gaiety of life,  
but has passed through very conspicuous  
scenes in it; though no soldier, he has  
shared the danger, and acted with great  
gallantry and generosity on a decisive  
day of battle. To have those qualities  
which only make other men conspicuous  
in the world as it were supernumerary  
to him, is a circumstance which gives  
weight to his most indifferent actions;  
for as a known credit is ready cash to a  
trader, so is acknowledged merit im-  
mediate distinction, and serves in the  
place of equipage to a gentleman. This  
renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth,  
important in business, and regarded  
with love, in every ordinary occurrence.  
But not to dwell upon characters which  
have such particular recommendations  
to our hearts, let us turn our thought  
rather to the methods of pleasing which  
must carry men through the world who  
cannot pretend to such advantages.  
Falling in with the particular humour  
or manner of one above you, abstracted  
from the general rules of good behavi-  
our,



our, is the life of a slave. A parasite differs in nothing from the meanest servant, but that the footman hires himself for bodily labour, subjected to go and come at the will of his master, but the other gives up his very soul: he is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the mode of him whom he courts. This servitude to a patron, in an honest nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we will speak of those methods only, which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need no more be said in honour of it, than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The guilty man has an honour for the judge who with justice pronounces against him the sentence of death itself. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper, was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world. Augustus lived amongst his friends as if he had his fortune to make in his own court: candour and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost manner agreeable among a set of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the disposal of an empire, without the pleasures of their mutual conversation. A certain unanimity of taste and judgment, which is natural to all of the same order in the species, was the band of this society; and the emperor assumed no figure in it, but what he thought was his due from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleasures and sentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined pleasure of men an equal company as could when exclude the regard of fortune in their conversations. Horace, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks it with an air of one who had no need

of such an application for any thing which related to himself. It shews he understood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all opportunities to speak of your own affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the beggar, who exposes his sores, which instead of moving compassion makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen years ago an honest fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of Iruis, whom I have formerly mentioned. This man, whom I have missed for some years in my walks, and have heard was some way employed about the army, made it a maxim, that good wigs, delicate linen, and a cheerful air, were to a poor dependent the same that working-tools are to a poor artificer. It was no small entertainment to me, who knew his circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two days, attribute the thinness they told him of to the violence of some gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful dissembler carried this on with the utmost address; and if any suspected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty, which saved his credit with those on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favour from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when there are crowds who have, in city, town, court, and country, arrived at considerable acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant tenor of life, but have gone on from one successful error to another: therefore I think I may shorten this enquiry after the method of pleasing; and as the old beau said to his son, once for all—'Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman,' so may I, to my reader, abridge my instructions, and finish the art of pleasing, in a word—'Be rich.'

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22.

PECTORIBUS INMIAM SPIRANTIA CONSULIT EXTA.

VIAG. ÆN. IV. VER. 64.

ANXIOUS THE BEERING ENTRAILS HE CONSULTS.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a Beau's Head, the several discoveries made on that fion; I shall here, according to my use, enter upon the dissection of a uette's Heart, and communicate to public such particularities as we obtained in that curious piece of anatomy. I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had not I been put in mind by promise by several of my un-own correspondents, who are very fortunate with me to make an excuse of the coquette, as I have already of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, I have looked over the minutes of former dream, in order to give the an exact relation of it, which I enter upon without farther preface. Our operator, before he engaged in visionary dissection, told us, that was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths recesses which are to be found in it, which do not appear in the heart of other animal.

We desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; by the help of our glasses discerned millions of little scars, which seem to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discern the smallest orifice, by which any air could have entered and pierced the internal substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vessels which exhale out of the heart, being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had all the qualities of that spirit which

is made use of in the thermometer, to shew the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it shewed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat, came into his house: nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; inasmuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilst it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any

communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core

and center of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when, at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, shewed us plainly by the make of it's face, and the several turns of it's features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of it's substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake. I.

## N<sup>o</sup> CCLXXXII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23.

—SPES INCERTA FUTURÆ.

VISQ. ÆN. VIII. VER. 380.

HOPE AND FEARS IN EQUAL BALANCE LAID.

DAYDEN.

**I**T is a lamentable thing that every man is full of complaints, and constantly uttering sentences against the fickleness of fortune, when people generally bring upon themselves all the calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up matter for their own sorrow and disappointment. That which produces the greatest part of the delusions of mankind, is a false hope which people indulge with so sanguine a flattery to themselves, that it

bent upon fantastical advantages which they had no reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust measure of calculating their happiness, they often mourn with real affliction for imaginary losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourselves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular set of people, who, in their own favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is possible, and then

certainly happen. Will Honey-  
upon my observing his looking  
ly with some particular atten-  
ave me an account of the great  
s which had laid waste that her  
ie face, and had given an air of  
holy to a very agreeable person.

lady and a couple of sisters of  
, were,' said Will, 'fourteen years  
the greatest fortunes about town;  
without having any loss by bad  
ts, by bad securities, or any da-  
by sea or land, are reduced to  
narrow circumstances. They were  
at time the most inaccessible  
ity beauties in town; and their  
nsions to take upon them at that  
riciful rate, were raised upon the  
wing scheme, according to which  
eir lovers were answered.

ur father is a youngish man, but  
our mother is somewhat older,  
not likely to have any children;  
estate, being 800l. per annum,  
years purchas-, is worth 16,000l.

uncle, who is above 50, has  
l. per annum, which at the afore-  
rate is 3,000l. There's a widow  
, who has 12,000l. at her own  
sal left by her husband, and an  
maiden aunt who has 6,000l.  
n our father's mother has 900l.  
annum, which is worth 18,000l.  
1000l. each of us has of her  
, which cannot be taken from us.  
se summed up together stand thus :

	£.
father's 800	- 16,000
uncle's 400	- 8,000
daughters { 10,000 }	16,000
{ 6,000 }	
grandmother 900	18,000
widow 1,000 each	3,000

Total 61,000

s equally divided between us three  
amounts to 20,000l. each; an al-  
lowance being given for enlarge-  
ment upon common fame, we may  
wfully pass for 30,000l. for-  
ness."

prospect of this, and the know-  
of their own personal merit,  
one was contemptible in their  
and they refused those offers  
h had been frequently made them.  
mark the end; the mother dies,  
ather is married again, and has a

' son; on him was entailed the father's,  
' uncle's, and grandmother's estate.  
' This cut off 42,000l. The maiden  
' aunt married a tall Irishman, and with  
' her went the 6,000l. The widow died,  
' and left but enough to pay her debts  
' and bury her; so that there remained  
' for these three girls but their own  
' 1000l. They had by this time passed  
' their prime, and got on the wrong  
' side of thirty; and must pass the re-  
' mainder of their days, upbraiding  
' mankind that they mind nothing but  
' money, and, bewailing that virtue,  
' sense, and modesty, are had at present  
' in no manner of estimation.'

I mention this case of ladies before  
any other, because it is the most irre-  
parable: for though youth is the time  
less capable of reflection, it is in that  
sex the only season in which they can  
advance their fortunes. But if we turn  
our thoughts to the men, we see such  
crowds of unhappy from no other rea-  
son, but an ill-grounded hope, that it  
is hard to say which they rather deserve,  
our pity or contempt. It is not un-  
pleasant to see a fellow, grown old in  
attendance, and after having passed half  
a life in servitude, call himself the un-  
happiest of all men, and pretend to be  
disappointed because a courtier broke  
his word. He that promises himself any  
thing but what may naturally arise  
from his own property or labour, and  
goes beyond the desire of possessing above  
two parts in three even of that, lays up  
for himself an increasing heap of afflic-  
tions and disappointments. There are  
but two means in the world of gaining  
by other men, and these are by being  
either agreeable or considerable. The  
generality of mankind do all things for  
their own sakes; and when you hope  
any thing from persons above you, if  
you cannot say, I can be thus agreeable  
or thus serviceable, it is ridiculous to  
pretend to the dignity of being unfor-  
tunate when they leave you; you were  
injudicious, in hoping for any other  
than to be neglected for such as can  
come within these descriptions of being  
capable to please or serve your patron,  
when his humour or interests call for  
their capacity either way.

It would not methinks be an useless  
comparison between the condition of a  
man who thuns all the pleasures of life,  
and of one who makes it his business to  
pursue them. Hope in the recluse makes  
his

his austerities comfortable, while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneasiness from his enjoyments. What is the difference in the happiness of him who is macerated by abstinence, and his who is surfeited with excess? He who resigns the world, has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

JANUARY 14, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a young woman, and have my fortune to make, for which reason I come constantly to church to hear divine service, and make conquests: but one great hindrance in this my design is, that our clerk, who was once a parson, has this Christmas so ever decked the church with greens, that he has quite spoiled my prospect, inasmuch that I

have scarce seen the young baronet I dress at these three weeks, though we have both been very constant at our devotions, and do not sit above three pews off. The church, as it is now equipped, looks more like a green-house than a place of worship: the middle aisle is a very pretty shady walk, and the pews look like so many arbours on each side of it. The pulpit itself has such clusters of ivy, holly, and rosemary about it, that a light fellow in our pew took occasion to say, that the congregations heard the word out of a bush, like Moses. Sir Anthony Love's pew in particular is so well hedged, that all my batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim. Mr. Spectator, unless you will give orders for removing these greens, I shall grow a very awkward creature at church, and soon have little else to do there but to say my prayers. I am in haste, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

T JENNY SIMPER.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXXXIII. THURSDAY JANUARY 24.

MAGISTER ARTIS ET LARGITOR INGENI  
VENIER —————

PRES. PROLOG. VER. 10.

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

ENGLISH PROVERB.

LUCIAN rallies the philosophers in his time, who could not agree whether they should admit riches into the number of real goods; the professors of the severer sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely interred them.

I am apt to believe, that as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardly at present as to deny that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight and dignity which a moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it is a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsely imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever te-

flowing their favours on such as least want them: whereas if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason: since supposing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects, as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently fittest to be intrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, Cæsar's saying to those men of desperate fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that 'they had nothing to hope for but a civil war,' was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in praise of money,

W.S.

will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on 'the ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.'

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift: all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are very few persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift: I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.

Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do to-day.

Never neglect small matters and expences.

A third instrument in growing rich, is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous DeWit, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend, how he was able to dispatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, That his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. 'If,' says he, 'I have a necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.'

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers, arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business, and that without it the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to an happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because

they despise wealth in comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris and in great want, he thought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or Snuff of a thousand flowers. The story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has with great industry and application attained to the art of beating the grenadiers march on his chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and

and without money to bear his expences thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'Poison for Monsieur;' upon a second, 'Poison for the Dauphin;' and on a third, 'Poison for the King.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired: the host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expence with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the gallies.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change, than at Whitehall or St. James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not however close this essay, without observing that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who from low beginnings push themselves up to the top of states, and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great design.

I may therefore compare these men to a great poet, who, as Longinus says, while he is full of the most magnificent ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art.

I would however have all my readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon geniuses, and men above rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this particular.

X

## Nº CCLXXXIV. FRIDAY, JANUARY 25.

POSTRAHUI TAMEN MELIUS MEA SERIA LUDO.

VIRG. ECL. VII. VER. 17.

THEIR MIRTH TO SHARE, I BID MY BUSINESS WAIT.

**A**N unaffected behaviour is without question a very great charm; but under the notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, people take upon them to be unconcerned in any duty of life. A general negligence is what they assume upon all occasions, and set up for an aversion to all manner of business and attention. 'I am the carelesslest creature in the world, I have certainly the worst memory of any man living,' are frequent expressions in the mouth of a pretender of this sort. It is a pro-

fessed maxim with these people never to think; there is something so solemn in reflection, they, forsooth, can never give themselves time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of man is heavy enough in his nature to be a good proficient in such matters as are attainable by industry; but alas! he has such an ardent desire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the faults of a person of spirit, that he professes himself the most dull man living for any manner

lication. When this humour enters to the head of a female, she professes sickness upon all occasions and acts all things with an indiffer: she is offended, but her mind is lazy to raise her to anger, therefore is only as actuated by a violent and gentle scorn. She has hardness to listen to scandal of her instance, and has never attention to hear them commended. This in both sexes makes them of being useless, and take a certain in their insignificance.

positive to this folly is another no reasonable, and that is the imence of being always in a hurry. are those who visit ladies, and begin, before they are well seated in chairs, that they just called in, but obliged to attend business of importance elsewhere the very next moment: they run from place to place, protesting that they are obliged to be still other company than that which are in. These persons who are going somewhere else should never be gained; let all the world allow that this is to be minded, and their affair will be at an end. Their vanity is to be importuned, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs would really dispatch them. The travel-ladies, who have half the town to see in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in a constant hurry; but it is useless in men to come where they have no business, to profess they are absent from where they have. It has been remarked by some nice observers and me, that there is nothing discovers the temper of a person so much as letters. I have by me two epistles, one are written by two people of the most humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a man cannot observe himself when he sits down to write, that he will gravely commit himself to the same man that he is in the room of conversation. I have heard a line from any of these gentlemen but spoke them as absent from what they were doing, as they profess to be when they come into company. The folly is, that they have persuaded themselves they really are busy. Thus the whole time is spent in suspense of the present moment to the next, and from the next to the succeeding, and so to the end of life, is to pass away

with pretence to many things, and execution of nothing.

SIR,

THE post is just going out, and I have many other letters of very great importance to write this evening, but I could not omit making my compliments to you for your civilities to me when I was last in town. It is my misfortune to be so full of business, that I cannot tell you a thousand things which I have to say to you. I must desire you to communicate the contents of this to no one living; but believe me to be, with the greatest fidelity, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

STEPHEN COURIER.

MADAM,

I Hate writing, of all things in the world; however, though I have drank the waters, and am told I ought not to use my eyes so much, I cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you I have been to the last degree hipped since I saw you. How could you entertain such a thought, as that I should hear of that silly fellow with patience? Take my word for it, there is nothing in it; and you may believe it when so lazy a creature as I am, undergo the pains to assure you of it, by taking pen, ink, and paper, in my hand. Forgive this, you know I shall not often offend in this kind. I am very much your servant,

BRIDGET EITHERDOWN.

The fellow is of your country; pray thee send me word however whether he has so great an estate.

MR. SPECTATOR, JAN. 24, 1712.

I Am clerk of the parish from whence Mrs. Simper sends her complaint, in your yesterday's Spectator. I must beg of you to publish this as a public admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. Simper, otherwise all my honest care in the disposition of the greens in the church will have no effect: I shall therefore with your leave lay before you the whole matter. I was formerly, as she charges me, for several years a gardener in the county of Kent; but I must absolutely deny, that it is out of any affection I retain for my old employment that I have placed my greens so liberally about the church, but out of a particular spleen I conceived against Mrs. Simper, and others of the same sisterhood, some



time ago. As to herself, I had one day let the hundredth psalm, and was singing the first line in order to put the congregation into the tune, she was all the while courtesying to Sir Anthony, in so affected and indecent a manner, that the indignation I conceived made me forget myself so far, as from the tune of that psalm to wander into Southwell tune, and from thence into Windsor tune, still unable to recover myself, until I had with the utmost confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up and smile, and curtsy to one at the lower end of the church in the midst of a *Gloria Patri*; and when I have spoke the assent to a prayer with a long Amen, uttered with decent gravity, she has been rolling her eyes around about in such a manner, as plainly shewed, however she was moved, it was not towards an hea-

venly object. In fine, she extended her conquests so far over the males, and raised such envy in the females, that what between love of those, and the jealousy of these, I was almost the only person that looked in a prayer-book all church-time. I had several projects in my head to put a stop to this growing mischief; but as I have long lived in Kent, and there often heard how the Kentish men evaded the conqueror, by carrying green boughs over their heads, it put me in mind of practising this device against Mrs. Simper. I had I have preserved many a young man from her eye-shot by this means: therefore humbly pray the boughs may be free, until she shall give security for her peaceable intentions. Your humble servant,

T FRANCIS STERNHOLD.

## Nº CCLXXXV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

NE, QUICUNQUE DEUS, QUICUNQUE ADJIBERITUR HEROI,  
REGALI CONPECTUS IN AURO NUPER ET OSTRO,  
MIGRET IN OBSCURAS HUMILI FRONDIS TABERNACULUM  
AUT, DON VITAT NUMUM, NUDES ET INANIA CAPTET.

HOR. ART. POET. VER. 227.

BUT THEN THEY DID NOT WRONG THEMSELVES SO MUCH,  
TO MAKE A GOD, A HERO, OR A KING,  
(A STRIP OF HIS GOLDEN CROWN, AND PURPLE ROBE)  
DESCEND TO A MECHANIC DIALECT;  
NOR (TO AVOID SUCH MEANNESS) SOARING HIGH,  
WITH EMPTY SOUND, AND AERY NOTIONS, FLY.

ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters, and sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last place to consider the language; and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to those who judge the most advantageously of the author.

It is requisite that the language of an heroic poem should be both perspicuous and sublime. In proportion as either of these two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary qualification; inasmuch that a good-natured reader sometimes overlooks a little slip even in the grammar or syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the poet's sense. Of this kind is that passage in Milton, wherein he speaks of Satan;

And that in which he describes Adam and Eve.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

It is plain, that in the former of these passages according to the natural system, the divine persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings, and that, in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their sons and daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancients criticised, therefore, who were acted by a spirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of speech, to remove to distant little errors.

—God and his Son were  
Created thing nought valued

ad so many greater beauties to for them.

learnedness and perspicuity were only consulted, the poet would have g else to do but to clothe his its in the most plain and natural ions. But since it often happens ie most obvious phrases, and those are used in ordinary conversation, e too familiar to the ear, and con- a kind of meanness by passing h the mouths of the vulgar; a ould take particular care to guard f against idiomatic ways of speak- Ovid and Lucan have many poor- of expression upon this account, ing up with the first phrases that l, without putting themselves to ouble of looking after such as not only have been natural, but evated and sublime. Milton has w failings in this kind, of which, er, you may meet with some in- , as in the following passages.

is and idiots, eremites and friers  
black, and gray, with all their *trumpery*,  
ilgrims roam——

·A while discourse they hold,  
·*left dinner cool*; when thus began  
thor——

of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
evil on him brought by me, will curse  
ead, ill fare our ancestor impure,  
his *we may thank Adam*.——

: great masters in composition very well that many an elegant becomes improper for a poet or tor, when it has been debased by on use. For this reason the works ient authors, which are written in anguages, have a great advantage hose which are written in lan- s that are now spoken. Were any mean phrases or idioms in and Homer, they would not the ear of the most delicate modern , so much as they would have done an old Greek or Roman, because rer heard them pronounced in our , or in ordinary conversation.

is not therefore sufficient, that the ge of an epic poem be perspicu- ous if it be also sublime. To this ought to deviate from the com- forms and ordinary phrases of . The judgment of a poet very discovers itself in shunning the on roads of expression, without into such ways of speech as may

seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, Æschylus, and sometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Claudian and Statius; and among our own countrymen, Shakespeare and Lee. In these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the stile, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices it's greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the idiomatic stile may be avoided, and the sublime formed, by the following methods. First, by the use of metaphors; such are those of Milton.

*Imparadis'd* in one another's arms.

——And in his hand a reed

Stood waving tip with fire.——

The grassy clods now *calv'd*.——

*Spangld* with eyes——

In these and innumerable other instances, the metaphors are very bold but just; I must however observe that the metaphors are not so thick sown in Milton, which always favours too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as Aristotle observes, turns a sentence into a kind of enigma or riddle; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raising the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of speech, which the critics call Hellenisms, as Horace in his odes abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the several dialects which Homer has made use of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Aristotle's rule, has infused a great many Latinisms, as well as Græcisms, and sometimes Hebraisms, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it.

*Nor* did they *not* perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains *not* feel.  
Yet to their gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd—  
'——Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
' The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
' And through the palpable obscure find out  
' His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight  
' Upborn with indefatigable wings  
' Over the vast abyss!

——So both ascend  
In the vision of God——

Book II.  
Under

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words, the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech which this poet has naturalized to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by Aristotle is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by Homer than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phrase by the addition of words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the passage above-mentioned, *Eremitæ*, for what is hermit, in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one, by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as *Belshazzar*, *Hesbon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as *cerberæan*, *miscreated*, *hell-som'd*, *Embryon* atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in Plutarch, which shews us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his stile equal to that of his sentiments.

I have been the more

these observations on Milton's stile, because it is that part of him in which he appears the most singular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of Aristotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken in his poem upon this account; though after all, I must confess that I think his stile, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of such methods, which Aristotle has prescribed for the raising of it.

This redundancy of those several ways of speech, which Aristotle calls 'foreign language,' and with which Milton has so much enriched, and in some places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper to be used, because his poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferant phrase pass unregarded; but when the verse is not built upon rhymes, that pomp of sound and energy of expression are indispensably necessary to support the stile, and keep it from falling into the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of stile, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expression, would do well to see how Aristotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid, for his dissipated manner upon this occasion. Mr. Dryden used to call these sort of men his prose-critics.

I should, under this head of the language, consider Milton's numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions that are not customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter Y, when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner, as makes them incapable of fatiguing the ear, and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme were fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that Milton has copied after Homer rather than Virgil in the length of his periods, the repetition of his words,

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXXXVI. MONDAY, JANUARY 28.

NOMINA HONESTA PRÆTENDUNTUR VITIIS.

TACIT. ANN. L. 14. C. 21.

SPECIOUS NAMES ARE LENT TO COVER VICES.

YORK, JAN. 18, 1712.

SPECTATOR,

I pretend not to inform a gentleman of so just a taste, whenever he is to use it; but it may not be amiss to inform your readers, that there is a delicacy as well as a true one. True delicacy, as I take it, consists in exactness of judgment and dignity of sentiment; or if you will, purity of affection, which is opposed to corruption and excess. There are pedants in breeding as well as in learning. The eye that does not bear the light is not delicate but

A good constitution appears in soundness and vigour of the parts, and in the squeamishness of the stomach; a false delicacy is affectation, not delicacy. What then can be the standard of delicacy but truth and virtue? That which, as the satirist long since observed, is real honour; whereas the distinctions among mankind are only titular. Judging by that rule of opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous female readers, you are far from deserving Mr. Courtly's censure, that you seem too gentle, to allow too many excuses for an enormous crime, which is the reproach of the age, and is in all its branches degrees expressly forbidden by that on which we pretend to profess; and the laws, in a nation that calls itself Christian, one would think should take notice of those rules which men of commandments, and those of weak understandings, follow. I know not any more pernicious to good manners, than the giving fair names to foul actions; for this confounds vice and virtue and takes off that natural horror which is due to evil. An innocent creature would start at the name of strumpet, think it pretty to be called a mistress, especially if her seducer has taken care to inform her, that a union of hearts is the principal matter in the sight of heaven, and that the business at church is mere idle ceremony. Who knows

not that the difference between obscene and modest words expressing the same action, consists only in the accessory idea, for there is nothing immodest in letters and syllables. Fornication and adultery are modest words; because they express an evil action as criminal, and so as to excite horror and aversion: whereas words representing the pleasure rather than the sin, are for this reason indecent and dishonest. Your papers would be chargeable with something worse than indelicacy, they would be immoral, did you treat the detestable sins of uncleanness in the same manner as you rally an impertinent self-love, and an artful glance; as those laws would be very unjust, that should chastise murder and petty larceny with the same punishment. Even delicacy requires that the pity shewn to distressed indigent wickedness, first betrayed into and then expelled the harbours of the brothel, should be changed to detestation, when we consider pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy. The most free person of quality, in Mr. Courtly's phrase, that is, to speak properly, a woman of figure who has forgot her birth and breeding, dishonoured her relations and herself, abandoned her virtue and reputation, together with the natural modesty of her sex, and risked her very soul, is so far from deserving to be treated with no worse character than that of a kind woman, (which is doubtless Mr. Courtly's meaning, if he has any) that one can scarce be too severe on her, in as much as she sins against greater restraints, is less exposed, and liable to fewer temptations, than beauty in poverty and distress. It is hoped therefore, Sir, that you will not lay aside your generous design of exposing that monstrous wickedness of the town, whereby a multitude of innocents are sacrificed in a more barbarous manner than those who were offered to Moloch. The unchaste are provoked to see their vice exposed, and the chaste cannot take into such filth without danger of defilement.

ment, but a mere Spectator may look into the bottom, and come off without partaking in the guilt. The doing so will convince us you pursue public good, and not merely your own advantage: but if your zeal slackens, how can one help thinking that Mr. Courty's letter is but a feint to get off from a subject, in which either your own, or the private and base ends of others to whom you are partial, or those of whom you are afraid, would not endure a reformation? I am, Sir, your humble servant and admirer, so long as you tread in the paths of truth, virtue, and honour.

TRIN. COL. CANTAB. JAN. 12, 1711-12,  
MR. SPECTATOR,

IT is my fortune to have a chamber-fellow, with whom, though I agree very well in many sentiments, yet there is one in which we are as contrary as light and darkness. We are both in love: his mistress is a lovely fair, and mine a lovely brown. Now as the praise of our mistresses beauty employs much of our time, we have frequent quarrels inentering upon that subject, while each says all he can to defend his choice. For my own part, I have racked my fancy to the utmost; and sometimes, with the

greatest warmth of imagination, have told him, that night was made before day, and many more fine things, though without any effect: nay, last night I could not forbear saying with more heat than judgment, that the devil ought to be painted white. Now, my desire is, Sir, that you will be pleased to give us in black and white your opinion in the matter of dispute between us, which will either furnish me with fresh and prevailing arguments to maintain my own taste, or make me with less reasoning allow that of my chamber-fellow. I know very well that I have Jack Cleveland and Bond's Horace on my side; but when he has such a band of rhymers and romance writers, with which he opposes me, and is so continually chiming to the tune of golden tresses, yellow locks, milk, marble, ivory, silver, swans, snow, daisies, doves, and the Lord knows what; which he is always sounding with so much vehemence in my ears, that he often puts me into a brown study how to answer him; and I find that I am in a fair way to be quite confounded, without your timely assistance afforded to, Sir, your humble servant,

Z

PHILOBRUNE.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29.

Ω φιλόδοτος γὰρ μένεις, ἀντὶ τοῦτο ἀποδέξαι σὲ  
Τοῖς οὖν ἰχθυοῖς ἀντίπαλον; —

MENAND.

DEAR NATIVE LAND, HOW DO THE GOOD AND WISE  
THY HAPPY CLIME AND COUNTLESS BLESSINGS PRIZE!

I Look upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice, it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another, so far as the order and economy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all have one common nature, if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved, where

nt ranks and interests; for y are of the same rank, and tly have an interest to manage o that rank, it differs but little potical government in a single but the greatest security a peo- tive for their liberty, is when tive power is in the hands of happily distinguished, that by for the particular interests of al ranks, they are providing ole body of the people; or in ls, when there is no part of e that has not a common in- at least one part of the legis-

e be but one body of legisla- no better than a tyranny; if only two, there will want a vice, and one of them must at swallowed up by disputes and is that will necessarily arise hem. Four would have the onvenience as two, and a mber would cause too much . I could never read a passage as, and another in Cicero, to ose, without a secret pleasure ng it to the English constitu- ch it suits much better than n. Both these great authors re-eminence to a mixt govern- sisting of three branches, the noble, and the popular. They less in their thoughts the con- of the Roman commonwealth, the consular represented the senate the nobles, and the tri- people. This division of the ers in the Roman constitution o means so distinct and natural, the English form of govern- among several objections that made to it, I think the chief that affect the consular power, I only the ornaments without of the regal authority. Their ad not a casting voice in it; for son, if one did not chance to ed abroad, while the other sat the public business was some- stand, while the consuls pull- ferent ways in it. Besides, I d that the consuls had ever a voice in the passing of a law, of senate, so that indeed they r the chief body of the nobili- first ministers of state, than a ranch of the sovereignty, in e can be looked upon as a part,

who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtues or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other  
three

three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty; and where these abound, learning, and all the liberal arts, will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts until it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge, and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, until a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge; and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In

Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees until they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present; so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery, and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men, who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not inflicted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions. L

Nº CCLXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30.

—FAVOR EST UTRIQUE MOLESTUM.

HOR. EP. VI. L. I. VER. 10.

BOTH FEAR ALIKE.

MR. SPECTATOR.

WHEN you spoke of the jilts and coquettes, you then promised to be very impartial, and not to spare even your own sex, should any of their secret or open faults come under your cognizance; which has given me encouragement to describe a certain species of mankind under the denomination of male jilts. They are gentlemen who do not design to marry, yet, that they

may appear to have some sense of gallantry, think they must pay their devoirs to one particular fair; in order to which they single out from amongst the herd of females her to whom they design to make their fruitless addresses. This done, they first take every opportunity of being in her company, and then never fail upon all occasions to be particular to her, laying themselves at her feet, protesting the reality of their passion

with a thousand oaths, soliciting a return, and saying as many fine things as their stock of wit will allow; and if they are not deficient that way, generally speak so as to admit of a double interpretation; which the credulous fair is too apt to turn to her own advantage, since it frequently happens to be a raw, innocent, young creature, who thinks all the world as sincere as herself, and so her unwary heart becomes an easy prey to those deceitful monsters, who no sooner perceive it, but immediately they grow cool, and shun her whom they before seemed so much to admire, and proceed to act the same commonplace villainy towards another. A coxcomb flushed with many of these infamous victories shall say he is sorry for the poor fools, protest and vow he never thought of matrimony, and wonder talking civilly can be so strangely misinterpreted. Now, Mr. Spectator, you that are a professed friend to love, will, I hope, observe upon those who abuse that noble passion, and raise it in innocent minds by a deceitful affectation of it, after which they desert the enamoured. Pray bestow a little of your counsel to those fond believing females who already have or are in danger of broken hearts; in which you will oblige a great part of this town, but in a particular manner, Sir, your (yet heart-whole) admirer, and devoted humble servant,

MELAINIA.

Melainia's complaint is occasioned by so general a folly, that it is wonderful one could so long overlook it. But this false gallantry proceeds from an impotence of mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a man wishes a woman his wife whom he dare not take for such. Though no one has power over his inclinations or fortunes, he is a slave to common fame. For this reason, I think Melainia gives them too soft a name in that of male coquets. I know not why irresolution of mind should not be more contemptible than impotence of body; and these frivolous admirers would be but tenderly used, in being only included in the same term with the insufficient another way. They whom my correspondent calls male coquets, should hereafter be called friblers. A fribler is one who

professes rapture and admiration for the woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her consent. His heart can flutter by the force of imagination, but cannot fix from the force of judgment. It is not uncommon for the parents of young women of moderate fortune to wink at the addresses of friblers, and expose their children to the ambiguous behaviour which Melainia complains of, until by the fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of love towards others, and by consequence in their future marriage lead a joyless or a miserable life. As therefore I shall in the speculations which regard love be as severe as I ought on jilts and libertine women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and mischievous men. In order to this, all visitants who frequent families wherein there are young females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from places where their presence banishes such as would pass their time more to the advantage of those whom they visit. It is a matter of too great moment to be dallied with: and I shall expect from all my young people a satisfactory account of appearances. Strephon has from the publication hereof seven days to explain the riddle he presented to Eudamia; and Chloris an hour after this comes to her hand, to declare whether she will have Philotas, whom a woman of no less merit than herself, and of superior fortune, languishes to call her own.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

512,

SINCE so many dealers turn authors, and write quaint advertisements in praise of their wares, one who from an author turned dealer may be allowed for the advancement of trade to turn author again. I will not, however, set up like some of them, for selling cheaper than the most able honest tradesmen can; nor do I send this to be better known for choice and cheapness of china and japan wares, tea, fans, muslins, pictures, arrack, and other Indian goods. Placed as I am in Leadenhall Street, near the India Company, and the centre of that trade, thanks to my fair customers, my warehouse is graced as well as the benefit-days of my plays and operas; and the foreign goods I sell

A A

Scum



and best fabrics, fine Flanders lace,  
linens, and pictures, at the best hand;  
this my new way of trade I have fallen  
into I cannot better publish than by an  
application to you. My wares are fit  
only for such as your readers; and I  
would beg of you to print this address  
in your paper, that those whose minds  
you adorn may take the ornaments for  
their persons and houses from me. This,  
Sir, if I may presume to beg it, will be  
the greater favour, as I have lately re-  
ceived rich silks and fine lace to a con-  
siderable value, which will be sold cheap

Nº CCLXXXIX. THURS.

VITA SUMMA BREVIS SPERM NOS V

LIFE'S SPAN FORBIDS US TO EXTEN  
AND STRETCH OUR HOPES BEYOND

UPON taking my seat in a coffee-  
house I often draw the eyes of the  
whole room upon me, when in the hot-  
test seasons of news, and at a time per-  
haps that the Dutch mail is just come  
in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for  
his last week's bill of mortality: I find  
that I have been sometimes taken on  
this occasion for a nation's

peri-  
out  
con-  
to b  
presi  
B  
the a  
bill

intelligent Supervisor, we should sometimes be over-charged with multitudes, and at others waite away into a desert: we should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as Florus elegantly expresses it, 'a generation of males,' and at others a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable corps, if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what astonishing instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all it's works!

I have heard of a great man in the Romish church, who, upon reading those words in the fifth chapter of Genesis—'And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died;' immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in,

but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of reason that few books, written in English, have been so much perused as Dr. Sherlock's discourse upon death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The consideration, with which I shall close this essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But it's being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider, that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleased with the passage of Antiphanes, a very ancient poet, who lived near an hundred years before Socrates, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here translated it word for word. 'Be not grieved,' says he, 'above measure for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of being.'

I think I have, in a former paper, taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in Scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are called strangers and sojourners upon earth. I shall conclude this with a story, which I have somewhere read in the travels of Sir John Chardin: that gentleman after having told us, that the inns which receive the caravans in Persia, and the eastern countries, are called by the name of *caravan-serais*.

for the following purposes:

A dervish, passing through Fair-  
way, being asked at the tower of Bak,  
went into the house, and by mistake,  
as thinking it to be a public inn or ca-  
navansary. Having looked about him  
for some time, he entered into a long  
gallery, where he laid down his waller,  
and threw his carpet, in order to repose  
himself upon it, after the manner of the  
eastern nations. He had not been long  
in this posture, when he was discovered  
by some of the guards, who asked him  
what he was doing in that place?  
The dervish told them he intended to  
take up his night's lodging in that ca-  
navansary. The guards let him know,  
in a very angry manner, that the house  
he was in was not a canvansary, but  
the king's palace. It happened that the  
king himself passed through the gallery

during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how it could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary. 'Sir,' says the dervise, 'give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?' The king replied, his ancestors. 'And who,' says the dervise, 'was the last person that lodged here?' The king replied, his father. 'And who is it,' says the dervise, 'that lodges here at present?' The king told him, that it was he himself. 'And who,' says the dervise, 'will be here after you?' The king answered, the young prince his son. 'Ah, Sir,' said the dervise, 'a house that changes it's inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace but a caravansary.'

Nº CCXC. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

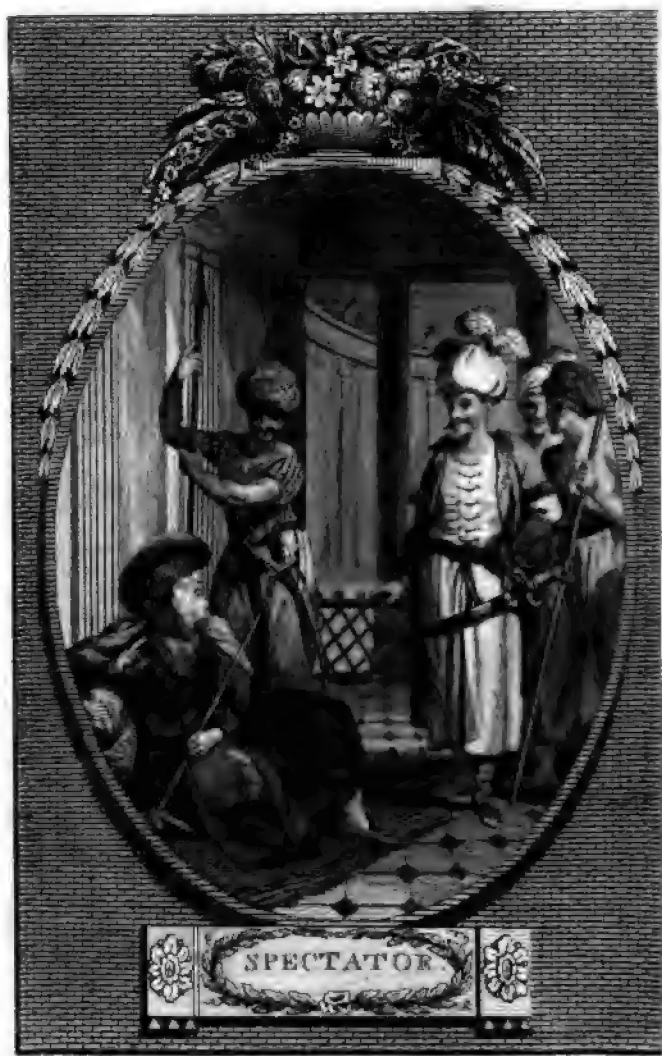
1901: 11 IMPULLAS ET SESQUIPEDALIA VERBA.

Нол. Ая: Рохт. вил. 9°.

ROSCOMMON. SWELLING AND GIGANTIC WORDS.

[illegible]

did not, upon cool examination, appear to flow from the weakness rather than the misfortune of the person represented; but in this tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned passions of such as are enamoured of each other, merely as they are men and women, but their regards are founded upon high conceptions of each other's virtue and merit; and the character which gives name to the play, is one who has behaved herself with heroic virtue in the most important circumstances of a female life, those of a wife, a widow, and a mother. If there be those whose minds have been too attentive upon the affairs of life, to have any notion of the passion of love in such extremes as are known only to particular tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned considerations, the sorrow of the heroine will move even the generality of mankind. Domestic virtues concern all the world, and there is no one living who is not interested that Andromache should be an imitable character. The generous affection to the memory of her deceased husband, that tender care for her son, which is ever heightened with the consideration of his father, and these regards preserved in





of being tempted with the possession of the highest greatness, are what I but be venerable even to such an age as at present frequents the Theatre. My friend Will Honey-commed several tender things were said, and told me they were very good; but whispered me, that he feared the scene was not busy enough for the taste. To supply this, he recommended to the players to be very loud in their scenes, and above all, that every part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to hear they did not neglect my friend's opinion, because there are a great number in this class of criticism who may be misled by it; but indeed the truth is, as to the work itself, it is every man's nature. The persons are of the first quality in life, even that of a king; but their quality is not represented by the poet, with direction that the actors and waiters should follow them in every scene, but their grandeur appears in greatness of sentiment, flowing from minds worthy their condition. I make a character truly great, this man understands that it should have a foundation in superior thoughts and maxims of conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest woman would make a fine lady, though she had been the wife of Hector, for the sake of a king—to marry the enemy of her husband's family and country; and indeed I can deny but she might be still an honest woman, but no heroine? That is not defensible, nay laudable in one character, which would be in the highest degree exceptionable in another. When Uticensis killed himself, Cottius, a man of ordinary quality and character, did the same thing; upon which he said, smiling—'Cottius might have done, though Cæsar has seized the man's liberty.' Cottius's condition is to have been the same, let things at the other end of the world pass as they will. What is further very extraor-

dinary in this work is, that the persons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes arise rather from unguarded virtue than propensity to vice. The town has an opportunity of doing itself justice in supporting the representations of passion, sorrow, indignation, even despair itself, within the rules of decency, honour, and good-breeding; and since there is no one can flatter himself his life will be always fortunate, they may here see sorrow as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am appointed to act a part in the new tragedy called *The Distressed Mother*: it is the celebrated grief of *Orestes* which I am to personate; but I shall not act it as I ought, for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was last night repeating a paragraph to myself, which I took to be an expression of rage, and in the middle of the sentence there was a stroke of self-pity which quite unmanned me. Be pleased, Sir, to print this letter, that when I am oppressed in this manner at such an interval, a certain part of the audience may not think I am out; and I hope with this allowance, to do it to satisfaction. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

GEORGE POWELL.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS I was walking the other day in the Park, I saw a gentleman with a very short face; I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroic *Hecatomita's* rival. Your humble servant to command,

SOPHIA.

DEAR MADAM,

IT is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill and kept my chamber all that day. Your most humble servant,  
THE SPECTATOR.

sentiments, and the language; and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to chuse my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets; without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should

acc. This Mr. Dryden has  
reably remarked in those two  
d lines—

ke straws, upon the surface flow;  
ould search for pearl, must dive be-  
w.

a critic ought to dwell rather  
cellencies than imperfections, to  
the concealed beauties of a  
nd communicate to the world  
as are worth their observa-  
he most exquisite words and  
okes of an author are those  
ry often appear the most doubt-  
exceptionable to a man who  
relish for polite learning; and  
these, which a four undistin-  
critic generally attacks with  
test violence. Tully observes,  
is very easy to brand or fix a  
on what he calls *verbum ardens*,  
may be rendered in English, 'a  
g bold expression,' and to turn  
dicule by a cold ill-natured cri-

A little wit is equally capable  
ng a beauty, and of aggravat-  
alt; and though such a treat-  
an author naturally produces  
ion in the mind of an under-  
reader, it has however it's ef-  
ng the generality of those whose  
falls into, the rabble of man-  
ng very apt to think that every  
hich is laughed at, with any  
of wit, is ridiculous in itself.  
a mirth as this is always unsea-  
in a critic, as it rather prejudi-  
reader than convinces him; and  
le of making a beauty, as well  
nith, the subject of derision. A  
o cannot write with wit on a  
ubject, is dull and stupid; but  
o shews it in an improper place,  
pertinent and absurd. Besides,  
ho has the gift of ridicule is apt  
ault with any thing that gives

him an opportunity of exerting his be-  
loved talent, and very often censures a  
passage, not because there is any fault  
in it, but because he can be merry upon  
it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very  
unfair and disingenuous in works of  
criticism, in which the greatest masters,  
both ancient and modern, have always  
appeared with a serious and instructive  
air.

As I intend in my next paper to shew  
the defects in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I  
thought fit to premise these few particu-  
lars, to the end that the reader may know  
I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful  
work, and that I shall just point at the  
imperfections, without endeavouring to  
inflame them with ridicule. I must also  
observe with Longinus, that the pro-  
ductions of a great genius, with many  
lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely  
preferable to the works of an inferior  
kind of author, which are scrupulously  
exact and conformable to all the rules  
of correct writing.

I shall conclude this paper with a story  
out of Boccacini, which sufficiently shews  
us the opinion that judicious author en-  
tertained of the sort of critics I have been  
here mentioning. 'A famous critic,'  
says he, 'having gathered together all  
' the faults of an eminent poet, made a  
' present of them to Apollo, who re-  
' ceived them very graciously, and re-  
' solved to make the author a suitable  
' return for the trouble he had been at  
' in collecting them. In order to this,  
' he set before him a sack of wheat, as  
' it had been just threshed out of the  
' sheaf. He then bid him pick out the  
' chaff from among the corn, and lay it  
' aside by itself. The critic applied  
' himself to the task with great industry  
' and pleasure, and, after having made  
' the due separation, was presented by  
' Apollo with the chaff for his pains.'

L

## Nº CCXCII. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

ILLAM. QUICQUID AGIT, QUOQUE VESTIGIA FLECTIT,  
COMPOSIT PARTIM, SUBSEQUITURQUE DECOR.

TIBULL. ELEG. II. L. 4. VER. 8.

WHAT'ER SHE DOES, WHERE'ER HER STEPS SHE BENDS,  
GRACE ON EACH ACTION SILENTLY ATTENDS.

no one can be said to enjoy  
alth, who is only not sick, with-  
eel within himself a lighsome

and invigorating principle, which will  
not suffer him to remain idle, but still  
spurs him on to action; so in the practice  
of



of every virtue, there is some additional grace required, to give a claim of excellency in this or that particular action. A diamond may want polishing, though the value be still intrinsically the same; and the same good may be done with different degrees of lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his book of Offices, because there was no time of life in which some correspondent duty might not be practised; nor is there a duty without a certain decency accompanying it, by which every virtue it is joined to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the action want that air and beauty which distinguish it from others; like that inimitable sunshine Titian is said to have diffused over his landscapes; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other person.

There is no one action in which this quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a request or doing an office of kindness. Mummius, by his way of consenting to a benefaction, shall make it lose its name; while Carus doubles the kindness and the obligation: from the first the desired request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a brow, that the obliged has almost as much reason to resent the manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the favour itself. Carus invites with a pleasing air, to give him an opportunity of doing an act of humanity, meets the petition half way, and consents to a request with a countenance which proclaims the satisfaction of his mind in assisting the distressed.

The decency then that is to be observed in liberality seems to consist in its being performed with such cheerfulness, as may express the godlike pleasure that is to be met with in obliging one's fellow-creatures; that may shew good-nature and benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some men, run upon the tilt, and taste of the sediments of a grutching uncommunicative disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good offices, I will illustrate it a little by an example drawn from private life, which carries with it

such a profusion of liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the humanity and good-nature which accompanies it. It is a letter of Pliny's, which I shall here translate, because the action will best appear in its first dress of thought, without any foreign or ambitious ornaments.

#### PLINY TO QUINTILIAN.

**THOUGH** I am fully acquainted with the contentment and just moderation of your mind, and the conformity the education you have given your daughter bears to your own character; yet since she is suddenly to be married to a person of distinction, whose figure in the world makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary expence in clothes and equipage suitable to her husband's quality; by which, though her intrinsic worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both ornament and lustre: and knowing your estate to be as moderate as the riches of your mind are abundant, I must challenge to myself some part of the burden; and as a parent of your child, I present her with twelve hundred and fifty crowns towards these expences; which sum had been much larger, had I not feared the smallness of it would be the greatest inducement with you to accept of it. Farewell.

Thus should a benefaction be done with a good grace, and shine in the strongest point of light; it should not only answer all the hopes and exigencies of the receiver, but even out-run his wishes: it is this happy manner of behaviour which adds new charms to it, and softens those gifts of art and nature, which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable. Without it, valour would degenerate into brutality, learning into pedantry, and the genteel demeanour into affectation. Even religion itself, unless decency be the handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make people appear guilty of sourness and ill-humour: but this shews virtue in her first original form, adds a comeliness to religion, and gives it's professors the justest title to the beauty of holiness. A man fully instructed in this art, may assume a thousand shapes, and please in all: he may do a thousand actions that shall become none other but his-  
self.

self; not that the things themselves are different, but the manner of doing them.

If you examine each feature by itself, Aglaura and Calliclea are equally handsome; but take them in the whole, and you cannot suffer the comparison: the one is full of numberless nameless graces, the other of as many nameless faults.

The comeliness of person, and the decency of behaviour, add infinite weight to what is pronounced by any one. It is the want of this that often makes the rebukes and advice of old rigid persons of no effect, and leave a displeasure in the minds of those they are directed to: but youth and beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming severity, is of mighty force to raise, even in the most profligate, a sense of shame. In Milton, the devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the rebuke of a beautiful angel.

So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her own shape how lovely! saw,  
and pin'd  
His loss.

The care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest minds

to their last moments. They avoided even an indecent posture in the very article of death. Thus Cæsar gathered his robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest concern that appeared in the behaviour of Lucretia when she stabbed herself, was, that her body should lie in an attitude worthy the mind which had inhabited it.

— *Ne non procumbat beneſſe,  
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.*  
OVID. FAST. L. III. v. 833.

'Twas her last thought, how decently to fall.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a young woman without a fortune; but of a very high mind: that is, good Sir, I am to the last degree proud and vain. I am ever railing at the rich, for doing things, which, upon search into my heart, I find I am only angry because I cannot do the same myself. I wear the hooped petticoat, and am all in calicoes when the finest are in silks. It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; therefore if you please, a lecture on that subject for the satisfaction of your uneasy humble servant,

Z

JEZEDEL.

## Nº CCXCIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

Πᾶσι γὰρ εὐφροσύνη συμπαχεῖ τύχη.

FRAQ. VET. POET.

THE PRUDENT STILL HAVE FORTUNE ON THEIR SIDE.

THE famous Gratian, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their interest in the world. It is certain a great part of what we call good or ill fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, Cardinal Richlieu used to say, that

unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the same thing. As the cardinal himself had a great share both of prudence and good fortune, his famous antagonist, the Count d'Olivarez, was disgraced at the court of Madrid, because it was alleged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent author, was indirectly accusing him of imprudence.

Cicero recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good fortune. It was, perhaps, for the reason above-mentioned, namely, that a series of good fortune supposes a prudent management in

the person whom it befalls, that not only Sylla the dictator, but several of the Roman emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals, among their other titles, gave themselves that of *Felix* or *Fortunate*. The heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a man more for his good fortune than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man endowed with many distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme eye, though perhaps it is not discovered by my observation? What is the reason Homer's and Virgil's heroes do not form a resolution, or strike a blow, without the conduct and direction of some deity? Doubtless, because the poets esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the best way of praising a man was to recount those favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments act very absurdly, if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our births and deaths, I should think a man's good fortune the measure and standard of his real merit, since Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections, but in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the pressure of misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say Brutus did a little before his death—'O Virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substantial good, but I find thou art an empty name.'

But to return to our first point: though prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and occurrences, which very often pervert the finest schemes that can be laid by human wisdom. 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Nothing less than infinite wisdom can have an absolute command over fortune; the highest degree of it, which man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to such continuances

lay life in the prosecution

of it. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen successes, which are often the effect of a sanguine temper, or a more happy rashness; and this perhaps may be the reason, that, according to the common observation, Fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since man is so short-sighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. Tillotson's opinion in another case, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of Heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a medal which was struck by Queen Elizabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the King of Spain, and others who were the enemies of that great princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the English. Queen Elizabeth, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence, and accordingly, in the reverse of the medal above-mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription—'*Affluvit Deus, et dissipavit*.'—He 'blew with his wind, and they were scattered.'

It is remarkable of a famous Grecian general, whose name I cannot at present recollect, and who had been a particular favourite of fortune, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great ac-

history, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities, are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own schemes or prudence have no share in our advancements.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little Persian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of

fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: 'Alas! what an insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe, I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God.' It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this it's humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem. T

## Nº CCXCIV. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

DIFFICILE EST PLURIMUM VIRTUTEM REVERERE QUI SEMPER SECUNDA FORTUNA SIT USUS.

TULL. AD HERENNIVM.

THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS FORTUNATE, CANNOT EASILY HAVE A GREAT REVERENCE FOR VIRTUE.

**I**NSOLENCE is the crime of all others which every man is apt to rail at; and yet is there one respect in which almost all men living are guilty of it, and that is in the case of laying a greater value upon the gifts of fortune than we ought. It is here in England come into our very language, as a propriety of distinction, to say, when we would speak of persons to their advantage, they are people of condition. There is no doubt but the proper use of riches implies that a man should exert all the good qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a man of condition or quality, one who, according to the wealth he is master of, shews himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest veneration; but when wealth is used only as it is the support of pomp and luxury, to be rich is very far from being a recommendation to honour and respect. It is indeed the greatest insolence imaginable, in a creature who would feel the extremes of thirst and hunger, if he did not prevent his appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common necessity of human nature, as never to cast an eye upon the poor and needy. The fellow who escaped from a ship which struck upon a rock in the

west, and joined with the country people to destroy his brother sailors, and make her a wreck, was thought a most execrable creature; but does not every man who enjoys the possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied distress of other men, betray the same temper of mind? When a man looks about him, and with regard to riches and poverty beholds some drawn in pomp and equipage, and they and their very servants with an air of scorn and triumph overlooking the multitude that pass by them; and, in the same street, a creature of the same make crying out in the name of all that is good and sacred, to behold his misery, and give him some supply against hunger and nakedness; who would believe these two beings were of the same species? But so it is, that the consideration of fortune has taken up all our minds, and, as I have often complained, poverty and riches stand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence. But in all seasons there will be some instances of persons who have souls too large to be taken with popular prejudices, and while the rest of mankind are contending for superiority in power and wealth, have their thoughts bent upon the necessities of those below them.

cluding males and females, put out to methods of industry. It is not allowed me to speak of luxury and folly with the severe spirit they deserve; I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any lady in a hoop-petticoat, if she gives the price of one half yard of the silk towards cloathing, feeding, and instructing, an innocent helpless creature of her own sex in one of these schools. The consciousness of such an action will give her features a nobler life on this illustrious day, than all the jewels that can hang in her hair, or can be clustered in her bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher words to the fair, but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monstrous how a man can live with so little reflection as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others. As for this particular occasion of these schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do an handsome thing without return? do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation. Would you do it for public good? do it for one who would be

## N° CCXCV. THURSDAY FEBRUARY 7.

PRODIGA NON SENTIT PEREUNTEM FORMINA CENSUM:  
 AT VELT EXHAUSTA REDIVIVUS PULLULET ARCA  
 NUMMUS, ET E PLENO SEMPER TOLLATUR ACERVO,  
 NON UNQUAM REPUTAT, QUANTÆ SIBI GAUDIA CONSTANT.

JUV. SAT. VI. VER. 36x.

BUT WOMANKIND, THAT NEVER KNOWS A MEAN,  
 DOWN TO THE DREGS THEIR SINKING FORTUNES DRAIN;  
 HOURLY THEY GIVE, AND SPEND, AND WASTE, AND WEAR,  
 AND THINK NO PLEASURE CAN BE BOUGHT TOO DEAR. DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married, for my sins, to a young woman of a good family, and of an high spirit; but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered into a treaty with her longer than that of the grand alliance. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should have 400l. a year for pin-money, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the lady has had several children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious neighbours, her pin-money has not a little contributed. The education of these my children, who, contrary to my expectations, are born to me every year, straitens me so much, that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-mentioned pin-money, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, in-somuch that finding me a little tardy in her last quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a jail. To this she adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several play-debts on her hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a woman of her fashion, if she makes me any abatements in this article. I hope, Sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this

usage among our ancestors; or whether you find any mention of pin-money in Grotius, Puffendorf, or any other of the civilians. I am ever the humblest of your admirers,

JOSIAH FRIBBLE, Esq.

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair-sex than myself, so there is none who would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a very late date, unknown to our great grand-mothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. Fribble may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a man's wife with pin-money, is furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessory to his own dishonour. We may, indeed, generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and upon a treaty of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon pin-money is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in pins; or what would he think of the mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hun-

niencies of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my countrywomen, that they had rather called it *needle-money*, which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifle have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves, in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessities of life, may very properly be accused, in the phrase of an homely proverb, of being 'penny wife and pound foolish.'

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, at

nothing odd and singular; but  
 honour of pin-money prevails, I  
 would be very proper for every

gentleman of an estate to mark out for  
 many acres of it under the title of The  
 Pins. L

Nº CCXCVI. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

—NUGIS ADDERE PONDUS.

HOR. EP. XIX. LIB. I. VER. 42.

—ADD WEIGHT TO TRIFLES.

SPEC,

ING lately conversed much  
 with the fair-sex on the subject of  
 translations, which, since their  
 use in public, have been the  
 cause of the female loquacious  
 I found the fair ones possessed  
 satisfaction at your prefixing  
 mottoes to the frontispiece of your  
 books; and, as a man of gallantry,  
 it is a duty incumbent on me to  
 tell you, in hopes of a reformation,  
 which is only to be effected by a  
 change of the Latin to the usual dig-  
 nified papers, which, of late, the  
 cause the great displeasure of your  
 readers, has usurped; for though  
 it has the recommendation of  
 being unintelligible to them as the  
 style being written of the same  
 with their mother-tongue, by  
 means of a spelling-book it is le-  
 velled to the quality the Greek wants:  
 the introduction of operas into  
 the world, the ladies are so charmed  
 with abstracted from their ideas,  
 adore and honour the sound of  
 it is old Italian. I am a for-  
 mer of the fair-sex, and therefore  
 myself in that character more  
 prevalent in this request,  
 should subscribe myself by my  
 name.

J. M.

you may insert this in one of  
 your translations, to shew my zeal for  
 the dissatisfaction of the fair-  
 estoring you to their favour.

Some time since in company  
 with a young officer, who entertain-  
 ed the conquest he had made  
 of a male neighbour of his; when  
 an who stood by, as I suppose,  
 the captain's good fortune,  
 what reason he had to believe  
 admired him? 'Why,' says he,  
 'his are opposite to her's, and

' she is continually at her window either  
 ' at work, reading, taking snuff, or  
 ' putting herself in some toying posture  
 ' on purpose to draw my eyes that way.'  
 The confession of this vain soldier made  
 me reflect on some of my own actions;  
 for you must know, Sir, I am often at  
 a window which fronts the apartments  
 of several gentlemen, who I doubt not  
 have the same opinion of me. I must  
 own I love to look at them all, one for  
 being well dressed, a second for his fine  
 eye, and one particular one, because he  
 is the least man I ever saw; but there is  
 something so easy and pleasant in the  
 manner of my little man, that I observe  
 he is a favourite of all his acquaintance.  
 I could go on to tell you of many  
 others, that I believe think I have en-  
 couraged them from my window: but  
 pray let me have your opinion of the use  
 of the window in a beautiful lady; and  
 how often she may look out at the same  
 man, without being supposed to have a  
 mind to jump out to him. Yours,

AURELIA CARELESS.

Twice.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Have for some time made love to a  
 lady, who received it with all the  
 kind returns I ought to expect; but  
 without any provocation, that I know  
 of, she has of late shunned me with the  
 utmost abhorrence, inasmuch that she  
 went out of church last Sunday in the  
 midst of divine service, upon my com-  
 ing into the same pew. Pray, Sir, what  
 must I do in this business? Your servant,  
 EUPHUES.

Let her alone ten days.

YORK, JAN. 20, 1711-12.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WE have in this town a sort of peo-  
 ple who pretend to wit, and write  
 lampoons: I have lately been the sub-  
 ject



my wife, who indeed take a great deal  
of pains to say any thing in rhyme  
though they say it very ill. I am, Sir,  
your humble servant,

SUSANNA LOVEBANE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WE are several of us, gentlemen and  
ladies, who board in the same  
house, and after dinner one of our com-  
pany, an agreeable man enough other-  
wise, stands up and reads your paper  
to us all. We are the civilest people in  
the world to one another, and therefore  
I am forced to this way of desiring our  
reader, when he is doing this office, not  
to stand afore the fire. This will be a  
general good to our family this cold

N<sup>o</sup> CCXCVII. SATUR

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REGIO INSPEROS REP

AS PERFECT BEAUTIES (

AFTER what I have said in my  
last Saturday's paper, I shall en-  
ter on the subject of this without fur-  
ther preface, and remark the several  
defects which appear in the fable, the  
characters, the sentiments, and the lan-

ancients, were built on this last sort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of OEdipus, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe Aristotle, the most proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains in a former paper to shew, that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the tenth book; and likewise by the vision wherein Adam at the close of the poem sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier Paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against Milton's fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light, namely, that the hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, searches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any person in it, it is certainly the Messiah who is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief episode. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an heathen could not form an higher notion of a poem than one of that kind, which they call an heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a sublimer nature I will not presume to determine: it is sufficient that I shew there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the greatness of plan, regularity of

design, and masterly beauties which we discover in Homer and Virgil.

I must in the next place observe, that Milton has interwoven in the texture of his fable some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death, and the picture which he draws of the Limbo of Vanity, with other passages in the second book. Such allegories rather favour of the spirit of Spenser and Ariosto, than of Homer and Virgil.

In the structure of his poem he has likewise admitted too many digressions. It is finely observed by Aristotle, that the author of an heroic poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. Aristotle has given no reason for this precept: but I presume it is because the mind of the reader is more awe'd and elevated when he hears Æneas or Achilles speak, than when Virgil or Homer talk in their own persons. Besides, that assuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raise the ideas of the author. Tully tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which Cato is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was Cato and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surpris'd to find how little in either of these poems proceeds from the authors. Milton has, in the general disposition of his fable, very finely observed this great rule; in so much, that there is scarce a third part of it which comes from the poet: the rest is spoken either by Adam and Eve, or by some good or evil spirit who is engaged either in their destruction or defence.

From what has been here observed it appears, that digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest reflection in the *Æneid* is in  
that

whom *Aeneas* flew because he saw him adorned with the spoils of *Pallas*, turn upon this incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this reflection upon it without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his reader's memory. *Lucan*, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by it's real weight, but by the apprehension of it. *Milton's* complaint for his blindness, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on *Adam* and *Eve's* going naked, of the angels eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable to the same exception, though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that I would not wish them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper, spoken of the characters of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and declared my opinion, as to the allegorical persons.

ents have been guilty of it, and that tole himself has given it a place in rhetoric among the beauties of that

But as it is in itself poor and ung, it is I think at present univer- exploded by all the masters of e writing.

he last fault which I shall take no- of in Milton's stile, is the frequent of what the learned call 'Technical ds, or terms of art. It is one of reatest beauties of poetry, to make things intelligible, and to deliver is abstruse of itself in such easy age as may be understood by or- y readers: besides, that the know- of a poet should rather seem born him, or inspired, than drawn from s and systems. I have often won- how Mr. Dryden could translate age out of Virgil after the follow- nanner:

Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea,  
Veer starboard sea and land. ———

Milton makes use of larboard in the same manner. When he is upon build- ing he mentions 'Doric pillars, pilat- ters, cornice, freeze, architrave.' When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with 'ecliptic, and eccentric, the tre- pidation, stars dropping from the 'zenith, rays culminating from the 'equator;' to which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

I shall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticism.

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## Nº CCXCVIII. MONDAY, FEBRUARY II.

NUSQUAM TUTA FIDES ———

VIRG. ÆN. IV. V. 373.

HONOUR IS NO WHERE SAFE.

LONDON, FEB. 9, 1711-12.

SPECTATOR,

in a virgin, and in no case de- cable; but yet such as I am I must i, or else become, it is to be fear- is happy; for I find not the least effect from the just correction you ime since gave that too free, that part of our sex which spoils the the same connivance at the vices, ne easy admittance of addresses, ne vitiated relish of the conversa- the greatest of rakes, or, in a ashionable way of expressing one's such as have seen the world most, ounds, increases, multiples.

humble petition therefore of of the most strictly virtuous, and elf, is, that you will once more our authority, and that accord- our late promise, your full, your al authority, on this sillier branch cinal: for why should they be the ouldable mistresses of our fate? ould they with impunity indulge es in licentiousness whilst single, : have the dismal hazard and f reforming them when married?

Strike home, Sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gilded hopes of nuptial felicity, are frustrated, are vanished, and you yourself, as well as Mr. Courtly, will, by smoothing over immodest practices with the gloss of soft and harmless names, for ever forfeit our esteem. Nor think that I am herein more severe than need be: if I have not reason more than enough, do you and the world judge from this ensuing account, which, I think, will prove the evil to be universal.

You must know then, that since your reprehension of this female degeneracy came out, I have had a tender of re- spects from no less than five persons, of tolerable figure too as times go: but the misfortune is, that four of the five are professed followers of the mode. They would face me down, that all wo- men of good sense ever were, and ever will be, latitudinarians in wedlock; and always did, and will give and take what they profanely term conjugal liberty of conscience.

The two first of them, a captain and a merchant, to strengthen their argu- ment,

4 C ?

mentioned was obliged to leave him with his wife and nieces; where the spoke with so much contempt of an absent gentleman for being so slow at him, that he resolved never to be drowsy unmannerly, or stupid for the future; a friend's house; and on a hunting morning, not to pursue the game either with the husband abroad, or with the wife at home.

The next that came was a tradesman no less full of the age than the former; for he had the gallantry to tell me, that at a late junket which he was invited to, the motion being made, and the question being put, it was by maid, wife and widow, resolved, *remine contradicente*, that a young sprightly journeyman is absolutely necessary in their way of business: to which they had the assent and concurrence of their husbands present. I dropped him a courtesy, and gave him to understand that was his audience of leave.

I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many advances besides these; but have been very averse to hear any of them, from my observation on these above mentioned, until I hoped some good from the character of my present admirer, a clergyman. But I find I am

## Nº CCXCIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

MALO VENUSINAM, QUAM TE, CORNELIA, MATER  
GRACCHORUM, SI CUM MAGNIS VIRTUTIBUS APPERS  
GRANDE SUPERCILIUM, ET NUMERAS IN DOTE TRIUMPHOS.  
TOLLE TUUM, PRECOR, ANNIBALEM, VICTUMQUE SYPHACEM  
IN CASTRIS; ET CUM TOTA CARTHAGINE MIGRA.

JUV. SAT. VI. VER. 156.

SOME COUNTRY-GIRL, SCARCE TO A CURTSEY BRED,  
WOULD I MUCH RATHER THAN CORNELIA WED,  
IF SUPERCILIOUS, HAUGHTY, PROUD, AND VAIN,  
SHE BROUGHT HER FATHER'S TRIUMPHS IN HER TRAIN.  
AWAY WITH ALL YOUR CARTHAGINIAN STATE;  
LET VANQUISH'D HANNIBAL WITHOUT DOORS WAIT,  
TOO BURLY AND TOO BIG TO PASS MY NARROW GATE.

DRYDEN.

IT is observed, that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures, and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds, than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject matter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

HAVING carefully perused a letter sent you by Josiah Fribble, Esq. with your subsequent discourse upon pin-money, I do presume to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of Squire Fribble. I am a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of Jack Anvil. I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, inasmuch that by the age of five and twenty I had scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds, five shillings; and a few odd pence. I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader both

by sea and land, which in a few years raised me a very considerable fortune. For these my good services I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbours by the name of Sir John Anvil. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and accordingly resolved that my descendants should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this I made love to the Lady Mary Oddly, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage-treaty, I threw her a *carte blanche*, as our news-papers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune and the regulation of my family should be entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled, that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me; which my Lady Mary very often twits me with, when she would shew me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion, as I told you before; but what she wanted in fortune, she makes up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir John Envil, and at present writes herself Mary Enville. I have had some children by her, whom she has christened with the surnames of her family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest

in my chimney-pieces with looking  
glasses, and planted every corner with  
such heaps of china, that I am oblig'd  
to move about my own house with the  
greatest caution and circumspection, for  
fear of hurting some of our brittle fur-  
niture. She makes an illumination once  
a week with wax-candles in one of the  
largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it,  
to see company. At which time she  
always desires me to be abroad, or to  
confine myself to the cock-loft, that I  
may not disgrace her among her visi-  
tants of quality. Her footmen, as I  
told you before, are such beaux, that I  
do not much care for asking them ques-  
tions; when I do, they answer me with  
a saucy frown, and say that every thing  
which I find fault with, was done by  
my Lady Mary's order. She tells me  
that she intends they shall wear swords  
with their next liveries, having lately  
observed the footmen of two or three  
persons of quality hanging behind the  
coach with swords by their sides. As  
soon as the first honey-moon was over,  
I represented to her the unreasonableness  
of those daily innovations which she  
made in my family; but she told me I  
was no longer to consider myself as Sir  
John Anvil, but as her husband; and

my old way of life I would  
t to begin the world again, and  
Jack Anvil; but alas! I am in  
and am bound to subscribe my-

self, with great sorrow of heart, your  
humble servant,

JOHN ENVILLE, Knt.

L

° CCC. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

—DIVERSUM VITIUM VITIUM PROPE MAJUS.

HOR. EP. XVIII. LIB. I. VER. 5.

—ANOTHER FALLING OF THE MIND,

GREATER THAN THIS, OF A QUITE DIFFERENT KIND.

POOBY.

ECTATOR,

EN you talk of the subject  
of love, and the relations aris-  
it, methinks you should take  
ave no fault unobserved which  
the state of marriage. The  
ation that I have observed in  
at the wedded couple seem to  
ortunities of being often enough  
ether, and are forced to quarrel  
nd before company. Mr. Hot-  
l his lady, in a room full of  
nds, are ever saying something  
to each other, and that but just  
les, that the whole company  
the utmost anxiety and suspense  
of their falling into extremities  
ey could not be present at. On  
r side, Tom Faddle and his  
ouse, wherever they come, are  
t such a rate, as they think  
ur hearts good to behold them.  
ou possibly propose a mean be-  
ing walsps and doves in public?  
think if you advised to hate or  
rely it would be better: for if  
ld be so discreet as to hate from  
bottom of their hearts, their  
would be too strong for little  
ery moment; and if they loved  
: calm and noble value which  
the heart, with a warmth like  
se-blood, they would not be so  
t of their passion as to fall into  
le fondness. This method, in  
, would save appearances; but  
who offend on the fond side are  
the fewer, I would have you  
ff them, and go on to take no-  
most impertinent licence mar-  
ien take, not only to be very  
their spouses in public, but  
nauſeous allusions to private

familiarities, and the like. Lucina is  
a lady of the greatest discretion, you  
must know, in the world; and withal  
very much a physician: upon the strength  
of these two qualities there is nothing  
she will not speak of before us virgins;  
and she every day talks with a very  
grave air in such a manner, as is very  
improper so much as to be hinted at,  
but to obviate the greatest extremity.  
Those whom they call good bodies, not-  
able people, hearty neighbours, and the  
purest goodest company in the world,  
are the great offenders in this kind.  
Here I think I have laid before you an  
open field for pleafantry; and hope you  
will shew these people that at least they  
are not witty: in which you will save  
from many a blush a daily sufferer,  
who is very much your most humble  
servant,

SUSANNA LOVEWORTH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IN your's of Wednesday the 30th past,  
you and your correspondents are very  
severe on a sort of men, whom you call  
male coquettes; but without any other  
reason, in my apprehension, than that  
of paying a shallow compliment to the  
fair-sex, by accusing some men of ima-  
ginary faults, that the women may not  
seem to be the more faulty sex; though  
at the same time you suppose there are  
some so weak as to be imposed upon by  
fine things and false addresses. I can-  
not persuade myself that your design is  
to debar the sexes the benefit of each  
other's conversation, within the rules of  
honour; nor will you, I dare say, re-  
commend to them, or encourage the  
common tea-table talk, much less that  
of politics and matters of state: and if  
these



these are forbidden subjects of discourse, then, as long as there are any women in the world who take a pleasure in hearing themselves praised, and can bear the sight of a man prostrate at their feet, so long I shall make no wonder that there are those of the other sex who will pay them most impertinent humiliations. We should have few people such fools as to practise flattery, if all were so wise as to despise it. I do not deny but you would do a meritorious act, if you could prevent all impositions on the simplicity of young women; but I must confess I do not apprehend you have laid the fault on the proper person, and if I trouble you with my thoughts upon it, I promise myself your pardon. Such of the sex as are raw and innocent, and most exposed to these attacks, have, or their parents are much to blame if they have not, one to advise and guard them, and are obliged themselves to take care of them; but if these, who ought to hinder men from all opportunities of this sort of conversation, instead of that encourage and promote it, the suspicion is very just that there are some private reasons for it; and I will leave it to you to determine on which side a part is then acted. Some women there are who are arrived at years of discretion, I mean are got out of the hands of their parents and governors, and are set up for themselves, who yet are liable to these attempts; but if these are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay the fault upon them, that their wisdom is not grown with their years. My client, Mr. Strephon, whom you summoned to declare himself, gives you thanks however for your warning, and begs the favour only to enlarge his time for a week, or to the last day of the term, and then he will appear *gratis*, and pray no day over.

Your's,

PHILANTHROPOS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Was last night to visit a Lady I much esteem, and always my friend; but met with so violent a reception from what I thought I cannot help applying to you on this occasion. In that civility and familiarity I am treated with by her, an affectedness in her looks, and coldness in her behaviour, plainly told me I was the welcome guest which the reg-  
tenderness she has often expressed me gave me reason to flatter myself I think I was. Sir, this is certainly a great fault, and I assure you a common one; therefore I hope you think it a fit subject for some Spectator. Be pleased to acquaint how we must behave ourselves in this valetudinary friendship, for so many heats and colds, and oblige, Sir, your humble servant

MRS.

SIR,

I Cannot forbear acknowledging the delight your late Spectator's tuesdays have given me; for they in the honest spirit of criticism, added to my mind the following sonnet I had read long since in a prologue to a play called *Julius Cæsar*, which served a better fate. The verses are dressed to the little critics.

Show your small talent, and let that  
ye;

But grow not vain upon it, I advise  
For every sap can find out faults in;  
You'll ne'er arrive at knowing when

Your's,

T

CCCI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

POSSINT UT JUVENES VISERE PERVIDI  
MULTO NON SINE RISU,  
DILAPSAM IN CINERES FACEM.

HOR. OD. XIII. L. 4. VER. 26.

THAT ALL MAY LAUGH TO SEE THAT GLARING LIGHT,  
WHICH LATELY SHONE SO FIERCE AND BRIGHT,  
END IN A STINK AT LAST, AND VANISH INTO NIGHT.

ANON.

are generally so much pleased  
th any little accomplishments,  
ody or mind, which have  
us remarkable in the world,  
leavour to persuade ourselves  
the power of time to rob us  
We are eternally pursuing  
methods which first procured  
uses of mankind. It is from  
that an author writes on,  
is come to dotage; without  
ering that his memory is im-  
l that he hath lost that life,  
pirits, which formerly raised  
and fired his imagination.  
folly hinders a man from  
his behaviour to his age, and  
dius, who was a celebrated  
ve and twenty, still love to  
a minuet, though he is past  
It is this, in a word, which  
vn with elderly fops, and su-  
d coquettes.

a lady of this latter species,  
me yesterday in her coach,  
is an haughty beauty of the  
nd was followed by crowds  
whose passions only pleased  
y gave her opportunities of  
tyrant. She then contract-  
ful cast of the eye and for-  
own, which she has not yet  
and has still all the insolence  
without it's charms. If she  
ts the eyes of any beholders,  
by being remarkably ridicu-  
her own sex laugh at her af-  
and the men, who always en-  
ratured pleasure in seeing an  
beauty humbled and neglect-  
her with the same satisfaction  
nation sees a tyrant in dis-

meycumb, who is a great ad-  
e gallantries in King Charles  
's reign, lately communicat-

ed to me a letter written by a wit of that  
age to his mistress, who it seems was a  
lady of Canidia's humour; and though  
I do not always approve of my friend  
Will's taste, I liked this letter so well,  
that I took a copy of it, with which I  
shall here present my reader.

TO CHLOE.

MADAM,

SINCE my waking thoughts have  
never been able to influence you in  
my favour, I am resolved to try whe-  
ther my dreams can make any impres-  
sion on you. To this end I shall give  
you an account of a very odd one which  
my fancy presented to me last night,  
within a few hours after I left you.

Methought I was unaccountably con-  
veyed into the most delicious place mine  
eyes ever beheld: it was a large valley  
divided by a river of the purest water I  
had ever seen. The ground on each side  
of it rose by an easy ascent, and was co-  
vered with flowers of an infinite variety,  
which as they were reflected in the water  
doubled the beauties of the place, or ra-  
ther formed an imaginary scene more  
beautiful than the real. On each side  
of the river was a range of lofty trees,  
whose boughs were loaded with almost  
as many birds as leaves. Every tree  
was full of harmony.

I had not gone far in this pleasant  
valley, when I perceived that it was ter-  
minated by a most magnificent temple.  
The structure was ancient, and regular.  
On the top of it was figured the god Sa-  
turn, in the same shape and dress that  
the poets usually represent Time.

As I was advancing to satisfy my cu-  
riosity by a nearer view, I was stopped  
by an object far more beautiful than any  
I had before discovered in the whole  
place. I fancy, Madam, you will easily  
guess

reflections, the doors of the temple flew open, with a very great noise; and lifting up my eyes, I saw two figures, in human shape, coming into the valley. Upon a nearer survey, I found them to be Youth and Love. The first was incircled with a kind of purple light, that spread a glory over all the place; the other held a flaming torch in his hand. I could observe, that all the way as they came towards us, the colours of the flowers appeared more lively, the trees shot out in blossoms, the birds threw themselves into pairs, and serenaded them as they passed: the whole face of nature glowed with new beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the place where you lay, when they seated themselves on each side of you. On their approach, methought I saw a new bloom arise in your face, and new charms diffuse themselves over your whole person. You appeared more than mortal; but, to my great surprise, continued fast asleep, though the two deities made several gentle efforts to awaken you.

After a short time, Youth displaying

NE COOL



*W. H. Smith del.*

*J. H. Smith sculp.*



ly obscured the whole by the  
 f one or two circumstances  
 equence, that the person it is  
 n might still be concealed;  
 e writer of it might not be in  
 spected; and for some other  
 choose not to give it the form  
 but if, besides the faults of  
 ition, there be any thing in it  
 er for a correspondent than  
 or himself to write, I submit  
 better judgment, to receive  
 model you think fit. I am,  
 very humble servant.

E is nothing which gives one  
 ising a prospect of human na-  
 contemplation of wisdom and  
 e latter is the peculiar portion  
 e which is therefore called  
 ie happy concurrence of both  
 encies in the same person, is  
 too celestial to be frequently

Beauty is an over-weaning  
 nt thing, careless of providing  
 more substantial ornaments;  
 le does it consult it's own in-  
 it it too often defeats itself  
 ig that innocence which ren-  
 dy and desirable. As there-  
 makes a beautiful woman  
 e beautiful, so beauty makes  
 woman really more virtuous.  
 m considering these two per-  
 riously united in one person,  
 elp representing to my mind  
 of Emilia.

er beheld the charming Emi-  
 t feeling in his breast at once  
 f love and the tenderness of  
 friendship? The untutored  
 ier behaviour, and the pleas-  
 s of her tongue, insensibly  
 on to wish for a nearer en-  
 them; but even her smiles  
 em a silent reproof to the im-  
 centious love. Thus, though  
 ves of her beauty play almost  
 upon you and create desire,  
 iately stand corrected not by  
 but the decency of her vir-  
 sweetness and good-humour  
 visible in her face, naturally  
 if into every word and action:  
 t be a savage, who at the sight  
 is not more inclined to do  
 an gratify himself. Her per-  
 thus studiously embellished  
 thus adorned with unpreme-  
 es, is a fit lodging for a

mind so fair and lovely; there dwell ra-  
 tional piety, modest hope, and cheerful  
 resignation.

Many of the prevailing passions of  
 mankind do undeservedly pass under  
 the name of religion; which is thus  
 made to express itself in action, accord-  
 ing to the nature of the constitution in  
 which it resides: so that were we to  
 make a judgment from appearances,  
 one would imagine religion in some is  
 little better than sullenness and reserve,  
 in many fear, in others the despondings  
 of a melancholy complexion, in others  
 the formality of insignificant unaffect-  
 ing observances, in others severity, in  
 others ostentation. In Emilia it is a  
 principle founded in reason and enliven-  
 ed with hope; it does not break forth  
 into irregular fits and sallies of devo-  
 tion, but is an uniform and consistent  
 tenour of action: it is strict without se-  
 verity; compassionate without weakness;  
 it is the perfection of that good-humour  
 which proceeds from the understanding,  
 not the effect of an easy constitution.

By a generous sympathy in nature,  
 we feel ourselves disposed to mourn when  
 any of our fellow-creatures are afflict-  
 ed; but injured innocence and beauty  
 in distress, is an object that carries in it  
 something inexpressibly moving: it soft-  
 ens the most manly heart with the ten-  
 derest sensations of love and compassion,  
 until at length it confesses it's humanity,  
 and flows out into tears.

Were I to relate that part of Emilia's  
 life which has given her an opportunity  
 of exerting the heroism of Christianity,  
 it would make too sad, too tender a  
 story: but when I consider her alone in  
 the midst of her distresses, looking be-  
 yond this gloomy vale of affliction and  
 sorrow into the joys of heaven and im-  
 mortality, and when I see her in conver-  
 sation thoughtless and easy as if she were  
 the most happy creature in the world, I  
 am transported with admiration. Sure-  
 ly never did such a philosophic soul in-  
 habit such a beauteous form! For beau-  
 ty is often made a privilege against  
 thought and reflection; it laughs at wis-  
 dom, and will not abide the gravity of  
 it's instructions.

Were I able to represent Emilia's vir-  
 tues in their proper colours and their  
 due proportions, love or flattery might  
 perhaps be thought to have drawn the  
 picture larger than life; but as this is  
 but an imperfect draught of so excellent  
 a character

...upon conquest and arbitrary power.  
That she has some wit and beauty no  
body denies, and therefore has the  
esteem of all her acquaintance as a  
woman of an agreeable person and con-  
versation; but, whatever her husband  
may think of it, that is not sufficient for  
Honorio: she waves that title to respect  
as a mean acquisition, and demands  
veneration in the right of an idol; for  
this reason her natural desire of life is  
continually checked with an inconsistent  
fear of wrinkles and old age.

Emilia cannot be supposed ignorant  
of her personal charms, though she  
seems to be so; but she will not hold  
her happiness upon so precarious a  
tenure, whilst her mind is adorned  
with beauties of a more exalted and  
lasting nature. When in the full bloom  
of youth and beauty we saw her sur-  
rounded with a crowd of adorers,  
she took no pleasure in slaughter and  
destruction, gave no false deluding  
hopes which might increase the tor-  
ments of her disappointed lovers; but  
having for some time given to the de-  
cency of a virgin coyne's, and examined  
the merit of their several pretensions, she  
at length gratified her own, by resigning  
herself to the seduction of a

## THE SPECTATOR.

ality account trifles; and considers every thing as a matter of consequence, that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her husband; him she esteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for life.

By the help of these, and a thousand other nameless arts, which it is easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the obstinacy of her goodness and unprovoked submission, in spite of all her afflictions and ill usage, Bro-

mius is become a man of a kind husband, and Emilia a h

Ye guardian angels, to v Heaven has entrusted it's de guide her still forward in th virtue, defend her from the and wrongs of this undiscern at length, when we must no verse with such purity on earl gently hence innocent and un to a better place, where by an sition from what she now is shine forth an angel of light.

## Nº CCCIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY

VOLET HÆC SUR LUCY VIDERI,  
JUDICIS ARGUTUM QUÆ NON FERMIDAT ACUMEN.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 3

SOME CHOOSE THE clearest light,  
AND BOLDLY CHALLENGE THE MOST PIERCING EYE.

ROSCOMMON

I Have seen, in the works of a modern philosopher, a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's Paradise Lost, may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion: as it is observed, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others, so, notwithstanding I have already shewn Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whic mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing heavenly muse!

These lines are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work which turns in a great measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the muse who inspired Moïses in those books from whence our author drew his sub-

ject, and to the Holy Spirit therein represented as operating in a particular manner in the first of nature. This whole exordium very happily into noble language, as I think the translation of the fable is exquisitely beautiful.

The nine days astonishment the angels lay entranced after the fall from heaven, before they could recover either thought or speech, is a noble instance, and very finely imagined division of hell into seas of into firm ground impregnate same furious element, with a particular circumstance of the ex hope from those infernal re instances of the same great an invention.

The thoughts in the first description of Satan, who is principal actors in this poem, are so judiciously and so perfectly proper to give us a full view of him. His pride, envy and obstinacy, despair and impetuosity, all of them very artfully introduced. In short, his first speech is a full view of all those passions which he himself separately in several of his speeches in the poem. This part of this great enemy is so full of such incident



and mighty stature: on each hand the flames  
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires,  
and roll'd

In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Alott incumbent on the dusky air  
That felt unusual weight—

His pond'rous shield  
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose  
orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artists view  
At ev'ning, from the top of Fesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotted globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle—

To which we may add his call to the  
fallen angels that lay plunged and stu-  
pified in the sea of fire.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of hell resounded.

But there is no single passage in the  
whole poem worked up to a greater sub-  
limity, than that wherein his person is  
described in the following lines.

Mammon came next behind,  
 A mortal wound in Lebanon allur'd  
 In damsels to lament his fate  
 His ditties all a summer's day,  
 Tooth Adonis from his native rock  
 He led to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
 He murther'd yearly wounded: the love tale  
 His daughters with like heat,  
 And on passions in the sacred porch  
 They saw, when by the vision led  
 They survey'd the dark idolatries  
 And Judah—

The reader will pardon me if I insert  
 On this beautiful passage, the  
 given us by the late ingenious  
 Underdrell of this ancient piece of  
 and probably the first occasion  
 a superstition. 'We came to  
 a large river—doubtless the an-  
 niver Adonis, so famous for the  
 ous rites performed here in la-  
 tion of Adonis. We had the  
 : to see what may be supposed  
 the occasion of that opinion  
 Lucian relates concerning this  
 viz. that this stream, at certain  
 of the year, especially about  
 ist of Adonis, is of a bloody  
 ; which the heathens looked  
 is proceeding from a kind of  
 hy in the river for the death of  
 s, who was killed by a wild  
 the mountains, out of which  
 earn ruses. Something like this  
 actually come to pass; for the  
 was stained to a surprising red-  
 and, as we observed in travel-  
 had discoloured the sea a great  
 to a reddish hue, occasioned  
 is by a sort of minium, or red  
 washed into the river by the  
 e of the rain, and not by any  
 om Adonis's blood.'

affage in the catalogue, explain-  
 manner how spirits transform  
 es by contraction or enlarge-  
 their dimensions, is introduced  
 at judgment, to make way for  
 rprising accidents in the sequel  
 oem. There follows one, at  
 end of the first book, which is  
 French critics call Marvellous,  
 e same time probable by reason  
 ffrage last mentioned. As soon  
 ernal palace is finished, we are  
 multitude and rabble of spirits  
 ely shrunk themselves into a  
 spals, that there might be room  
 a numberless assembly in this

capacious hall. But it is the poet's re-  
 finement upon this thought which I most  
 admire, and which is indeed very noble  
 in itself. For he tells us, that notwith-  
 standing the vulgar, among the fallen  
 spirits, contracted their forms, those of  
 the first rank and dignity still preserved  
 their natural dimensions.

Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at  
 large,  
 Though without number, still amidst the hall  
 Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great seraphic lords and cherubim,  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full—

The character of Mammon, and the  
 description of the Pandæmonium, are  
 full of beauties.

There are several other strokes in the  
 first book wonderfully poetical, and in-  
 stances of that sublime genius so peculiar  
 to the author. Such is the description  
 of Azazel's stature, and, the infernal  
 standard which he unfurls; as also of  
 that ghastly light, by which the fiends  
 appear to one another in their place of  
 torments.

The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimm'ring of those livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful—

The shout of the whole host of fallen  
 angels when drawn up in battle array—

—The universal host up sent  
 A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

The review, which the leader makes  
 of his infernal army—

—He thro' the armed files  
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battalion views, their order due,  
 Their visages and stature as of gods,  
 Their number last he sums; and now his  
 heart  
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his  
 strength  
 Glories—

The flash of light which appeared  
 upon the drawing up of their swords—  
 He spake; and to confirm his words out flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the  
 thighs

With Niphath and Alphaleas, yielded his  
As from a sky

There are also several noble similes and allusions in the first book of *Paradise Lost*: and here I must observe, that when Milton alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile until it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to enflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment, which is suitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Those, who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in Milton's similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, because ignorant readers, who have formed their taste upon the quaint similes and little turns of wit, which are so much in vogue among modern poets, cannot relish these beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure Milton's manner.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCIV. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

VULNUS ALIT VENIS ET CÆCO CARPITUR IGNI.

VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 26.

A LATENT FIRE PREYS ON HIS FEV'ISH VEINS.

THE circumstances of my correspondent, whose letter I now insert so frequent, that I cannot want to mention so much as to forbear laying it before the town. There is something in and inhuman in a direct Smith-gain for children, that if this carries his point, and observes the he pretends to follow, I do not wish him success, but also that it animate others to follow his example. I know not one motive relating to a life which would produce so honourable and worthy actions, hopes of obtaining a woman of there would ten thousand ways of ntry and honest ambition be pursued by young men, who believed that persons admired had value enough in their passion to attend the event of good fortune in all their applications in order to make their circumstances fall in with the duties they owe to themselves, their families, and their country. All these relations a man should think of who intends to go into the state of marriage, and expects to find it a state of pleasure and satisfaction.

increased in riches in proportion to my advancement in those arts which make a man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain sympathy which will tell my mistress from these circumstances, that it is I who write this for her reading, if you will please to insert it. There is not a downright enmity, but a great coldness, between our parents; so that if either of us declared any kind sentiments for each other, her friends would be very backward to lay any obligation upon our family, and mine to receive it from her's. Under these delicate circumstances it is no easy matter to act with safety. I have no reason to fancy my mistress has any regard for me, but from a very disinterested value which I have for her. If from any hint in any future paper of your's she gives me the least encouragement, I doubt not but I shall surmount all other difficulties; and inspired by so noble a motive for the care of my fortune, as the belief she is to be concerned in it, I will not despair of receiving her one day from her father's own hand. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CLYTANDER.

SPECTATOR,

I have for some years indulged a passion for a young lady of age and quality, suitable to my own, but very much inferior in fortune. It is the fashion of the present age, how justly I leave you to judge, to make all regards give way to the desire of wealth. From this one consideration it is that I have concealed my affection; but I am sensible of the force of my love for the advantages which I reaped from the better conduct of my life. I am complacently to all the world, and desire to oblige wherever it lay in my power, and a circumspect behaviour in all my words and actions, have made me more particularly acceptable to all my friends and acquaintances. Love has had the same good effect on my fortune; and I have in-

TO HIS WORSHIP THE SPECTATOR.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF ANTHONY  
TITLE-PAGE, STATIONER, IN THE  
CENTRE OF LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS,

SHewETH,

THAT your petitioner and his forefathers have been sellers of books for time immemorial; that your petitioner's ancestor, Crouchback Title-page, was the first of that vocation in Britain; who keeping his station in fair weather, at the corner of Lothbury, was by way of eminency called the Stationer, a name which from him all succeeding booksellers have affected to bear: that the station of your petitioner and his father has been in the place of his present settlement ever since that square has been built: that your petitioner has formerly had the honour of your worship's

A E

custom.

custom, and hopes you never had reason to complain of your pennyworths; that particularly he told you your first Lilly's Grammar, and at the same time a Wits Commonwealth almost as good as new: moreover, that your first rudimental essays in spectatorthip were made in your petitioner's shop, where you often practised for hours together, sometimes on his books upon the rails, sometimes on the little hieroglyphics either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the Egyptian woman on the other side of the shop had wrought in gingerbread, and sometimes on the English youth, who in sundry places there were exercising themselves in the traditional sports of the field.

From these considerations it is, that your petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint you with worship, that he has certain intelligence that you receive great numbers of defamatory letters designed by their authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: your petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those refuse letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful provision for his family; or at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the pound weight to his good customers the pastry-cooks of London and Westminster.

And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

#### TO THE SPECTATOR.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BARTHOLOMEW LADYLOVE, OF ROUND COURT, IN THE PARISH OF ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS, IN BEHALF OF HIMSELF AND NEIGHBOURS,  
SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners have with great industry and application arrived at the most exact art of invitation

or intreaty: that by a beseeching air and persuasive address, they have for many years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their shops, to come in and buy; and from that softness of behaviour, have arrived among tradesmen at the gentle appellation of the Fawners.

That there have of late set up amongst us certain persons from Monmouth Street and Long Lane, who by the strength of their arms, and loudness of their throats, draw off the regard of all passengers from your said petitioners; from which violence they are distinguished by the name of the Worriers.

That while your petitioners stand ready to receive passengers with a submissive bow, and repeat with a gentle voice—'Ladies, what do you want?' 'pray look in here;' the worriers reach out their hands at pistol-shot, and seize the customers at arms-length.

That while the fawners strain and relax the muscles of their faces in making distinction between a spinster in a coloured scarf and an handmaid in a straw hat, the worriers use the same roughness to both, and prevail upon the easiness of the passengers, to the impoverishment of your petitioners.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer parts of the town; and that Round Court may remain a receptacle for buyers of a more soft education.

And your petitioners, &c.

The petition of the New Exchange, concerning the arts of buying and selling, and particularly valuing goods by the complexion of the seller, will be considered on another occasion.

Nº CCCV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

NON TALI AUXILIO, NEC DEFENSORIBUS ISTIS  
TEMPUS EGIT—

VIRG. ÆN. II. VER. 521.

THESE TIMES WANT OTHER AIDS.

DRYDEN.

OUR late news-papers being full of the project now on foot in the court of France, for establishing a political academy, and I myself having received letters from several virtuosos among my foreign correspondents, which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's cables

ulation. A general account of this project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of last Friday in the following words, translated from the *Gazette of Amsterdam*.

Paris, February 12. It is confirmed that the king has resolved to establish a new academy for politics, of which the Marquis de Torcy, minister and secretary of state, is to be protector. Six academicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper talents, for beginning to form this academy, into which no person is to be admitted under twenty-five years of age: they must likewise have each an estate of two thousand livres a year, either in possession, or to come to them by inheritance. The king will allow to each a pension of a thousand livres. They are likewise to have able masters to teach them the necessary sciences, and to instruct them in all the treaties of peace, alliance, and others, which have been made in several ages past. These members are to meet twice a week at the Louvre. From this seminary are to be chosen secretaries to embassies, who by degrees may advance to higher employments.

Cardinal Richieu's politics made France the terror of Europe. The statesmen who have appeared in that nation of late years, have on the contrary rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis de Torcy seems resolved to make several young men in France as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add; that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madame de Maintenon, and to be dispatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless

remember, that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them transformed into ambassadors; but the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war, has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in possession, or reversion, an estate of two thousand French livres per annum, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention news-papers, pens and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessaries for politicians.

A man must be at least five and twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy, though there is no question but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the *Paris Gazette*, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of politicians.

The society of these hopeful young gentlemen is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the royal academy. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted to them.

The first is to instruct the students in state legerdemain, as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor; who is a kind of posture-master.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and, in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a sort of language-master, who is to instruct them in the style proper for a minister in his ordinary

discourse. And to the end that this college of statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political stile, they are to make use of it in their common conversations, before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another, what of the clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a *louis d'or*, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the king is at Versailles or Marly, he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the late Gazette, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

The fourth professor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect also in this practice, they are not to send a note to one another, though it be but to borrow a Tacitus or a Machiavel, which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the controversies of probable doctrines, mental reservations, and the rights of princes. This learned man is to instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and construing part of Treaty-Latin; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his Most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evasions, in the most solemn compacts; and particularly a great rabbinical secret, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article may both of them be true and valid.

When our statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several instructors, they are to receive their last polishing from one who is to act among them as master of the ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon the important points of the elbow-chair, and the stair-head, to instruct them in the different situations of the right-hand, and to furnish them with bows

and inclinations of all sizes, measures, and proportions. In short, this professor is to give the society their stiffening, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualify them for levees, conferences, visits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars, which are to be observed in this society of unfledged statesmen; but I must confess, had I a son of five and twenty, that should take it into his head at that age to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a blockhead. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same arts which are to enable him to negotiate between potentates, might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young Machiavels will, in a little time, turn their college upside down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a salad, as they may hereafter put in practice to over-reach a neighbouring prince or state.

We are told, that the Spartans, though they punished theft in their young men when it was discovered, looked upon it as honourable if it succeeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their public or private negotiations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended seminary of politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their founder.

In the mean time we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of statesmen: and as Sylla saw many Marius's in Cæsar, so I think we may discover many Torcys in this college of academicians. Whatever we think of ourselves, I am afraid neither our Smyrna or St. James's will be a match for it. Our coffee-houses are, indeed, very good institutions, but whether or no these our British schools of politics may furnish out as able envoys and secretaries as an academy that is set apart for that purpose, will deserve our serious consideration, especially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing

men of integrity than statesmen; and that on the contrary, French truth and British policy make a conspicuous figure

in *Nothing*, as the Earl of Rochester has very well observed in his admirable poem upon that barren subject. L

N<sup>o</sup> CCCVI. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

—QUÆ FORMA, UT SE TIBI SEMPER  
IMPUTET?—

JUV. SAT. VI. VER. 177-

WHAT BEAUTY, OR WHAT CHASTITY, CAN BEAR  
SO GREAT A PRICE, IF STATELY AND SEVERE  
SHE STILL INSULTS?

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Write this to communicate to you a misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory discourse on the subject. I was within this half-year in the possession of as much beauty and as many lovers as any young lady in England. But my admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their behaviour. I have within that time had the small-pox; and this face, which, according to many amorous epistles which I have by me, was the seat of all that is beautiful in woman, is now disfigured with scars. It goes to the very soul of me to speak what I really think of my face; and though I think I did not over-rate my beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanced in it's value with me now it is lost. There is one circumstance which makes my case very particular; the ugliest fellow that ever pretended to me, was and is most in my favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an obligation which he owes me, in liking a person that is not amiable;—but there is, I fear, no possibility of making passion move by the rules of reason and gratitude. But say what you can to one who has survived herself, and knows not how to act in a new being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals, my rivals are every day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting reflection upon what I was. Consider the woman I was did not die of old age, but I was taken off in the prime of youth, and according to the course of nature may have forty years after-life to come. I have nothing of myself left, which I like, but that I am, &c, your most humble servant,

PARTHENISSA,

When Lewis of France had lost the battle of Ramillies, the addresses to him at that time were full of his fortitude, and they turned his misfortune to his glory; in that, during his prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic constancy under distresses, and so the world had lost the most eminent part of his character. Parthenissa's condition gives her the same opportunity; and to resign conquests is a task as difficult in a beauty as an hero. In the very entrance upon this work she must burn all her love-letters; or since she is so candid as not to call her lovers who followed her no longer unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new life from that of a beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest inscription—'Articles of a marriage-treaty broken off by the small-pox.' I have known but one instance where a matter of this kind went on after a like misfortune, where the lady, who was a woman of spirit, writ this billet to her lover:

SIR,

I F you flattered me before I had this terrible malady, pray come and see me now; but if you sincerely liked me, stay away; for I am not the same.

CORINNA.

The lover thought there was something so sprightly in her behaviour, that he answered—

MADAM,

I Am not obliged, since you are not the same woman, to let you know whether I flattered you or not; but I assure you I do not, when I tell you I now like you above all your sex; and hope you will bear what may befall me, when



together, and you find those who have the strongest possession of men's hearts are not eminent for their beauty you see it often happen that those who engage men to the greatest violence, are such as those who are strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that end. The fondest lover I know, said to me one day in a crowd of women at an entertainment of music—' You ' have often heard me talk of my beloved; that woman there,' continued he, smiling when he had fixed my eye, ' is ' her very picture.' The lady he shewed me was by much the least remarkable for beauty of any in the whole assembly; but having my curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my eyes off her. Her eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden surprise she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the secret: she did not understand herself for the object of love, and therefore she was so. The lover is a very honest plain man; and what charmed him was a person that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herself, but sincerely attentive with a ready and cheerful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell Parthenissa for her comfort that she has

P. S.

FEBRUARY 18.

MADAM,

I Have your's of this day, wherein you twice bid me not disoblige you, but

you must explain yourself farther before I know what to do. Your most obedient servant,

T

THE SPECTATOR.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCVII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

—————VERSATE DIU, QUID FERRE RECUSANT,  
QUID VALEANT NUMERI—————

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 39.

—————OFTEN TRY WHAT WEIGHT YOU CAN SUPPORT,  
AND WHAT YOUR SHOULDERS ARE TOO WEAK TO BEAR.

ROSCOMMON.

I Am so well pleased with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to the public.

SIR,

THOUGH I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up trifles than myself, yet as your speculations are now swelling into volumes, and will in all probability pass down to future ages, methinks I would have no single subject in them, wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left unfinished.

I have a long time expected with great impatience that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes which are committed in the education of our children. I the more easily flattered myself that you would one time or other resume this consideration, because you tell us that your 163th paper was only composed of a few broken hints; but finding myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventured to send you my own thoughts on this subject.

I remember Pericles, in his famous oration at the funeral of those Athenian young men who perished in the Samian expedition, has a thought very much celebrated by several ancient critics, namely, that the loss which the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring. The prejudice which the public sustains from a wrong education of children, is an evil of the same nature, as it in a manner starves posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in their respective posts of life.

I have seen a book written by Juan Huartes, a Spanish physician, intituled *Examen de Ingenios*; wherein he lays it down as one of his first positions, that nothing but nature can qualify a man for learning; and that without a proper temperament for the particular art or science which he studies, his utmost pains and application, assisted by the ablest masters, will be to no purpose.

He illustrates this by the example of Tully's son Marcus.

Cicero, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of learning which he designed him for, sent him to Athens, the most celebrated academy at that time in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations, could not but furnish the young gentleman with a multitude of great examples and accidents that might insensibly have instructed him in his designed studies. He placed him under the care of Cratippus, who was one of the greatest philosophers of the age; and, as if all the books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him: notwithstanding all this, history informs us, that Marcus proved a mere blockhead; and that nature, who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father, rendered him incapable of improving by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens. This author therefore proposes, that there should be certain triers or examiners appointed by the state to inspect the genius of every particular boy, and to allot him the part that is most suitable to his natural talents.

Plato in one of his dialogues tells us, that Socrates, who was the son of a mid-

asserts that every kind of wit has a particular science corresponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent. As to those geniuses, which may seem to have an equal aptitude for several things, he regards them as so many unfinished pieces of nature wrought off in haste.

There are indeed but very few to whom nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper applications.

The story of Clavius is very well known; he was entered in a college of Jesuits, and after having been tried at several parts of learning, was upon the point of being dismissed as an hopeless blockhead, until one of the fathers took it into his head to make an essay of his parts in geometry, which it seems hit his genius so luckily, that he afterwards became one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. It is commonly thought that the sagacity of these fathers, in discovering the talent of a young student, has not a little contributed to the figure which their order has made in the world.

, or have snapped his fingers at ease to himself and advance public.

partans, though they acted with which I am here speaking of, much farther than what I pronounce them it was not lawful rather himself to bring up his after his own fancy. As soon were seven years old, they were in several companies, and disapproved by the public. The old men ratators of their performances, raised quarrels among them, hem at strife with one another,

that by those early discoveries they might see how their several talents lay, and without any regard to their quality, dispose of them accordingly for the service of the commonwealth. By this means Sparta soon became the mistress of Greece, and famous through the whole world for her civil and military discipline.

If you think this letter deserves a place among your speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other thoughts on the same subject.

I am, &c.

X

10 CCCVIII FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

—JAM PROTERVA  
FRONTE PETET LALAGE MARITUM.

HOR. OD. V. LIB. II. VER. 15.

—LALAGE WILL SOON PROCLAIM  
HER LOVE, NOR BLUSH TO OWN HER FLAME.

CREECH.

SPECTATOR,  
You this trouble in order to let myself to you as an assistant in the weighty cares which you ought fit to undergo for the good. I am a very great lover of you, that is to say honestly; and natural to study what one likes, industriously applied myself to do them. The present circumstance to them, is that I think, is under you, as Spectator, a being distinguished and vested in rank and quality of a censor on earth. I lodge at the Temple, and seeing women come hither, regards observing them conductors counsel to judges chambers, is a custom in case of making use of a wife's estate, that she to a judge's apartment and with him, to be examined in whether she has not been frightened by her spouse into the going to do, or whether it is of her free will. Now if this be a judgment upon reason and equity, and there not be also a proper examining such as are entered into the state of matrimony, where are forced by parents on one loved by interest only on the other come together, and bring forth hard heirs as are the product

of half love and constrained compliances? There is nobody, though I say it myself, would be fitter for this office than I am; for I am an ugly fellow of great wit and sagacity. My father was an hale country squire, my mother a witty beauty of no fortune: the match was made by consent of my mother's parents against her own, and I am the child of the rape on the wedding night; so that I am as healthy and as homely as my father, but as sprightly and agreeable as my mother. It would be of great ease to you if you would use me under you, that matches might be better regulated for the future, and we might have no more children of squabbles. I shall not reveal all my pretensions until I receive your answer; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

MULES PALFREY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am one of those unfortunate men within the city-walls, who am married to a woman of quality, but her temper is something different from that of Lady Anvil. My lady's whole time and thoughts are spent in keeping up to the mode both in apparel and furniture. All the goods in my house have been changed three times in seven years. I have had seven children by her: and by our marriage-articles she was to have her

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were not obliged also to eat fashionably I have a plain stomach, and have a constant loathing of whatever comes to my own table; for which reason I dine at the chop-house three days in a week where the good company wonders they never see you of late. I am sure by your unprejudiced discourses you love broth better than soup.

WILL'S, FEB. 19.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**Y**OU may believe you are a person as much talked of as any man in town. I am one of your best friends in this house, and have laid a wager you are so candid a man and so honest a fellow, that you will print this letter, though it is in recommendation of a new paper called the Historian. I have read it carefully, and find it written with skill, good sense, modesty and fire. You must allow the town is kinder to you than you deserve; and I doubt not but you have so much sense of the world, change of humour, and instability of all human things, as to understand, that the only way to preserve favour is to communicate it to others with good-nature and judgment. You are so generally read, that what you speak of is

N<sup>o</sup> CCCIX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

DI, QUIBUS IMPERIUM EST ANIMARUM, UMBRÆQUE SILENTES,  
ET CHAOS, ET PHLEGETHON, LOCA NOCTE SILENTIA LATE;  
SIT MIHI FAS AUDITA LOQUI! SIT NUMINE VESTRO  
PANDERE RES ALTA TERRA ET CALIGINE MERSAS.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 264.

YE REALMS, YET UNREVEAL'D TO HUMAN SIGHT,  
YE GODS WHO RULE THE REGIONS OF THE NIGHT,  
YE GLIDING GHOSTS, PERMIT ME TO RELATE  
THE MYSTIC WONDERS OF YOUR SILENT STATE.

DRYDEN.

I Have before observed in general, that the persons whom Milton introduces into his poem always discover such sentiments and behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective characters: Every circumstance in their speeches and actions is with great justness and delicacy adapted to the persons who speak and act. As the poet very much excels in this consistency of his characters, I shall beg leave to consider several passages of the second book in this light. That superior greatness and mock-majesty, which is ascribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably preserved in the beginning of this book. His opening and closing the debate: his taking on himself that great enterprize at the thought of which the whole infernal assembly trembled: his encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are instances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook submission even to Omnipotence.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode;  
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd—

The same boldness and intrepidity of behaviour discovers itself in the several adventures which he meets with during his passage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his address to those tremendous powers who are described as presiding over it.

The part of Moloch is likewise in all its circumstances full of that fire and fury which distinguish this spirit from the rest of the fallen angels. He is de-

scribed in the first book as besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents and the cries of children. In the second book he is marked out as the fiercest spirit that fought in heaven: and if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book, where the battle of the angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged character.

—Where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defy'd,  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd, nor from the holy One of heav'n  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon  
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.—

It may be worth while to observe, that Milton has represented this violent impetuous spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the first that rises in that assembly, to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for war, and appears incensed at his companions, for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious, and desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them.

—No, let us rather chuse,  
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once  
O'er heaven's high tow'r, to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the tort'rer; when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine he shall bear  
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his angels; and his throne itself  
M<sup>ir</sup>

as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look in the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to Satan, on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than 'not to be.' I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of Pandæmonium, or the infernal palace where the evil spirits were to meet in council. His speech in this book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of heaven were they

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There is besides, I think, something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination, in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven, concerning the creation of man. Nothing could shew more the dignity of the species, than this tradition which ran of them before their existence. They are represented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. Virgil, in compliment to the Roman commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their state of pre-existence; but Milton does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.

The rising of this great assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner.

*Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote———*

The diversions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are described with great pregnancy of thought, and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms with their entertainment in the following lines.

*Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
In whirlwind, hell scarce holds the wild uproar.*

Their music is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their discourse in sounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will, and fore-knowledge.

The several circumstances in the description of hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which disgorge themselves into the sea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monstrous animals produced in that infernal world are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer description would have done.

*———Nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.*

*This episode of the fallen spirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very*

happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have spun out so many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated, the principal fable.

The flight of Satan to the gates of hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my opinion of the allegory concerning Sin and Death, which is however a very finished piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy. Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin. The incestuous mixture between Sin and Death produces those monsters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. These are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of Sin, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of Death. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of Sin, where complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds—

*Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involv'd———*

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the portress of hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of torture.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, his menace of Satan, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be passed over in silence, and extremely suitable to this king of terrors. I need not mention the justness of thought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that Sin was produced upon the first revolt of Satan, that Death appeared soon after he was cast into hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torment.



...loud booming smoke and ruddy flame.

In Satan's voyage through the Chaos  
there are several imaginary persons de-  
scribed, as residing in that immense  
waste of matter. This may perhaps be  
conformable to the taste of those critics  
who are pleased with nothing in a poet

## Nº CCCX. MONDA

CONNUBIO JUNGAM STAB

I'LL TIE TH' INDISSOLUB

MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** Am a certain young woman that  
love a certain young man very hearti-  
ly; and my father and mother were for  
it a great while, but now they say I can  
do better, but I think I cannot. They  
bid me not love him, and I cannot un-  
love him. What must I do? speak  
quickly.

BIDDY DOW-BAKE.

DEAR SPEC,

FEB. 19, 1712.

Y<sup>r</sup> H<sup>umble</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>

I owe my being at first received in comparison of my estate with a former lover, and that I am in like manner turned off to give an humble servant still richer am. What makes this treatment more extravagant is, that the lady is in the management of this fraud, and obeys her father's on those occasions without any of reluctance, but does it with the air that only of your men of the world would signify the necessity of for turning another out of office. I came home last night, I found letter from my mistress.

perceives you will not think it is any manner of disrespect to your person that the intended nuptials be thus interrupted. My father has a much better offer for me than you can make, and has ordered to break off the treaty between us. Had proceeded, I should have been myself with all suitable regard to but as it is, I beg we may be partners for the future. Adieu.

LYDIA.

His great indifference on this subject and the mercenary motives for making alliances, is what I think lies chiefly before you, and I beg of you to remember your thoughts upon it. My letter to Lydia was as follows, which I think you will approve; for you are to be the woman's family affect a wonderful ease on these occasions, though expect it should be painfully read on the man's side.

ADAM,

I have received your's, and knew the prudence of your house so well, that I always took care to be ready to obey your commands, though they should be to me you no more. Pray give my respects to all the good family. Adieu.

CLITOPHON.

opera subscription is full.

*Memorandum.* The censor of marriage: to consider this letter, and report common usages on such treaties, how many pounds or acres are generally esteemed sufficient reason for

preferring a new to an old pretender; with his opinion what is proper to be determined in such cases for the future,

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE is an elderly person lately left off business and settled in our town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the world; but he has brought with him such an inclination to talebearing, that he disturbs both himself and all our neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this frailty, the honest gentleman is so happy as to have no enemy: at the same time he has not one friend who will venture to acquaint him with his weakness. It is not to be doubted but if this failing were set in a proper light, he would quickly perceive the indecency and evil consequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an infirmity which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays much deference to you, I beg that when you are at leisure to give us a speculation on gossiping, you would think of my neighbour: you will hereby oblige several who will be glad to find a reformation in their grey haired friend; and how becoming will it be for him, instead of pouring forth words at all adventures, to set a watch before the door of his mouth, to refrain his tongue, to check its impetuosity, and guard against the sallies of that little pert, forward, busy person; which, under a sober conduct, might prove a useful member of society. In compliance with those intimations, I have taken the liberty to make this address to you. I am, Sir, your most obscure servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

MR. SPECTATOR, FEB. 16, 1712.

THIS is to petition you in behalf of myself and many more of your gentle readers, that at any time when you may have private reasons against letting us know what you think yourself, you would be pleased to pardon us such letters of your correspondents as seem to be of no use but to the printer.

It is further our humble request, that you would substitute advertisements in the place of such epistles; and that in order hereunto Mr. Buckley may be authorised to take up of your zealous friend Mr. Charles Lillie, any quantity of words he shall from time to time have occasion for.

TH

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am amazed that among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by the name of Fortune-stealers. You must know, Sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people that lie in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes with a pair of silver-fringed gloves in the very fact. You must know, Sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber-windows are cross-barred; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her

estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his eye, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the 'Change, who upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must however distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase; without ever coming at the quarry. Sufferus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years

together, and taken his stand in a side box, until he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snare for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. Cottius, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city-lady of 20,000*l.* sterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill success, Will, with his usual gaiety, tells us, that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town of six foot high, that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. Hudibras's Cupid, who

— Took his stand  
Upon a widow's jointure land,

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to nobody but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion, should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.

L

**I**T is a very melancholy reflection, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain, to be in their right senses. Prosperous people, for happy there are none, are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune: fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the Disposer of all things. But methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befall ourselves, great and lamentable when they befall other men. The most unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it: we suffer for him who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with

of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that 'is born to die.' Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds: men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shews they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain: without this the mind is as it were taken suddenly by an unforeseen event; but he that has always, during health and prosperity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of difficulties, the reflection, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition. Tully tells us a story after Pompey, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times of alleviating the distresses of life by the force of reason and philosophy. Pompey, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher Posidonius; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him: 'But you may,' answered Posidonius; and immediately entered into the point of stoical philosophy, which says pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out—'Pain, pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

HAVING seen in several of your papers, a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every

thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the public service with a due zeal and devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, several expressions used by some of them in their prayers before sermon, which I am not well satisfied in: as their giving some titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their several ranks and stations, but not properly used, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to say illustrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners? These distinctions are suited only to our state here, and have no place in heaven: we see they are omitted in the liturgy; which I think the clergy should take for their pattern in their own forms of devotion. There is another expression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned congregation, to bring in the last petition of the prayer in these words: 'O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once;' as if there was no difference between Abraham's interceding for Sodom, for which he had no warrant as we can find, and our asking those things which we are required to pray for; they would therefore have much more reason to fear his anger if they did not make such petitions to him. There is another pretty fancy: when a young man has a mind to let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a parenthesis to the Almighty—'Bless, "as I am in duty bound to pray," the "right honourable the countess;" is not that as much as to say—"Bless her, for thou knowest I am her chaplain?"'

Your humble servant,

T

J. O.

**I** Am a young man about eighteen years of age, and have been in love with a young woman of the same age about this half year. I go to see her six days in the week, but never could have the happiness of being with her alone. If any of her friends are at home she will see me in their company; but if they be not in the way, she flies to her chamber. I can discover no signs of her aversion; but either a fear of falling into the toils of matrimony, or a childish timidity, deprives us of an interview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty of languishing out our lives in fruitless expectation. Now, Mr. Spectator, if you think us ripe for œconomy, persuade the dear creature, that to pine away into barrenness and deformity under a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she would in full bloom.

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes.]

Mr. Spectator, your humble servant,  
BOB HARMLESS.

**I**F this gentleman be really no more than eighteen. I must do him the justice

SIR,

FEB. 27, 1711-12.

PRAY be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays; and you will very much oblige, Sir, your very humble servant,

N. B.

TO be a very well bred man.

THE SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU are to know that I am naturally brave, and love fighting as well as any man in England. This gallant temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with battles on the stage. I give you this trouble to complain to you, that Nicolini refused to gratify me in that part of the opera for which I have most taste. I observe it is become a custom, that whenever any gentlemen are particularly pleased with a song, at their crying out *Encore* or *Altro Volto*, the performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the opera the last time *Hydaspes* was performed. At that part of it where the hero engages with the lion, the graceful manner with which he put that terrible monster to death, gave me so great a pleasure, and at the same time so just a sense of that gentleman's intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a repetition of it, by crying out—' *Altro Volto*,' in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me that I pronounced those words with a tolerable good accent, considering that was but the third opera I had ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little regard had to me, that the lion was carried off, and went to bed without being killed any more that night. Now, Sir, pray consider that I did not understand a word of what Mr. Nicolini said to this cruel creature; besides I have no ear for music; so that during the long dispute between them, the whole entertainment I had was from my eyes; why then have not I as much right to have graceful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound, since he only hears as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a doing? Pray, Sir, settle the business of this claim in the audience, and let us know when we may cry—' *Altro Volto*, *Anglicè*, again, 'again,' for the future. I am an Englishman, and expect some reason or

other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your answer. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

TOBY RENTFREE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

NOV. 29.

YOU must give me leave, amongst the rest of your female correspondents, to address you about an affair which has already given you many a speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you have had a very happy influence over the adult part of our sex: but as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities, which have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your instructions for the benefit of that part of our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ignorant of the vices and that variety of unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

I must tell you, Mr. Spectator, that it is as much a part of your office to oversee the education of the female part of the nation, as well as of the male; and to convince the world you are not partial, may proceed to detect the mal-administration of governesses as successfully as you have exposed that of pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice and tyranny of education as well as that of your own, who without your seasonable interposition are like to improve upon the vices that are now in vogue.

I who know the dignity of your post, as Spectator, and the authority a skilful eye ought to bear in the female world, could not forbear consulting you, and beg your advice in so critical a point, as is that of the education of young gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient house in a good air, I am not without hope but that you will promote this generous design. I must farther tell you, Sir, that all who shall be committed to my conduct, besides the usual accomplishments of the needle, dancing, and the French tongue, shall not fail to be your constant readers. It is therefore my humble petition, that you will entertain the town on this important subject, and so far oblige a stranger, as to raise a curiosity and inquiry in my behalf, to publish



trial of the vigilance and ability of the persons concerned, may inquire at the

Nº CCCXV. SATURDAY

NEC DEUS INTERIT, NISI  
INCIDERIT—

NEVER PRESUME TO MAKE  
BUT FOR A BUSINESS' WORT.

**H**ORACE advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well, wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject intirely conformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing, has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world; the chaos, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world,

which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of omniscience; and as much above that, in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High thron'd above all height, bent down his  
eye,

His own works and their works at once to view.  
About him all the sanctities of heav'n  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance: on his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only Son. On earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,  
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd  
Hell and the gulph between, and Satan there  
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,  
In the dun air sublime; and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spoke.

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine Person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency.

Thus while God, spoke, ambrosial fragrance  
fill'd

All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone  
Substantially express'd; and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace.

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance, wherein the whole host of angels are represented as standing mute; nor shew how proper the oc-

caſion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all  
The multitude of angels with a shout  
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung  
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd  
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c.——

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but, upon his nearer approach, looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation between that mass of matter, which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials, which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the limbo of vanity, which the poet places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on that, and other parts of the poem, which are of the same shadowy nature.

Aristotle observes, that the fable of an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or as the French critics chuse to phrase it, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in Aristotle's whole art of poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret therefore of heroic poetry is to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well-chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a masterpiece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves,

stances as are wonderful but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any instance in the *Æneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *Æneas* is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, Polydorus tells a story from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any god, or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grow of themselves without so much as the modern help of enchantment. If we look into the fiction of Milton's fable, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, and tempered with a due measure of probability.

Following part of the speech he

That place is earth, the seat of man, that light  
His day, &c.

I must not conclude my reflections upon this third book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of Milton with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked on as an excrescence, than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book.

Nº CCCXVI. MONDAY, MARCH 3.

DRYDEN.

When Scanderbeg prince of Epirus was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease, and have accordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire.

fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten: instead of hurrying away to tease a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of John Trot for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs. Judget has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half so useful in physic, as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action it's proper weight and repose.

I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. But indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of it's nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be lost in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually bedrilled: and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding: a faculty of doing things remarkably praiseworthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified: to-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live, as parents in their children, in the actions it has produced.

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it; thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to

the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were a virtue we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous improvement of every part of time; it is a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: but notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either Socrates or Demosthenes lost any reputation, by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects and improving the gifts of nature? All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which Tully acquired his eloquence. Seneca, in his letters to Lucilius, assures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author; and I remember Pliny in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates; 'Sometimes,' says he, 'I hunt; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in studies; and that if I miss of my game, I may at the least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.'

Thus, Sir, you see how many examples I recal to mind, and what arguments I use with myself, to regain my liberty: but as I am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject, with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there is no hopes of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and whilst they think laziness

is a desirable character: whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour and application, which others attain to but with the greatest diligence. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

SAMUEL SLACK.

CLYTANDER TO CLEONE.

MADAM,

PERMISSION to love you is all that I desire, to conquer all the difficulties those about you place in my way, to surmount and acquire all those qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the honour of being, Madam, your most humble servant,

Z

CLYTANDER.

## N<sup>o</sup> CCCXVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 4.

—FRUGES CONSUMERE NATI.

HOR. EP. II. LIB. I. VER. 27:

—BORN TO DRINK AND EAT.

CRÆCH.

**A**UGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit—‘Let me then,’ says he, ‘go off the stage with your applause;’ using the expression with which the Roman actors made their *exit* at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their

disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: ‘I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones upon one another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.’

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade but finding himself not so well tut-

One of the clock in the afternoon.  
Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco  
box.

Two of the clock. Sat down  
dinner. Mem. Too many plumb  
and no suet.

From three to four. Took my a:  
fternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into th  
fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr  
Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten of the clock. Went to bed, slept  
sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, eight of  
the clock. Rose as usual.

Nine of the clock. Washed hands  
and face, shaved, put on my double-  
soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk  
to Islington.

One. Took a pot of mother Cob's  
mild.

Between two and three. Returned,  
dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon.  
Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house.  
Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand  
visier franchised

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, narrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three of the clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand visier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious

course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self, in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

L

## CCCXVIII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5.

—NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES.

VIRG. ECL. VIII. VER. 63.

WITH DIFFERENT TALENTS FORM'D, WE VARIOUSLY EXCEL.

MR. SPECTATOR,

A Certain vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the heart of man, that the affectation outlives the practice of it. You must have observed that men who have been bred in arms preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age a certain dashing in their aspect: in like manner, they who have passed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it, and carry a petulant inclination to their last moments. Let this serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in town, that has not only been amorous, and a follower of women in general, but also, in spite of the admonition of grey hairs, been from his sixty-third year to his present seventieth, in an actual pursuit of a young lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. The gay old Escalus has wit, good health, and is perfectly well-bred; but from the fashion and

manners of the court when he was in his bloom, has such a natural tendency to amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an endless reproach to him to make no use of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentleman's house, whose good-humour and confidence exposed his wife to the addresses of any who should take it in their head to do him the good office. It is not impossible that Escalus might also resent that the husband was particularly negligent of him; and though he gave many intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband either did not see them, or put him to the contempt of overlooking them. In the mean time Isabella, for so we shall call our heroine, saw his passion, and rejoiced in it as a foundation for much diversion, and an opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, with no ill consequence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good-humour, such as is the image of innocence



in your respect which could not retain its then address, began to wane; his passion grew too violent for him to answer any longer for his behaviour towards her; and that he hoped she would have consideration for his long and patient respect, to excuse the motions of a heart now no longer under the direction of the unhappy owner of it. Such for some months had been the language of Escalus, both in his talk and his letters to Isabella, who returned all the profusion of kind things which had been the collection of fifty years with—'I must not hear you say you will make me forget that you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you as a friend;' and the like expressions, which the skilful interpreted to their own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial is a modest assent. He should have told you, that Isabella during the whole progress of this amour communicated it to her husband; and that an account of Escalus's love was their usual entertainment after half a day's absence: Isabella, therefore, upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that his fate was now come to a crisis. A Gentleman

y I could be guilty of towards  
In return for your long and faith-  
fulness, I must let you know that  
I am old enough to become a little

more gravity; but if you will leave me  
and coquet it any where else, may your  
mistress yield!

T

ISABELLA.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 6.

QUO TENEAM VULTUS MUTANTEM PROTEA NOBIS?

HOR. EP. I. LIB. I. VER. 90.

WHAT CHAIN CAN HOLD THIS VARYING PROTEUS FAST?

CREECH.

I have endeavoured in the course of  
my papers to do justice to the age,  
and have taken care as much as possible  
to keep myself a neuter between both

I have neither spared the ladies  
for complaisance, nor the men out of  
sight; but notwithstanding the great  
liberty with which I have acted in  
this particular, I find myself taxed with  
partiality in favour of my own half  
species. Whether it be that they  
afford a more fruitful field for  
satire, or whether they run more  
head than the men, I cannot tell,  
I shall set down the charge as it is  
brought me in the following letter.

SPECTATOR,

ways make one among a company  
of young females, who peruse your  
papers every morning. I am at  
present commissioned by our whole  
sex, to let you know, that we fear  
a little inclined to be partial to  
our own sex. We must however  
acknowledge, with all due grati-  
tude, that in some cases you have given  
revenge on the men, and done  
justice. We could not easily have  
seen you several strokes in the dis-  
section of the coquette's heart, if you had  
not about the same time made a  
sally to us of a beau's skull.

I may further, Sir, please to re-  
mark, that not long since you attack-  
ed hoods and commodions in such  
a manner, as to use your own expression,  
very many of us ashamed to shew  
their heads. We must, therefore, beg  
you to represent to you, that we are in  
a hurry if you would please to make a  
query, the men in all ages would  
not have been little less whimsical  
in adorning that part, than ourselves.  
In different forms of their wigs, toge-

ther with the various cocks of their hats,  
all flatter us in this opinion.

I had an humble servant last summer,  
who the first time he declared himself,  
was in a full-bottomed wig; but the day  
after, to my no small surprise, he ac-  
costed me in a thin natural one. I re-  
ceived him at this our second interview,  
as a perfect stranger, but was extreme-  
ly confounded, when his speech dis-  
covered who he was. I resolved, there-  
fore, to fix his face in my memory for  
the future; but as I was walking in the  
Park the same evening, he appeared to  
me in one of those wigs that I think you  
call a night-cap, which had altered him  
more effectually than before. He af-  
terwards played a couple of black riding  
wigs upon me with the same success;  
and in short, assumed a new face, al-  
most every day in the first month of his  
courtship.

I observed afterwards, that the variety  
of cocks into which he moulded his hat,  
had not a little contributed to his im-  
positions upon me.

Yet as if all these ways were not suf-  
ficient to distinguish their heads, you  
must doubtless, Sir, have observed, that  
great numbers of young fellows have,  
for several months last past, taken upon  
them to wear feathers.

We hope, therefore, that these may,  
with as much justice, be called Indian  
princes, as you have styled a woman in  
a coloured hood an Indian queen; and  
that you will, in due time, take these  
airy gentlemen into consideration.

We the more earnestly beg that you  
would put a stop to this practice, since  
it has already lost us one of the most  
agreeable members of our society, who  
after having refused several good estates,  
and two titles, was lured from us last  
week by a mixed feather.

\* 1

I am

I am ordered to present you the respects of our whole company, and am, Sir, your very humble servant,

DORINDA.

Note. The person wearing the feather, though our friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved to be an errant linen-draper.

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather; however, to wipe off the present imputation, and gratify my female correspondent, I shall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

SIR,

I Presume I need not inform you, that among men of dress it is a common phrase to say, 'Mr. Such-a-one has struck a bold stroke;' by which we understand, that he is the first man who has had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Accordingly, when our tailors take measure of us, they always demand whether we will have a plain suit, or strike a bold stroke. I think I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket about two years since; I was likewise the author of the frosted button, which when I saw the town come readily into, being resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I produced much about the same time the scallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking.

A few months after I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with clasp

sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain Doily; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camblet; and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned suitout before one of these gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my intended stroke.

I have a design this spring to make very considerable innovations in the waistcoat; and have already begun with a *coup d'esai* upon the sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

I must further inform you, if you will promise to encourage, or at least connive at me, that it is my design to strike such a stroke the beginning of the next month, as shall surprise the whole town.

I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the particulars of my intended dress; but will only tell you, as a sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at White's in a cherry-coloured hat. I took this hint from the ladies hoods, which I look upon as the boldest stroke that sex has struck for these hundred years last past. I am, Sir, your most obedient, most humble servant,

WILL SPRIGHTLY.

I have not time at present to make any reflections on this letter; but must not however omit, that having shewn it to Will Honeycomb, he desires to be acquainted with the gentleman who writ it.

X

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXX. FRIDAY, MARCH 7.

NON PRONUBA JUNO,  
NON HYMENÆUS ADEST, NON ILLI GRATIA LECTOS;  
RUMENIDES STRAVERE TORUM—

OVID. MET. LIB. VI. VER. 428.

NOR HYMEN, NOR THE GRACES HERE PRESIDE,  
NOR JUNO TO BEFRIEND THE BLOOMING BRIDE;  
BUT FIENDS WITH FUN'RAL BRANDS THE PROCESS LED,  
AND FURIES WAITED AT THE GENIAL BED. CROXAL.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU have given many hints in your papers to the disadvantage of persons of your own sex, who lay plots upon women. Among other hard words you have published the term *Male-Coquets*, and been very severe upon such as give themselves the liberty of a little dalliance of heart, and playing fast and loose, between love and indifference, until perhaps an easy young girl is reduced to sighs, dreams, and tears; and languishes away her life for a careless coxcomb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an effect from what in him was all but common civility. Thus you have treated the men who were irresolute in marriage; but if you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the information I now give you, of a certain set of women who never coquet for the matter, but with an high hand marry whom they please to whom they please. As for my part, I should not have concerned myself with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them to be married, against my will, to one I never saw in my life. It has been my misfortune, Sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, of which I am master, to bespeak a fine chariot, to give direction for two or three handsome snuff-boxes, and as many suits of fine cloaths; but before any of these were ready, I heard reports of my being to be married to two or three different young women. Upon my taking notice of it to a young gentleman who is often in my company, he told me smiling, I was in the inquisition. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoken any thing of late that was fine. I told him several; upon which he produced a description of my person, from the trades-

men whom I had employed, and told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. Spectator, whatever the world may think of me, I am more coxcomb than fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this head, not a little pleased with the novelty. My friend told me, there were a certain set of women of fashion, whereof the number of six made a committee, who sat thrice a week, under the title of the *Inquisition on Maids and Bachelors*. It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay thing as myself to town, he must want all manner of necessities, or be put into the inquisition by the first tradesman he employs. They have constant intelligence with cane-shops, perfumers, toy-men, coach-makers, and china-shops. From these several places their undertakers for marriages have as constant and regular correspondence, as the funeral-men have with vintners and apothecaries. All bachelors are under their immediate inspection; and my friend produced to me a report given in to their board, wherein an old uncle of mine who came to town with me, and myself, were interred, and we stood thus: 'The uncle 'sinoky, rotten, poor; the nephew raw, 'but no fool, sound at present, very 'rich.' My information did not end here; but my friend's advice was so good, that he could show me a copy of the letter sent to the young lady who is to have me; which I include to you.

MADAM,

THIS is to let you know, that you are to be married to a being that comes out on Thursday five in the evening. Be at the Park. You cannot but know a virgin tops 'but have a hand to look ruddy, but an ear of common-nance. The board has desired you to several good families. I wish you joy.

CROXAL.

What makes my correspondent's case the more deplorable, is, that as I find by the report from my censor of marriages, the friend he speaks of is employed by the inquisition to take him in, as the phrase is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commissioners have devoted him to another than the person against whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid so well about this young gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the notice, and be subject to the power of the inquisition. They have their emissaries and substitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The first step they usually take, is to find from a correspondence, by their messengers and whisperers, with some domestic of the bachelor, who is to be hunted into the toils they have laid for him, what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities or vices; not as the good in him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main inquiry, What estate he has in him? When this point is well reported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young sop of the town. The way is to make all places uneasy to him, but the scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His brother huntsmen, bottle companions, his fraternity of sops, shall be brought into the conspiracy against him. Then this matter is not laid in so barefaced a manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. Such-a one would make him a very proper wife; but by the force of their correspondence they shall make it, as Mr. Waller said of the marriage of the dwarfs, as impracticable to have any woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in Adam to have refused Eve. The man named by the commission for Mrs. Such-a-one, shall neither be in fashion, nor dare ever to appear in company, should he attempt to evade their determination.

The female sex wholly govern domestic life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can sow dissension between the dearest friends—father and son irreconcilable—  
in spite of all the ties of g

part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The ladies of the inquisition understand this perfectly well; and where love is not a motive to a man's chusing one whom they allow, they can with very much art, insinuate stories to the disadvantage of his honesty or courage, until the creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory person, who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past: but they have prevented two successive matches which were of his own inclination, the one by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-cloaths bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time by insinuating to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single life; but the inquisition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or reproach; pleasure, honour, and riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this, and what else he may defend himself with, so that the lady is too old or too young, of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this is spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of the inquisition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge than he or any other private person whatsoever.

312. TEMPLE, MARCH 3, 1711.

YOUR speculation this day on the subject of idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in garretted reflections on my having hitherto worn the

long. My books, except those I have taken to sleep upon, have been totally neglected, and my Lord Coke and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spend most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house, where we have what I may call a Lazy Club. We generally come in night-gowns, with our stockings about our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the lolling-table, where our discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But

I assure you, Sir, I heartily lament this loss of time, and am now resolved, if possible, with double diligence, to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the arguments of Mr. Slack out of the senseless stupidity that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that penitence accompanies my confession, and constancy my resolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within. I am with great respect, Sir, your most obedient servant,

T

N. B.

N<sup>o</sup> CCCXXI. SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

NEC SATIS EST PULCHRA ESSE POEMATA, DULCIA SUNTO.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 99.

'TIS NOT ENOUGH A POEM'S FINELY WRIT;  
IT MUST AFFECT AND CAPTIVATE THE SOUL.

ROSCOMMON.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon by the best judges, as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in it's full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of it's graces and imperfections in my six first papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The first three books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in the opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes, which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat of this subject after me,

may find several beauties in Milton, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another, as to some particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those pictures of still-life, which we meet with in the description of Eden, Paradise, Adam's bower, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the last is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the poem. I must further add, that though the drawings of garden

rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the finest sketch which we have of it in holy writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has produced such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head, without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of Adam or Eve in the whole poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of Paradise. In short, as the critics have remarked, that in those poems wherein shepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers, so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always *Paradisiacal*.

We are in the next place to consider the machines of the fourth book. Satan being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments distant from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it: he reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

O thou that with surpassing glory crow'st,  
Lo! lift from thy sole dominion like the God  
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminished heads; & all the powers  
But with no friendly voices; an  
I run! to tell thee how I live

That bring to my remembrance from what  
state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem. The evil spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradise; his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it, and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and Eve, together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversations; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the poet has engaged this artist of fraud.

The thought of Satan's transformation into a cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of life, seems raised upon that passage in the *Iliad*, where two deities are described, as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vultures.

His planting himself at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his staring up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intemperance of his character.

'Know ye not then,' said Satan, fill'd with  
'scorn,  
'Know ye not me! ye knew me once no mate  
'For you, there sitting where you durst not  
'sore;  
'Not to know me argues yourself unknown,  
'The lowest of your throng.'

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquisitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the guardian angels, who kept watch in Paradise.

His dismal and detestable scene, the scene of his fall, is described in the following manner.

approach at a distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet,  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendour wane; who by his gait  
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell:  
Not likely to part hence without contest:  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lowers.

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. Satan cloathing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's description of Discord celebrated by Longinus, or to that of Fame in Virgil, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

While thus he spake, th' angelic Squadron  
Bright  
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With pointed spears, &c.

—On th' other side Satan alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might dilated stood  
Like Teneriff, or Atlas, unremov'd:  
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plum'd—

I must here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by itself, because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for English readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the learned.

I must however observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between Gabriel and Satan, by the hanging out of the golden scales in heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22d Iliad.

Virgil, before the last decisive combat, describes Jupiter in the same manner, as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only insert

it as a poetical embellishment, like the authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that Milton is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in holy writ, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was afflicted and slain, is said to have been 'weighed in the scales, and to have been found 'wanting.'

I must here take notice, under the head of the machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a sun-beam, with the poet's device to make him descend, as well in his return to the sun as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seems below the genius of Milton. The description of the host of armed angels walking their nightly round in Paradise, is of another spirit.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the moon;

as that account of the hymns which our first parents used to hear them sing in their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the parts which Adam and Eve act in the fourth book. The description of them, as they first appeared to Satan, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, and those emotions of envy, in which he is represented.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
God-like erect! with native honour clad  
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;  
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;  
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:  
For contemplation he and valour form'd,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him.  
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd  
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders  
broad.

She, as a veil, down to a slender waist  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.  
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill



'Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,  
 'Dearer thyself than all;——  
 'But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 'His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 'To prune these growing plants, and tend these  
   'flowers:  
 'Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were  
   'sweet.'  
   To whom thus Eve reply'd—'O thou for  
   'whom,  
 'And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy  
   'flesh,  
 'And without whom am to no end my guide  
 'And head, what thou hast said is just and  
   'right,  
 'For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 'And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy,  
 'So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 'Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 'Like consort to thyself canst no where  
   'find,' &c.

The remaining part of Eve's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most severe.

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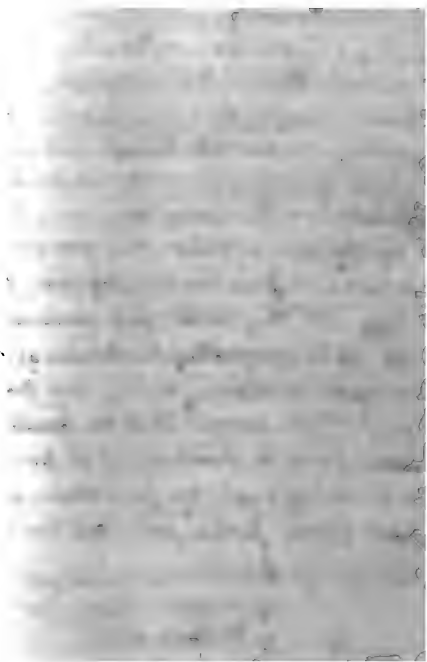
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We had an Indian Woman, a slave in the House, who was of excellent Shape & Colour, for it was a pure bright Bay; small Breasts, with the Stipples of a Porphyry Colour, the Woman would not be won by any means to wear Clothes. She chanc'd to be with Child, by a Christian Servant, & lodging in the Indian House, amongst other Wives of her own Country, where the Christian Servants, both Men & Woman came; & very great, & that her Time was come to be delivered, leath to fold in Labour before the Men, & altho down to a Wood, in which was a Pond of Water, & there, by the side of the Pond, brought herself a Bird; & presently washing her Child in some of the Water of the Pond, lap'd it up in such Rags as she had begg'd of the Christians; & in three Hours time came home, with her Child in her Arm a lusty Boy, frolick & lively. — This Indian dwelling near the Sea Coast upon the main, an English Ship put into a Bay, & sent some of her Men ashore, to try what Victuals or Water They could finde, for in some Distresse they were but the Indians perceiving them to go up so far into the Country, as they & store they could not make a safe Retreat. intercepted them in their Return & fell upon them, chasing them into a Wood, & being dispos'd there, some were taken & some kill'd; but a young man amongst them straggling from the rest was met by this Indian Maid, who upon the first sight fell in Love with him, & hid him close from her Countrymen (the Indians) in a Cave, & there fed him; till they could safely go down to the Shore, where the Ship lay at Anchor, expecting the Return of their friends. Doubt not but seeing them upon the Shoar, sent the long Boat for them, took them aboard, & brought them away. — But the Youth, when he came ashore at the Barbadoes, forgot the Kindness of the poor Maid, that had wonk her Life for his safety, & sold her for a Slave, who was as free born as and so poor Yanico for her love, lost her Liberty".

From page 55. of A true & exact History of the Island of Barbadoes by Richard Ligon gent - folio 1657 — Lem & Me by W. Parsons Esq.<sup>re</sup>









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